



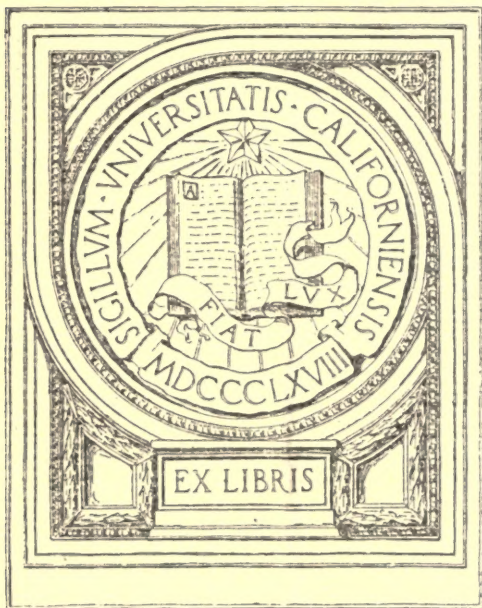
GIFT OF
SEELEY W. MUDD

and

GEORGE I. COCHRAN MEYER ELSASSER
DR. JOHN R. HAYNES WILLIAM L. HONNOLD
JAMES R. MARTIN MRS. JOSEPH F. SARTORI

to the

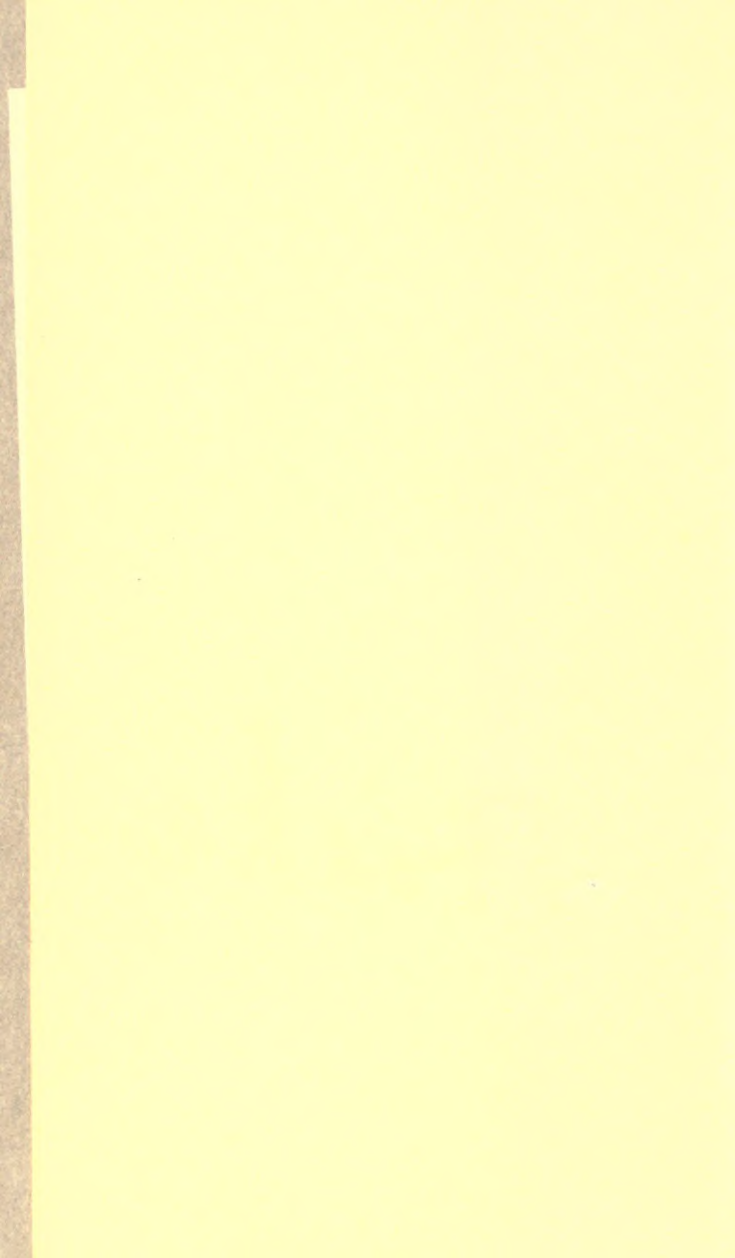
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
SOUTHERN BRANCH



JOHN FISKE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation





Mrs. Strongton
With the kindest regards
of Mrs. Curtis.

Dec 8th 1858.

J Fiske

12



THE CARAVAN.

ARABIAN DAYS'

ENTERTAINMENTS.

[By Wilhelm Hauff]

Translated from the German,

BY

HERBERT PELHAM CURTIS.

BOSTON:

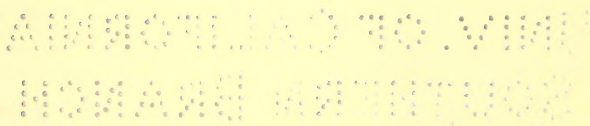
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY,

18 WINTER STREET.

1858.

85042

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
HERBERT PELHAM CURTIS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.



STEREOTYPED BY
HOBART & ROBBINS,
New England Type and Stereotype Foundry
BOSTON.

77
2293
A14E4

PREFACE.

THE Translator submits the following stories to the public, with a conviction that they will be found to afford amusement to a wide and very varied circle of readers. They are a connected series of tales, written by no means solely for children, but suited as well for readers of a larger growth and maturer intellect.

The popularity attained by them in Germany has been and still is immense, and it is believed that an examination will show this popularity to be well deserved.

Three or four of these stories, only, have already appeared in this country in sundry magazines; but it is thought that the present is the only complete and perfect translation of them which has ever been made in any language. A French version of Part Third was published in Paris, with excellent illustrations, in 1857.

The Translator ventures to suggest that the interest of these tales will be increased by reading each Part *continuously*. The various stories are so closely connected with the narrative which unites them, that, though each is a whole in itself, much will be gained, he believes, by attention to this recommendation.

CONTENTS.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION,	7
THE CARAVAN,	14
THE CALIPH STORK,	18
THE SPECTRAL SHIP,	32
THE SEVERED HAND,	46
FATIMA'S RESCUE,	66
LITTLE MUCK,	88
THE FALSE PRINCE,	110
THE SHEIK OF ALEXANDRIA AND HIS SLAVES, . .	140
NOSEY, THE DWARF,	150
ABNER, THE JEW,	189
THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN,	203
THE STORY OF ALMANSOR,	234
THE TAVERN IN SPESSART,	251
THE PROPHECY OF THE SILVER FLORIN,	258
THE COLD HEART. Part I.,	284
SAID'S ADVENTURES,	316
THE CAVERN OF STEENFOLL,	367
THE COLD HEART. Part II.,	399

INTRODUCTION.

PRINCESS FAIRY-STORY IN MASQUERADE.

IN a fair and distant empire, on whose gardens of perennial verdure report says the sun never sets, has reigned from the beginning of time to the present day the lovely Queen Phantasy. For countless centuries has she scattered unmeasured blessings over her people, and been loved, honored and adored, by all who knew her. But the heart of this queen was too large to permit her to confine her benevolence within her own domains. In her royal attire of eternal youth and beauty she was wont to descend from her lofty realm to this earth ; for she had heard it said that here dwelt beings, called Men, who dragged on painfully a life of labor and struggle. To these wretched creatures she brought the finest treasures of her empire ; and ever since this beautiful queen traversed the dreary plains of Earth have men become joyous over their labor, light-hearted in their desolate misery.

To cheer mankind, she sent down her children, also, no less lovely and amiable than their royal mother. After one of these missions, Fairy-Story, her eldest daughter, came back from the earth. Her mother saw

that Fairy-Story was sad, and thought she noticed that her daughter had been weeping.

"What grieves you, dearest Fairy-Story?" said the queen. "Ever since your journey you have been sad and miserable; will you not confide to your mother the cause of your unhappiness?"

"Alas! dear mother," replied Fairy-Story, "I should keep silence, spite of your inquiry, did I not feel that my wrongs were no less yours."

"Speak," answered the beautiful Queen Phantasy. "Sorrow, my daughter, is a burthen weighing heavily on the lonely, but easily sustained by two sympathizing, loving souls."

"It is your will," answered Fairy-Story: "therefore hearken. You know how gladly I mingle with mankind, and with what pleasure I seat myself in the cottages of the poor, to beguile their hours of leisure after their daily toil. They have ever hitherto fondly greeted me when I came, and looked after me with smiles and love when I went away. But it is so no longer."

"Poor Fairy-Story!" sighed the queen, stroking her daughter's tearful cheek; "may not this change be mere imagination?"

"Believe me, I know too well," answered Fairy-Story, "that I am loved no longer. Wherever I go I meet cold looks; nowhere is pleasure shown at my approach; even the children, who used once to love me so fondly, now scoff at me, and scornfully turn their backs."

The queen leaned her brow upon her hand, and sank into deep thought.

"And why is it," at length inquired she, "that men have so much changed?"

"Alas! they have appointed a body of watchful offi-

cers, who examine with sharp attention and carefully test everything which comes from your realm, O queen! Now-a-days, if any stranger makes his appearance, with credentials not in accordance with their laws of taste, they raise a furious outcry, and either strike him dead on the spot, or calumniate him so much with mankind, who believe every word they say, that he can no longer win men's love. Ah, how happy are my brothers, the Dreams! They glide joyously and lightly to the earth, caring nothing for the vigilant watchmen, visit the human race in their slumbers, and weave enchanting pictures before their mental vision."

"Your brothers are merry and light of foot," said the queen; "but you have no cause to envy them, my darling. I know the officers you speak of well. Mankind are not so much in error to commission them; for they have been visited lately by many an empty, impudent fellow, who pretended to have come directly from my fairy realm, and yet at best has merely obtained a fleeting glimpse of us from some distant mountain summit."

"But why do they make me, your only daughter, suffer for these impostors' sins?" wept Fairy-Story. "Ah! if you only knew how they have treated me! They laughed at me as an old maid, and threatened, the next time I came, not to admit me to their dwellings."

"What, a daughter of mine! not admit her!" exclaimed the queen; and anger deepened the rose in her cheeks. "But I see clearly whence this comes; your wicked aunt has calumniated us!"

"What! Aunt Fashion? Impossible!" cried Fairy-Story. "She has always been so friendly to us!"

"I know her, the traitress!" answered the queen. "But make another attempt, in spite of her, dearest. Who would do good, must not be idle."

"Alas ! mother, if they should expel or malign me, so that men will no longer receive me ; or if they should make me stand in a corner, lonely and disgraced ! " —

"My darling, if the old, deceived by your Aunt Fashion, estimate you beneath your merits, turn your thoughts to the young. They are my favorites : to them I send my fairest visions through your brothers, the Dreams ; nay, I have often visited them myself, to fondle and caress them. My name, indeed, they have never heard ; but they know me well, and I have seen them laughing with pleasure to see my stars by night, and clapping their hands with glee when my shining flocks draw slowly towards the zenith in the morning's light. As they grow up they love me still, for I help the sweet young girls to weave their pretty garlands, and the noisy lads become silent when I seat myself at their side on some lofty peak, and, from the cloud-land of the azure hills around, cause lofty towers and palaces to rise before their sight, or paint squadrons of bold knights, or trains of weary pilgrims, in the crimson glories of the west."

"O, the dear children !" cried the excited Fairy-Story. "Yes, I will return to Earth once more and visit the children !"

"Ay, dearest daughter," said the queen, "go to them. I will give you a beautiful dress, so that you may please the younger folks, and not be pushed out of doors by the old ones. I will give you the robe of an Almanac."

"An Almanac, mother ! O, I should blush to be dressed so magnificently before people !"

The queen made a sign, and her attendant ladies brought an Almanac's superb apparel. It was brilliant

with gleaming colors, and beautiful figures were woven in its fabric.

The ladies of the court arranged the fair maiden's long locks, bound sandals of gold on her feet, and arrayed her rapidly in the handsome robe.

The modest Fairy-Story dared not raise her eyes, but her mother gazed at her with delight, and clasped her in her arms. "Go," she said to her darling daughter, "go, and carry my blessing with you. If they despise and reject you, come back to me, and be patient. Perhaps later generations, more true in their allegiance to nature, will hereafter gladly open their hearts to your appeals."

So spoke Queen Phantasy, and Fairy-Story descended to this earth. She approached with a beating heart the place where the learned sentinels dwelt, and, sinking her head upon her bosom, drew her robe closer about her, and with hesitating steps approached the door.

"Halt!" cried a deep, harsh voice. "Turn out the guard! Here comes a new Almanac!"

Fairy-Story trembled in her shoes. Several old men, of forbidding aspect, started forward. They held pointed feathers in their hands, and levelled them at Fairy-Story. One of the guard stepped up to her, and with ungentle hand took her by the chin. "Hold up your head, Sir Almanac," he cried, "so that we can look in your face, and see whether you are good for anything!"

Fairy-Story with a deep blush lifted her head, and lowered her dark, beautiful eyes.

"Fairy-Story!" cried the watchmen, laughing heartily. "Fairy-Story! A new marvel! How came you by that dress?"

"My mother gave it me," answered Fairy-Story.

"So! you would smuggle yourself among us in mas-

querade! Ha! impossible! Away with you! pack off at once! begone!" cried the watchmen, with one voice, poisoning their sharpened quills.

"But I came only to see the children," sobbed Fairy-Story. "Surely, you will not refuse me this?"

"The mob of such visitors is too large already," said one of the watchmen. "They only teach our children nonsense."

"Let us see what she knows," spoke another.

"Yes," they cried, "tell us what you know; but make haste, for we have little time to waste."

Fairy-Story raised her hand, and wrote many signs in the air with her fore-finger. At once gay images were seen to pass along: caravans, fine horses, countless tents on sandy deserts; birds and ships on stormy seas; lonely woods; populous streets and squares; battles and peaceful emigrations; all these hovered around the watchmen in living, brilliant, animated throngs.

Fairy-Story, in the zeal with which she had conjured up these scenes, had not perceived that the watchmen at the gate had dropped one after another into deep sleep. She was about to summon up more visions, when a courteous gentleman approached her, and took her hand. "Look, sweet Fairy-Story!" said he, pointing to the sleepers: "your lovely pictures are not for such as these. Slip quickly through the gate while they remain unconscious of your movements, and follow out your own plans, unmolested and at peace. I will lead you to my children, and give you a quiet, easy corner in my house; there you shall live and carry out your wishes in your own charming way; and when my sons and daughters have studied their daily tasks,

they shall come with their playmates and listen to your teachings. Will you come?"

"O, willingly; most willingly!" answered Fairy-Story. "O, how earnestly will I strive to amuse their hours of leisure!"

Her new friend smiled kindly, and helped her to step softly over the feet of the slumbering sentinels. Fairy-Story looked behind her with a joyous laugh, and slipped quickly into the house.

can to
forward
er could
venture
ere his
such

THE CARAVAN.

ONCE on a time a great caravan was passing through the desert. Over the vast plain, where nothing was visible on every side but sand and sky, could be heard already in the far distance the bells of the camels and the tinkling of the horses' silver chains. A dense cloud of dust concealed their position; but, as often as a breeze lifted the dusty veil, gleaming arms and brilliant costumes glittered on the sight.

This appearance the caravan presented to a man who was approaching it from the side. He rode a superb Arabian horse, covered with a saddle-cloth of leopard's skin, and silver bells hung from its straps of scarlet leather. On the horse's head waved a plume of heron's feathers. The rider had an air of great nobility and valor, and his dress corresponded in magnificence to the beauty of his steed. A white turban, richly embroidered with gold, protected his head; his coat and his breeches were of a brilliant crimson; and a curved scabbard, with a richly-embossed and jewelled hilt, hung from his side. He had pressed his turban low over his forehead; and his black eyes, gleaming from under massive eyebrows, with his long beard and high, arched nose, gave him a bold and martial aspect.

When the horseman came within fifty paces of the head of the caravan, his steed bounded forward, and he

reached in a few moments the van of the procession. It was such an unusual event to see a single horseman thus journeying across the desert, that the guard, fearing a surprise, levelled their long lances. "What!" cried the rider, observing the hostile character of his reception, "think you a single man will attack your caravan?" The guard, ashamed of their fears, swung their lances back over their shoulders, while their captain rode up to the stranger, and demanded his business.

"Who is the owner of this caravan?" inquired the knight.

"It belongs to no one man," was the answer, "but to several merchants, who are returning from Mecca to their native country, and whom we are escorting through the desert to protect them from ruffians."

"Then lead me to these merchants," demanded the stranger.

"That is impossible at this moment," answered the captain; "for we must advance without delay, and the merchants are behind us at least a league; but if you will ride on with us till we halt for our noon-day rest, I will then do what you ask."

The stranger made no reply; but, filling a long pipe, which had been till now tied to his saddle, began to smoke in long, steady pulls, meanwhile riding forward near the leader of the vanguard. The latter could make nothing of the new arrival. He did not venture plumply to demand his name; and, skilful as were his efforts to open a conversation, the stranger, to all such observations as "You smoke good tobacco," or "Your horse steps well," answered merely with a short "Ay, ay." At length they reached the place selected for their noon-day halt. The leader posted his men as sentinels, himself remaining with the stranger, to wait till

the caravan came up. Thirty camels, heavily laden, passed by, accompanied by armed keepers. Behind these, mounted on beautiful horses, came the five merchants to whom the caravan belonged. Four of them were men of advanced age, and of grave and dignified aspect; but the fifth seemed much younger, as well as gayer and more animated, than the others. A large number of camels and pack-horses closed the procession.

Tents were now pitched, and the camels and horses picketed outside. A large tent of blue silk was erected in the centre, to which the captain of the guard conducted the stranger. Passing the curtain of the tent, they saw the five merchants seated on cushions wrought with gold, and partaking of rich viands and sherbets handed them by black slaves. "Whom do you bring us?" cried the youngest merchant to the captain. Before the captain could answer, the stranger interrupted him: "My name is Selim Baruch, and I came from Bagdad. On my way to Mecca I was captured by a horde of robbers, and three days since escaped from their imprisonment. The Prophet permitted me to hear your caravan bells in the far distance, and therefore I came. Let me travel in your company. You will be extending your protection to no unworthy person, and when we reach Bagdad I will amply reward your courtesy, for I am the nephew of the grand vizier."

The oldest of the merchants took upon himself to reply. "Selim Baruch," said he, "be welcome. It gives us great pleasure to be of service to you. First of all, sit down and eat with us."

Selim Baruch took his seat with the merchants, and ate and drank. After the repast was ended, the slaves

cleared away the relics, and brought in long pipes and Turkish sherbet. The merchants sat a long while in silence, blowing out volumes of blue smoke, and watching it float, rise and vanish in the air. The youngest at length broke silence: "Thus have we sat," said he, "for three days, on horseback or at table, without finding means to amuse our tedious hours. I suffer greatly from ennui, for I am accustomed after dinner to see dancing, or listen to song and music. Know you not some way, my friend, by which we can make the time pass more swiftly?"

The four elder merchants smoked on, in thoughtful silence, while the stranger replied: "With your permission, I will make a proposal. I suggest that at every halting-place one of us shall narrate his adventures or tell some story to the others. This would cause our time to slip away agreeably."

"Selim Baruch, you have said well," said Achmed, the oldest of the merchants. "Let us adopt the suggestion."

"I am rejoiced to have pleased you," said Selim; "and that you may see I mean only to be fair, I will begin myself."

The five merchants pressed eagerly around him, placing him in their midst. The slaves re-filled the cups, loaded afresh their masters' pipes, and brought in hot coals to light them with. Selim cleared his voice with a deep draught of sherbet, brushed away his long moustache from before his mouth, and said: "Listen now to the history of Caliph Stork."

THE HISTORY OF CALIPH STORK.

I.

ONCE upon a time, the Caliph Chasid, of Bagdad, was sitting comfortably of a lovely afternoon on his sofa. He had been snoozing a little, for the weather was warm, and he was looking all the brighter for his brief slumber. He was smoking a long rosewood pipe, and drinking occasionally a little coffee, brought him by a slave, and stroked incessantly his flowing beard as if he felt particularly well and happy. In short, the caliph was evidently in excellent spirits. He was particularly accessible on these occasions, though his disposition was at all times mild and affable, and this was the hour invariably selected by his grand vizier, Mansour, to visit him. Sure enough, he made his appearance at the usual time, but, contrary to his general custom, looking very thoughtful and meditative. The caliph took his pipe a moment from his mouth, and said: "What makes you so pensive to-day, grand vizier?"

The grand vizier crossed his arms over his breast, made his obeisance before his master, and answered: "My lord and master, whether I appear pensive I know not; but at the castle gate stands a pedler, who offers for sale such beautiful wares, that it vexes me to have so little superfluous money."

The caliph, who had for some time past been wishing to do a kindness to his grand vizier, sent his black slave down to bring up the pedler. He soon came back, bringing him with him. The pedler was a little thick-set fellow, of dark complexion and ragged attire. He carried a box stored with all sorts of wares,



THE CALIPH STORK.

—pearls and rings, richly-ornamented pistols, cups, combs, and many other articles. The caliph and his vizier looked the collection through, and the caliph selected at length a pair of beautiful pistols for himself, and another for Mansour, and a comb for the vizier's wife. As the pedler was about to shut his box, the caliph caught sight of a little drawer, and inquired whether he had any wares in that also. The pedler drew it out, and showed in it a box containing a blackish powder, and a paper with some strange writing upon it, which neither the caliph nor Mansour could read. "I obtained these things some time ago," said the pedler, "from a merchant, who found them in the street, in Mecca. I do not know what they mean. They are at your service for a small sum, for I can do nothing with them." The caliph, who delighted to collect old manuscripts in his library, although unable to read, bought the box and the writing, and dismissed the pedler. The caliph, however, thought he would like mightily to know what the writing meant, and asked the vizier if he knew nobody who could decipher it. "Most excellent lord and master," answered the vizier, "there is a man living in the great mosque, who is called Selim the Wise, and he is said to understand all languages. Let him be summoned; perhaps he can interpret these mysterious characters."

The learned Selim was speedily summoned. "Selim," said the caliph, "they tell me you are very wise; take a peep at this writing, and see whether you can read it. If you can, you shall receive a new suit of clothes; if you cannot, you shall have twelve blows on your back, and five-and-twenty on your feet, because men call you Selim the Wise without reason."

Selim prostrated himself humbly, and said: "My

lord, thy will is law." He pored a long while over the writing, and suddenly exclaimed: "This is Latin, my lord, or I'll consent you shall hang me!"

"Tell us what it means," replied the caliph, "if it is Latin."

Selim began to translate: "Man, who findest this, praise Allah for his goodness. Whoever snuffs of the powder in this box, and at the same time says, in a low tone, 'Mutabor,' can change himself into any animal he chooses, and will also understand the language of brutes. Should he wish to return to his human form again, let him bow thrice towards the east, and repeat the same word. But when he is transformed, let him beware lest he laugh; for, should he do so, the magic word will instantly vanish from his memory, and he will remain an animal forever."

When Selim the Wise had read this, the caliph was enchanted beyond measure. He bound the learned man by an oath not to divulge the secret, gave him a beautiful robe, and sent him away. To his grand vizier he said: "This I call a good bargain, Mansour! How delightful it will be to become beasts! Come here early to-morrow. We will go out into the fields together, snuff a little at my box, and then overhear whatever is said, whether in the air, the water, the woods, or the meadows. Praises to Allah! there are plenty of brutes in my dominions."

II.

THE Caliph Chasid had scarcely dressed and breakfasted the next morning, before the grand vizier made his appearance. The caliph stowed away the box of magic powder in his girdle, and, giving orders to his escort to remain behind, he and the grand vizier started

off on their excursion alone. They first traversed the vast gardens of the palace, seeking in vain for any living thing on which to prove their power. The vizier at last suggested that they should go further away to a certain ditch, where he had often noticed storks, which, by the gravity of their demeanor and the noise they made, had frequently excited his curiosity.

The caliph assented, and both went to the ditch. As they came to the edge they perceived a stork walking solemnly up and down, on the look-out for frogs, and occasionally muttering something in a low tone to himself. At the same time they saw far up in the air another stork hovering down upon the place.

"I will wager my beard, most noble master," said the grand vizier, "that these two spindle-shanks will carry on a fine conversation with each other. Suppose we change ourselves into storks."

"Well said!" answered the caliph. "But let us consider first how we can become men again. Ah, yes! bow towards the east three times, say *Mutabor*, and, presto! I am caliph and you grand vizier again. But for the love of heaven no laughing, or we are lost forever!"

While the caliph was speaking, he saw the other stork floating over their heads, and slowly descending to the earth. He drew his box of powder from his girdle, took a good snuff, held it out for the vizier to do the same, and both exclaimed, "*Mutabor!*"

Instantly their legs grew small and red, their fine yellow slippers turned into ugly storks' feet, their arms became wings, their necks sprouted from their shoulders and grew a yard in length, their beards disappeared, and their bodies were covered with soft feathers.

"You have a beautiful beak, grand vizier," said the caliph, after a long pause of astonishment. "By the beard of the Prophet! I have never seen so fine a one in my whole life."

"Thanks, your highness," answered the vizier, bending low. "If I might venture on the liberty, I could assure your highness that you look perhaps handsomer as a stork than as a caliph. But, if it be your pleasure, let us take a closer look at our fellow-beings yonder, and see if we really understand the storkish language."

The other stork had meanwhile reached the ground. He dressed his feet with his beak, laid his feathers in exact order, and approached the other. The two newly-made storks hastened to get within hearing, and listened with amazement to the following conversation :

"Good morning, Lady Longlegs! Out on the meadow so early?"

"Thank you, my dear Noisybeak! Yes, I've been eating a morsel of breakfast. Will you take a hind quarter of lizard, or a nice frog's leg to-day?"

"Many thanks, my lady; but I have no appetite. I came to this meadow for a very different purpose. I must dance to-day to entertain my father's guests, and I want to practice a little in private."

With this the young stork began to stride about the meadow with the most extraordinary motions, and the caliph and Mansour looked after her with astonishment. But when she placed herself in a picturesque attitude on one foot, and fluttered her wings with affected grace, our two companions could restrain themselves no longer, and a burst of irrepressible laughter issued from their beaks.

The caliph was the first to recover his gravity. "This

is a joke indeed," he cried; "and worth its weight in gold. Too bad that these foolish creatures have been frightened away by our laughter; for beyond question they would have given us a song before long."

But it now occurred to the grand vizier that laughter was expressly forbidden during their transformation. He imparted his uneasiness to the caliph. "Mecca and Meina! it would be a dreadful scrape, indeed, if I were forced to remain a stork all my life! Try to recollect the wretched word, for I can't possibly bring it to mind!"

"We were ordered to bend three times towards the east, and say, at the same time, Mu — mu — mu — e mu —"

They faced to the east, and bowed so low that their beaks almost entered the ground. But, O, woe! the magic word had escaped their memories, and however low the caliph might bend, however desperately his vizier cry "Mu — mu —," all recollection of the word had fled, and the unlucky Chasid and his vizier were, and continued to be, storks.

III.

Our bewitched victims wandered sadly through the fields, not knowing, in their abyss of misery, what to do. They could not lay aside their storkish bodies, nor could they return to the city and make themselves known; for what people would believe a stork if he said he was the caliph? and, fancying them for a moment so credulous, could it be supposed that the inhabitants of Bagdad would submit to have a stork for their sovereign?

They wandered thus for several days up and down, sustaining their lives miserably on wild fruits, which

they could hardly eat on account of their long beaks. They could find no appetite for lizards and frogs, fearing permanent injury to their stomachs by such titbits as these. Their sole pleasure in this sad condition was their power to fly, and they flew very often to the roofs of Bagdad, to see what was going on there.

The first day they noticed great mourning and lamentation in the streets. But, about the fourth day after their transformation, they were sitting on the roof of the caliph's palace, when they saw beneath them a gorgeous procession. Drums and fifes were sounding, and a man, in a scarlet mantle embroidered with gold, was sitting on a handsomely-decorated horse, surrounded by a splendid following of followers. Half Bagdad ran after him, and every one shouted: "Hail, Mizra! the Preserver of Bagdad!" The two storks on the palace roof looked at one another, and the caliph said: "Do you suspect now why I am bewitched, grand vizier? This Mizra is the son of my mortal foe, the mighty wizard Kaschnur, who in an evil hour swore vengeance against me. But I do not renounce all hope. Come, faithful companion of my misfortunes, let us visit the grave of our Prophet. Perhaps in that holy place this witchcraft will be overpowered and expelled."

They soared from the roof of the palace, and flew straight to Messina.

They were not very successful in flying, however, for the two storks had had as yet but little practice. "O, my lord and master!" groaned the grand vizier, after a couple of hours' flight: "with your gracious permission, I can hold out no longer: you fly too fast for me. Besides, it is already evening, and we should be doing well to seek for some place of shelter."

Chasid was not indifferent to his servant's request;

and perceiving a ruin in the valley below, which seemed to promise well, thither they turned their flight. The place seemed to have been in former times a castle. Beautiful columns still projected from the ruins ; and several apartments, still in tolerable preservation, attested the ancient splendor of the edifice. Chasid and his attendant went up and down along the corridors in search of a dry place to sleep in, when suddenly Mansour came to a dead halt. "Lord and master," he whispered, softly, "if it were not disgraceful in a grand vizier, and still more so in a stork, to be afraid of ghosts, I should be in a terrible fright, for close by I hear very plainly a great groaning and sighing." The caliph also paused, and heard very distinctly a faint moan, sounding more as if made by a man than an animal. He was about to seek the place whence the sound appeared to issue, when the grand vizier laid hold of him by the wing with his beak, and implored him fervently not to expose himself to new and unknown dangers. All in vain. The caliph, who carried a bold heart under his wing, tore himself away, with the loss of a few feathers, and hastened down a dark passage. He soon came to a door standing only on the latch, and through which audible sighs, accompanied at intervals by a low wail, reached his ear. He thrust the door open with his beak, and remained fixed in astonishment on the threshold. He saw in the ruined chamber, which was dimly lighted by a little latticed window, a great night-owl sitting on the ground. Plenteous tears were rolling from her large, round eyes, and harsh lamentations poured from her curved beak. As soon as she caught sight of the caliph and his vizier, who had meanwhile slunk after, she uttered a loud cry of delight. She wiped the tears from her eyes, in a graceful manner,

with her brown spotted wing, and exclaimed in good human Arabic: "Welcome, noble storks, welcome! Your arrival is a precious token of my speedy rescue; for it was once foretold me that a great happiness would come to me through storks."

When the caliph had recovered from his surprise, he made a graceful bow with his long neck, brought his feet into a courtly attitude, and said: "Night-owl, after what you have said, I can easily believe that I see in you a companion in misfortune. But, alas! vain is your hope that rescue will come to you through us. You will yourself recognize our inability to aid you when you hear our melancholy story."

The night-owl requested him to go on, and the caliph proceeded to tell her what we already know.

IV.

WHEN the caliph had ended his recital to the owl, she thanked him, and said: "Listen now to my story, and learn that I am no less unfortunate than you. My father is the King of the Indies; I am his only daughter, and my name is Lusa. The same magician, Kaschnur, who bewitched you, also brought this misery upon me. He came one day to my father, and demanded me in marriage for his son, Mizra. My father, who is a passionate man, ordered him to be thrown down stairs. The villain knew how to creep again into my presence under another form; and, while I was taking some refreshments on a certain occasion in my garden, he brought me, in the disguise of a slave, a drink which changed me immediately into this frightful figure. He then carried me, powerless with horror, to this place, and shrieked in my ear, with a hideous voice: 'Here shall you remain, hated and despised even by brutes,

till the day of your death, or till some one, in spite of this hideous disguise, takes you voluntarily to be his wife. Thus do I take my revenge on you and your insolent father.'

"Many months have passed since then. I live like a hermit in this deserted spot, lonely and miserable, abhorred by the world, an object of horror to the very brutes. Fair nature is darkened to me, for I am blind by day, and only when the moon sheds down its pallid rays over these ruins, does my impenetrable veil fall from before my eyes."

The owl ceased, and again wiped her eyes with her wing, for the recital of her sorrows had unlocked her tears once more.

The caliph was plunged into deep thought by the story of the princess. "If I am not greatly mistaken," said he, "there exists some secret connection in our misfortunes; but when shall I find the key to the mystery?"

The owl answered: "My lord, I have also this presentiment; for in my early infancy it was foretold me by a wise woman that a stork would bring to me great happiness at some period of my life. Perhaps I know already the means by which we can save ourselves."

The caliph, much astonished, inquired her meaning.

"The magician who has involved us in this wretchedness," answered she, "comes once a month to these ruins. There is a hall, not far from this chamber, where he holds high revelry with his companions. I have often watched them without his knowledge. On such occasions they often describe to each other their evil deeds, and perhaps he will mention next time the magic word which you have forgotten."

"O, dearest princess!" cried the caliph, "tell me, *when* does he come, and *where* is the hall."

The owl was silent a moment, and then said: "Take it not ill, noble caliph; but only on one condition can I answer your questions."

"Speak! speak!" cried Chasid. "Your will is law."

"I would fain be free myself; and this can only happen if one of you will offer me his hand."

The storks seemed somewhat confounded at this proposal, and the caliph signed to his vizier to retire with him for a moment.

"Grand vizier," said the caliph, when they were outside the door, "this is a bad business, but you can manage it very easily."

"Indeed!" answered the vizier; "to have my wife scratch out my eyes when I go home again! Besides, I am an old man, and you are young and unmarried, and can surely give your hand to a young and beautiful princess!"

"Just so," sighed the caliph, drooping his wings in dismay. "Who told you that she was young and beautiful? It is like buying a cat in a bag."

They discussed the question in this way a long while; but finally, after the caliph saw that his vizier preferred to remain a stork all the rest of his life rather than marry the princess, he made up his mind to fulfil the condition himself. The owl was delighted. She informed them that they could by no possibility have come at a better time, for probably the magicians would meet that very night.

She left the chamber with the storks, to lead them to the hall. They went for some distance along a dark passage, till at last a light shone upon them

through a half-ruined wall. When they reached this place, the owl directed them to keep profoundly silent. From the gap at which they had ensconced themselves, they could look from one end to the other of a vast hall. It was handsomely furnished, and ornamented on every side with lofty columns. Numerous colored lamps rivalled the light of day. In the middle of the apartment stood a round table, covered with many viands. Around the table was a circular sofa, on which were sitting eight men. In one of these our storks recognized the pedler who had sold them the magic powder. His next neighbor inquired of him an account of his latest deeds, and, among others, he told the story of the caliph and his vizier.

v.

"WHAT was the word which you gave them?" asked another of the magicians.

"A very hard Latin word, *Mutabor*," replied the pedler.

When the storks heard this, they were almost beside themselves with joy. They ran on their long legs so quickly to the door of the ruined castle, that the owl could scarcely keep up with them. The caliph, overwhelmed with gratitude, said to her: "Preserver of my friend's and my own life, take me as your husband, in partial recompense for what you have done for us." He then turned towards the east. Thrice the storks bent their long necks to the sun, just rising behind the hills. "*Mutabor!*" they shouted, and in a twinkling they were restored to their former shapes. Master and servant, in the plenitude of their joy over the new gift of existence, lay weeping and laughing in each other's arms. But who can describe their astonishment when

they looked around? A beautiful lady, elegantly dressed, stood before them, and gave her hand to the caliph with a smile. "Do you recognize your night-owl no longer?" said she. It was she, indeed; and the caliph was so enraptured by her beauty and amiability, that he declared that his becoming a stork was the greatest piece of luck that had ever befallen him.

The three companions took up their course for Bagdad. The caliph found in his girdle, not only the box of magic powder, but his purse of gold also. He bought, therefore, in the next village, what they needed for their journey, and they soon came to Bagdad's gates. The appearance of the caliph excited there the greatest astonishment. The people had given him up for dead, and were of course highly delighted to have their beloved ruler among them again.

All the more fiercely, therefore, burned their hatred for the impostor, Mizra. They rushed to the palace, and made prisoners of the old magician and his son. The caliph sent the old sinner to the same room in the ruined tower which the princess had occupied during her owl-hood, and there hung him. To the son, who knew nothing of his father's arts, the caliph gave his choice, either to die or snuff. As he chose the latter, the grand vizier offered him the box. A mighty snuff and the caliph's magic word changed him to a stork. The caliph caused him to be enclosed in an iron cage, and hung him up in his garden.

Caliph Chasid lived long and happily with his lady, the princess; and the pleasantest hours of his life were those when the grand vizier visited him in the afternoon; for then they would talk over their storkish adventures; and when the caliph felt particularly jovial and good-humored, he would even condescend to imitate

the grand vizier's appearance when a stork. He would stalk solemnly, with stiffened legs, up and down the room, gabble, paddle his arms in the manner of wings, and show how they both turned towards the east and shouted, "Mu — mu —" to no purpose. This exhibition always afforded the greatest pleasure to his princess and her children. When, however, the caliph gabbled, and bowed, and cried "Mu — mu —" too long, the vizier used to threaten "that he would communicate to his royal mistress what the caliph had said while standing outside the door of the Princess Night-owl's room in the ruin."

When Selim Baruch had ended his story the five merchants gave audible utterance to their delight. "Upon my word, the afternoon has gone without our knowing it!" said one of them, throwing back the cover of the tent. "The evening wind blows cool now, and we can get over a good piece of our journey." At this the friends rose, the tents were taken down, and the caravan moved on, in the same order in which it came on the scene the day before.

They rode almost the whole night long, for the days were sultry, while the nights were refreshing and beautiful. Coming at last to a convenient resting-place, they pitched their tents, and betook themselves to repose. The merchants took as much care of the stranger as if he had been their most cherished friend and ally. One gave him a pillow, another coverings for his bed, a third, slaves; in short, he was as well looked after as if he had been at home. The heat of the day soon drew on, when they all rose again, resolving unanimously to wait in this spot for the arrival of evening. After dining together, they formed a narrow circle, and

the young merchant, turning to the eldest, said: "Selim Baruch enabled us to pass a very agreeable afternoon yesterday; suppose, Achmed, you tell us some story, either out of your own long life, which must have abounded in curious adventures, or else some pretty fairy-tale."

Achmed made no response to this address for some time, as if hesitating whether to adopt the former or the latter course, or neither. At last, however, he thus began:

"My dear friends,—you have proved yourselves trusty companions on this tedious journey, and Selim, here, also deserves my confidence. I will therefore tell you something from my own experience, which I never narrate willingly, and which I have communicated to but very few persons."

THE STORY OF THE SPECTRAL SHIP.

My father occupied a little shop in Balsora. He was neither very poor, nor very rich, and was one of those persons who venture nothing, without great deliberation, for fear of losing the little they possess. He brought me up plainly and honestly, and it was not long before I was of considerable assistance to him. When I was eighteen years old, and just at the time when he had made his first really great speculation, he died, probably from anxiety at having entrusted so large a sum as a thousand gold-pieces to the treachery of the ocean. The result compelled me, not long after, to regard him as happy in his death; for a few weeks afterwards the news came that the ship in which my father



THE SPECTRE SHIP.



had ventured his goods, had gone to the bottom. But this misfortune could not break my youthful courage. I turned everything which my father had possessed into money, and set forth to try my fortune among strangers, accompanied by only one aged servant, who, from old associations, refused to separate himself from my destinies.

We embarked at Balsora, with favorable winds. The ship I had selected was bound for India. We had been sailing for fifteen days on the usual course, when the captain gave us notice of the approach of a tempest. He wore an air of great uneasiness, and confessed that, in this locality, he was not well enough acquainted with the true course to encounter a storm with indifference. He took in all the sails, and we ploughed along very slowly. The night had come on, clear and cold, and the captain was already beginning to think that he had been deceived in his anticipations, when suddenly a ship, which we had not seen till now, came on close by us with great speed. Wild shouts and frantic revelry sounded from her deck. The captain at my side was as pale as a ghost. "My ship is lost!" he cried; "for there sails Death!" Before I had time to inquire the meaning of his strange exclamation, the ship's crew rushed up, shrieking and howling. "Did you see him?" they shouted. "Our end has come at last!"

The captain ordered passages from the Koran to be read aloud, and took the helm himself. In vain; the storm visibly increased, and, before an hour had passed, the ship began to settle in the waves. The boats were hoisted out, and scarcely had the last man time to quit the wreck, when the vessel sunk before our eyes, and I was floating beggared on the open sea. But our sufferings were not yet over. The tempest raged with

increasing fury, and the boat soon became unmanageable. I flung my arms round my old servant, and we promised never to leave one another. Day broke at last. But just as the earliest rays of morning shone in the east, the wind caught our boat, and we were overturned. I have never seen any of the ship's company since. The shock stunned me ; and, when I awoke, I found myself in the arms of my old, faithful servant, who had saved himself on the overturned boat, and had drawn me up after him. The storm had subsided. Nothing was to be seen of our ship ; but we discovered not far from us another vessel, towards which we were being driven by the waves. As we came nearer, I recognized the same ship which had rushed by us the previous night, and which had filled our captain with such intense terror. I felt a strange horror at its sight. The captain's exclamation of foreboding, so fearfully verified ; the decayed look of the ship itself, on which, near as we were, and loud as we shouted, no living thing was to be seen, terrified me. But it was our only means of rescue, and we glorified the Prophet, who had watched so wonderfully over our safety.

A long rope hung from the bow of the vessel. We guided our boat towards it with hands and feet, to bring it within reach, and at last succeeded. But, although I exerted my voice to its utmost pitch, everything remained profoundly silent aboard the ship. At length we resolved to climb on board,—I, as the younger, going first. But, O horror ! what a sight met my eye when I stepped upon the deck ! The floor was red with blood, and twenty or thirty corpses, in Turkish clothes, lay extended on the planks, while at the main-mast stood a man, richly dressed, and with a sabre in his hand ; his face pale and distorted, and through his

temples went a long nail, fastening him to the mast. He was stone dead. Such was my horror that I scarcely dared to breathe. Meanwhile my old servant had succeeded in following me. He, too, stood aghast at the sight of the deck, peopled solely by so many frightful corpses. We ventured at last, after calming somewhat the anguish of our souls by prayers to the Prophet, to advance further into the ship. At every step we looked for some fresh and more dreadful horror to present itself to our gaze. But there was no further change; far and wide, no living creatures but ourselves, and the restless sea. We dared not speak above our breaths, lest the dead and transfixed master should turn his staring eyes upon us, or one of the dead bodies lift its ghastly head. At length we came to the stairs leading to the cabin. We halted involuntarily, and looked long at each other in silence, neither of us daring to express his thoughts aloud.

“O, master!” at length said my old servant, “some horrible deed has been committed here. But should the ship below be filled with murderers, I would rather throw myself at once on their mercy, than remain a moment longer among these frightful dead!” I shared his feelings, and, plucking up a little courage, we descended to the cabin. Here, too, all was silent, and our footsteps on the stairs were the only sounds we heard. We halted at the cabin door. I held my breath and listened; but no murmur came to our ears. I opened it. The room was in the greatest disorder. Clothes, weapons and other articles, lay scattered confusedly about. Nothing was in its place. The crew, or perhaps the captain, had been carousing, to judge from appearances, only a short time before the massacre. We went on, from room to room, and everywhere we

found scattered about vast stores of silks, pearls, sugars and other valuable goods. I was beside myself with joy at all this ; for, as there was no one on board to claim them, I thought I might fairly appropriate them to myself ; but Ibrahim called to my remembrance that we were still far from land, and that without assistance from others we must despair of reaching it.

We refreshed ourselves somewhat with the food and wine, which we found at hand in great abundance, and at length reäscended to the deck. But here our flesh crawled at the frightful appearance of the dead men, and we resolved to throw them overboard, and relieve ourselves of their presence. But imagine our sensations when we found that not one of them could be lifted from his position ! They adhered so firmly to the deck that we should have been obliged to tear up the planking to remove them, and instruments to do this were not at hand. Our attempts to release the captain from the mast were equally unsuccessful ; nor could we even take away the sabre from his stark and rigid hand. We spent the day in unhappy reflections over our situation, and on the approach of night I permitted Ibrahim to lie down to get some sleep ; I myself remaining awake on deck, to keep a look-out for means of escape or rescue. But when the moon rose, and I had judged by the stars that it was about eleven o'clock, such an irresistible torpor overpowered me, that I fell involuntarily to the deck behind a cask which was standing near. Still my condition more nearly resembled a stupefaction than a sleep, for I could plainly hear the sea beating against the sides of the vessel, and the sails creaking and groaning in the wind. Suddenly I thought I heard voices and men's footsteps on the deck. I tried to raise myself to look, but an invisible power held me

motionless, and I could not move my eyes. Yet the voices came constantly plainer to my ears; and it seemed as if a jovial ship's company were hurrying to and fro about the deck. Now and then, too, I thought I heard a master's powerful voice, and the sound of ropes and sails drawn noisily up and down. Gradually, however, my senses left me, and I fell into a profound sleep, during which I thought I could hear the clash of arms; and I did not wake till the sun stood high in heaven, and was painfully burning my face. I looked about, confused and bewildered; the storm, the ship, the dead men, and the occurrences of the past night, coming before me like a dream. But, when I looked up, everything remained as it had been the previous day. Unmoved lay the bodies; the captain stood immovably at the mainmast. I laughed at my dream, and rose to seek my old servant.

I found him sitting sadly in the cabin. "O, master!" he exclaimed as I entered, "I would rather lie at the bottom of the ocean than spend another night on board this ship."

I inquired the cause of his distress, and he answered: "After sleeping some hours, I awoke, hearing people running up and down over my head. I thought at first it was you pacing the deck; but instantly perceived my mistake, for there were twenty or thirty moving over my head, and orders shouted in a stentorian voice struck hideously on my ear. At last heavy footsteps descended the stairs. I knew nothing further for some time; but, consciousness at length returning for a few moments, I saw the man who is nailed to the mast overhead sitting at this table, drinking and carousing, and him whose body, dressed in a suit of crimson, lies nearest to the captain, sitting here also, and sharing in his revels."

You may easily imagine, my friends, the effect this statement had on me. It had been, then, no vision of an excited fancy which had disturbed my slumbers, but a stern and terrible reality.

Meanwhile Ibrahim had been deep in thought. "I have it!" he exclaimed, at length. A stanza had occurred to his memory, which had been taught him by his grandfather, and which was of potent efficacy in exorcising apparitions; and he hoped by its aid, and by fervent prayers from the Koran, to keep away during the coming night the torpor which had overpowered our senses the evening before.

The old man's suggestion pleased me; and we waited in gloomy expectation the approach of night. There was a little apartment, opening out of the cabin, in which we resolved to take refuge. We bored several holes in the door, large enough to enable us to overlook the whole cabin, and then fastened the door on the inside as well as we could, while Ibrahim wrote the name of the Prophet in the four corners. Thus prepared, we waited for the horrors of the coming night.

About eleven o'clock a strong inclination to sleep came over me; but my companion begged me to recite prayers from the Koran, and I did so, with marked effect. All at once everything over our heads became replete with life: the ropes creaked, steps moved up and down on deck, and several voices could be plainly heard. We sat several minutes in intense anxiety, when we heard some one descending the cabin stairs. Hearing this, my old servant commenced reciting the verse which his grandfather had given him as a protection against magic:

"Be ye spirits of upper air,
Or haunt ye the depths of the sea?"

In loathsome tombs do ye have your lair,
Or come ye from fire to me?
Remember Allah, your God and Lord;
All wand'ring souls obey his word."

I am free to confess I felt little confidence in this stanza; and, when the door opened, my hair stood on end. The same tall, handsome man, whom I had seen nailed to the mainmast, entered the cabin. The nail still pierced his forehead, but he had returned his sword to its sheath; and behind him came another man, less richly clad than his leader, whom I had also seen lying dead on deck. The captain, for such he undoubtedly was, had a livid face, a large black beard, and a pair of fierce, rolling eyes, with which he searched every corner of the cabin. I saw him with great distinctness as he passed our little chamber; but he seemed to take no notice of the door behind which we were concealed. Both took their seats at the table in the middle of the cabin, and conversed with each other in loud, harsh tones, and in an unknown tongue. Their voices grew louder and harsher, until at last the captain brought down his clenched fist on the table with such force that the whole room shook. The other sprang up, with a wild burst of laughter, and signed to the captain to follow him. The latter rose from his seat, tore his sabre from its sheath, and both left the apartment.

We breathed more freely after they had left us; but our terror was far from being at an end. The uproar on deck grew louder and louder. We could hear them running rapidly to and fro overhead, shouting, laughing, and yelling. At last a hellish noise was heard, mingled with yells and the clash of arms; then came a sudden silence.

When we ventured to return to the deck, many hours

after, we found everything as we had left it the day before. Not one of the bodies had changed its posture, and all were as stiff as if carved in wood.

Thus passed many days on the ship. We drove constantly towards the east, where, according to my reckoning, land was surely to be reached at last. But though by day we traversed many miles, we seemed to return to our previous position during the night, for we found ourselves, when the sun rose, invariably in the same place. We could not explain this, otherwise than by supposing that the dead men steered their ship back every night with the trade wind. To prevent this we took in all the sails before night, and secured them by the same means we had employed with the cabin door: we wrote the name of the Prophet on parchment, together with the above-mentioned stanza, and fastened the talismans to the lowered sails. We waited in our state-room for the result, in intense anxiety. That night, magic seemed to be working with increased fury; but, O, joy! the next morning the sails were still furled as we had left them the evening before. Henceforth, we spread during the day only so much sail as was needed to urge the ship moderately forward; and in this way in five days we advanced a considerable distance on our voyage.

At length, on the sixth day, we discovered land in the horizon, and gave thanks to Allah and his Prophet for our wonderful preservation. All this day and the following night we drove onward towards the coast, and on the seventh morning thought we discovered a city at no great distance. With great difficulty we hove over an anchor into the sea, and launching a small boat, which stood on the deck, rowed with all our strength towards the city. In half an hour we ran

into the mouth of a stream which discharged into the ocean, and landed on the shore. Proceeding on foot to the city, we inquired its name at the gates, and learned that it was an Indian city, at no great distance from my original place of destination. We took lodgings at a caravansary; and, after refreshing our strength, which had been exhausted by our perilous voyage, I made inquiries for a man of wisdom and learning, giving our landlord to understand that I should prefer one somewhat acquainted with magic. He took me to a retired street, and knocked at an obscure house, giving me directions to inquire for Muley.

As I entered, an old, diminutive man, with a gray beard and a long nose, came towards me, and demanded my business. On my replying that I was in search of Muley the Wise, he told me it was himself. I asked him for advice as to what I should do with the dead bodies, and what measures I should adopt to get them out of the ship. He replied, that the people in the vessel had probably been bewitched because of some great crime perpetrated on the sea. He thought this witchcraft could be exorcised if they could be brought on shore; but that this was impossible, unless the planks on which they lay were taken up; that by all the laws of God and justice, the ship and all she contained belonged to me, but that I must keep profoundly silent in regard to it; and, if I would present to him a small portion of my surplus wealth, that he would bring his own slaves to help me in disposing of the bodies. I promised to reward him handsomely; and we set out for the ship, with five slaves, provided with saws and hatchets. While on our way, the magician could not sufficiently compliment the wisdom of our plan of guarding the sails with quotations from the

Koran. He declared that this was the sole means by which we could have been saved.

It was still early in the morning when we reached the ship. We went zealously to work, and in an hour's time had placed four of the bodies in the skiff. Some of the slaves were ordered to row them ashore and bury them. They declared, when they came back, that the dead men had saved them the trouble of burial, for no sooner had they been laid on the ground than they had crumbled into dust. We continued to remove the corpses, and before evening every one of them had been carried to the land. No one was left but the man whom we had found nailed to the mainmast. We tried in vain to draw out the nail. No exercise of strength seemed to start it a hair's breadth. I was at a loss what to do next; for it was out of the question to cut down the mast in order to take him ashore. But Muley helped us out of this embarrassment. He directed a slave to row quickly to the shore, and bring away a basket of earth. When this had been done the magician uttered some mysterious words, and sprinkled the earth on the dead man's head. The latter instantly opened his eyes, drew a deep breath, and the wound made by the nail in his brow began to bleed. We now drew the spike out without difficulty, and the body fell into the arms of one of our slaves.

"Who has brought me here?" he asked. Muley pointed to me, and I stepped closer. "Thanks, unknown stranger," said he. "You have released me from long torments. For fifteen years my body has been sailing on these waters, and my soul been condemned to revisit it at night. But now earth has rested on my head, and I can go to my fathers, forgiven."

I begged him to let us know how he had merited this fearful punishment, and he went on :

“Fifteen years ago I was a powerful and distinguished man, and lived in Algiers. A thirst for gain induced me to fit out a ship and take to piracy. I had practised this mode of life for some time, when one day I took on board at Zante a dervish, who wished to travel free of expense. I and my crew were fierce people, and paid no regard to the sanctity of our passenger, but, on the contrary, made him the object of our ridicule. But on one occasion, when, in his holy zeal, he had rebuked my sinful course of life, my anger, which was more easily excited as I had been drinking deeply, obtained complete mastery over me. Furious at hearing from a dervish what I would not have endured tamely from the sultan himself, I plunged my dagger in his heart. With his dying breath he cursed my crew and me, condemning us to an existence of neither life nor death till we had laid our heads upon the earth. The dervish died, and we threw him into the sea, laughing at his imprecations ; but that very night his sentence was fulfilled. A part of my crew mutinied. We fought with dreadful fury till my adherents were all slain, and I nailed to the mast. But the mutineers also perished of their wounds, and soon my ship was merely one vast grave. My sight left me, my breath failed, and I awaited death. But it was only a torpor which had overpowered me. On the next night, at the same hour in which we had thrown the dervish into the sea, I and all my crew awoke to life ; existence had returned to us again, but we could do nothing, say nothing, but what we had said and done that dreadful night. Thus we have sailed for fifteen years, unable to live, unable to die. We have spread every sail to the tempest with frantic

joy, hoping to be dashed at last upon some friendly cliff, and lay our weary heads at rest on the bottom of the ocean. It was denied to us. But now I can die. Once more, my unknown savior, I thank you ; and, if you value treasures, take my ship and its contents in token of my gratitude."

The captain let his head fall upon his breast, and, like his companions in suffering, crumbled into dust. We collected his ashes in a box, and buried them on the beach ; and I obtained workmen from the city, who soon put my vessel in repair. After I had bartered away, at a great profit, the goods which I found on board, I hired seamen, remunerated richly my friend Muley, and sailed for my native country. I took a circuitous route, visiting many countries and islands, and disposing of my goods. The Prophet blessed my undertaking. At the end of nine months I returned to Balsora twice as rich as the dying captain's bequest had made me. My fellow-citizens were surprised at my wealth and good fortune, and would not believe but that I had found the Valley of Diamonds of the famous voyager, Sindbad. I left them to their belief ; and my example tempted all the youths of Balsora to go out into the world, in order, like me, to make their fortunes.

I lived calmly and at peace, and have made, every five years since then, a journey to Mecca, that I might thank God, in his holy place, for all his blessings, and pray for the captain and his crew, that He would receive them into Paradise.

The caravan's journey was continued the next day without interruption, and, when it halted, Selim the Stranger thus accosted Muley, the youngest of the merchants :

"You are, we know, the youngest of us all, but you are always in gay spirits, and surely have in your memory some lively tale for our amusement. Pray, serve it up, to refresh us after the heat of the day."

"I should be most happy," said Muley in reply, "to tell you anything to afford you entertainment; but modesty is becoming to the young; my older fellow-travellers here must take precedence. Why should not Zaleukos, now, always so grave and reserved, disclose to us what has made his life so gloomy? Perhaps we could alleviate his sorrows. To a brother, though he be of a different faith, we should be always ready to do a service."

The traveller referred to was a Greek merchant, of middle age, handsome and vigorous, but of unchanging gravity. Though an unbeliever in the Prophet, his companions were warmly attached to him; for his demeanor had inspired them with entire respect and confidence. He had lost one hand, and his fellow-travellers suspected that this was the occasion of his deep and unvarying melancholy.

Zaleukos, in reply to Muley's suggestion, answered: "I am very grateful for your sympathy; sorrows I have none, at least none of which you, with the best intentions, could lighten the burthen. Still, as Muley accuses me of being melancholy, I will narrate to you an event which will go far towards justifying me. You see that I have lost my left hand. It is not a natural defect, but was lost at a period the most horrible of my life. Whether I am wrong to be, since then, more grave than my condition seems to authorize, you shall judge when you have heard *The Story of the Severed Hand*."

THE STORY OF THE SEVERED HAND.

I WAS born in Constantinople. My father was a dragoman of the Sublime Porte, and drove a lucrative trade in costly essences and silks. He gave me a good education; in part instructing me himself, partly employing one of our priests for my tuition. He intended at first that I should succeed him in his business, but, finding that I showed more capacity than he had expected, he resolved, with the advice of friends, to educate me to the practice of medicine; since a physician, if he has but very little more knowledge than a quack, can make his fortune in Constantinople. Our house was much resorted to by Franks, and one of them advised my father to send me to Paris, where such studies could be followed at little expense and to the best advantage. He offered to take me with him, free of cost, on his return to that city. My father, who had travelled much in his youth, accepted the offer, and the Frank informed me I must be prepared to start in three months. I was beside myself with delight at the expectation of seeing foreign lands, and could scarcely wait for the time when we were to embark. The Frank at last transacted all his affairs, and prepared for the journey; and, the evening before the day fixed for our departure, my father called me into his bed-chamber. Beautiful arms and clothes were lying on the table; but what principally drew my attention was a large heap of gold, having never seen in my life so much money together before. My father embraced me and said: "You see, my son, I have provided you clothes for your journey. These arms are yours also; they are the same which your grandfather gave me



SEVERED HAND.

when I set out for foreign lands. I know you are skilful in their use; but never use your skill unless attacked; then strike, and strike boldly. My property is not large, but what I have I have divided into three parts. One is for you, another for my own wants, and the third shall be a sacred fund to serve you in your hour of need." So spoke my father, tears flowing from his eyes, perhaps from a sad foreboding, for we never met again.

Our journey was a prosperous one. We soon arrived in France, and six days' further travel brought us to the vast city of Paris. Here my friend hired me a chamber, advising me to make a prudent use of my money, which amounted in the whole to about two thousand ducats. I lived three years in Paris, and learned much of what a skilful physician requires to know. I should be deceiving you, however, if I described my residence in Paris as a willing one, for the customs of the people gave me great displeasure; moreover, I had but very few friends, though those I had were all young men of noble character and distinguished talents.

Home-sickness at last conquered me; and as, during my whole absence, I had heard not a word from my father, I availed myself of a favorable opportunity and returned to my native land.

This opportunity was an embassy which was just leaving France for the court of the Sublime Porte. I enrolled myself as surgeon in the suite of the ambassador, and reached Stamboul without accident. I found my father's house closed, and the neighbors, filled with surprise at my sudden arrival, told me that he had been dead two months. The priest who had been my tutor in my youth brought me the key, and, lonely and friend-

less, I took possession of the empty residence. I found everything as my father had left it; but the gold which he had promised to bequeath me was missing. I asked the priest concerning it, and he answered with a low bow: "Your father died a religious man, and made over his property to the church." This was incredible; yet what could I do? I had no evidence to bring against the priest, and my only course was to be grateful that he had not appropriated the house and goods as well.

This was the first misfortune which befell me. But henceforth the blows of fate followed in rapid succession. My profession was far from lucrative, partly because I felt ashamed to adopt the habits of the quacks, but principally because I could no longer look to my father's recommendation, which, had he lived, would have introduced me to the patronage of the rich and the great, who now had no thoughts to spare for the humble Zaleukos. In addition to these misfortunes, my father's stock of goods found no purchasers, for his former customers had gone elsewhere after his death, and new ones were not easily obtained. On one occasion, while I was sitting thinking sadly of my condition, the thought struck me that I had frequently seen people of my nation in France, who travelled through the country exposing their goods for sale in the market-places of the different towns. I recollected that their foreign aspect and origin readily found them customers, and that it was not at all uncommon in this business to increase one's means a hundred-fold. My resolution was taken. I sold my father's house; gave a part of the purchase money to be taken care of for me by a tried friend; purchased with the remainder a variety of articles, which were rarities in France, such as shawls,

silk stuffs, salves, and fine oils ; secured my passage in a vessel, and entered on my second journey to France. It seemed, as soon as I had left behind the gates of the Dardanelles, as if fortune had again become favorable. Our voyage was short and prosperous. I visited in succession all the large cities and towns of the country, and found everywhere ready purchasers of my goods. My friend in Stamboul kept me constantly supplied with new articles, and I grew richer day by day. At length, when I had accumulated so much that I believed I might safely venture on a wider field, I travelled with my wares into Italy. I have omitted to mention, what was a considerable source of profit to me, that I also brought my medical knowledge into frequent play. Wherever I went, I caused it to be announced by posters that a celebrated Greek physician, who had effected many remarkable cures, had arrived in the city ; and my balsams and medicines brought many ducats to my pocket. In the course of my wanderings I arrived at last at the Italian city of Florence. I resolved to remain longer than usual in this city, partly because its beauty greatly pleased me, and partly because I wished to recover from the fatigues of my travels. I hired a shop in the quarter Santa Croce, together with a couple of handsome apartments, at no great distance, opening upon a balcony, and immediately distributed my posters, describing me as a physician and merchant. I had scarcely opened my shop when a stream of customers began to flow in ; and, although my prices were high, I sold more than other merchants, because my manners towards my patrons were pleasant and courteous. I had been living in Florence with great contentment four days, when one evening, after I had closed my shop, and was as usual

counting over the stock remaining in my cases, I found, in one of the empty boxes, a little note, which I could not remember having placed there. I opened it, and found that it was a request for me to go, that night, at exactly twelve o'clock, to the bridge called Ponte Vecchio. I pondered a long time over it, trying to imagine who my anonymous correspondent could be; but, as I knew not a soul in Florence, I came at length to the opinion that it must be from some one desirous to procure, secretly, my services for some sick man, — a thing which happened not unfrequently. I determined to go, but for greater security armed myself with the sabre which my father had given me some time before.

Towards midnight I set out on my expedition, and came soon to the Ponte Vecchio. I found the bridge empty and deserted, and resolved to wait till he who had requested my presence made his appearance. The night was cold; the moon shone brightly, and I stood gazing down on the waters of the Arno, which glistened sweetly in the moonlight. As the bells of the city sounded twelve, I raised my head, and a tall man was standing before me, concealed in a red cloak, and holding one of its folds before his features.

I was startled at first at the mysterious suddenness of his appearance: but soon regained my presence of mind, and said to my unknown summoner: "If I have been bidden here by you, tell me quickly what are your wishes." The stranger turned, and slowly answered: "Follow!" It was far from being an agreeable idea, this going, completely unprotected, with a perfect stranger, and I replied, without moving from my position: "Not so, my dear sir; you must first inform me whither; and I should prefer you would show me a little of your face, that I may see whether you mean to

deal fairly by me." The stranger seemed not to heed this latter request. "You refuse, Zaleukos? Stay then!" and he retired. My anger was excited by this treatment. "And do you think," I cried, "that I am a man to be made a butt by every fool, and that I have been waiting on this bridge this bitter night to no purpose?" Overtaking him in three bounds, I seized him by his mantle, shouting at the top of my voice, and, at the same time, laying my other hand on my sabre; but the mantle remained in my grasp, and its unknown wearer vanished round the neighboring corner. My wrath doubled with every step; but I had possession of the cloak, and I was determined it should serve as my clue to this singular adventure. So, throwing it over my shoulders, I went in the direction of my house. I had scarcely advanced a hundred paces, when some one passed close by me, and whispered in my ear in the French language: "Have a care, count; nothing can be done to-night." Before I could turn, the individual had passed on, and all I saw was a shadow gliding along the houses. That this warning was intended for the owner of the mantle, I saw clearly, but it threw no light on the mystery.

The next morning I deliberated what to do. I thought at first I would cause the mantle to be cried, as if I had found it; but I reflected that, in that case, the Unknown could reclaim it through a third party, and I should obtain no explanation of the strange affair. While I was hesitating, I examined the mantle closer. It was made of heavy Genoa velvet, of a purple color, edged with Astrachan fur, and richly adorned with gold. The splendor of the cloak suggested an idea, which I resolved to carry out. I carried it to my shop, and exhibited it as if for sale, setting so high a price

upon it that I felt certain of not finding a purchaser. My purpose was to make a searching examination of every one who made inquiries concerning the mantle; for the figure and appearance of the Unknown, though I had caught only a momentary glimpse of them, I had clearly seen, and could have told among a thousand. The cloak found many admirers, — for its extraordinary beauty attracted all eyes, — but none of them resembled the Unknown, and none were willing to pay the high price of two hundred ducats for it. I thought it a striking circumstance, moreover, that, when I occasionally made inquiry of my customers whether there had ever been a mantle like it in Florence, every one answered in the negative, and assured me that they had never seen before so costly and magnificent a garment.

At length, towards evening, a young man came into my shop, who had called frequently before, and had made me many offers for the mantle, and, throwing a purse of ducats on the counter, cried: “By heaven, Zaleukos, I *must* have your mantle, if it beggars me!” — and he began at the same time to count out his gold pieces. I was much embarrassed; for I had merely exhibited the cloak to attract possibly the attention of my mysterious guide, and now came a young fool who was willing to pay the monstrous price I had set upon it. Yet what could I do? I submitted; for, on the other hand, it was no unpleasant reflection that I had been so well recompensed for my previous night’s adventure. The young man threw it over his shoulders, and turned to go; but he halted on the threshold, and, detaching a paper which had been fastened to the mantle, said, throwing it over to me: “Zaleukos, here is something which does not belong to my cloak.” I took up the paper indifferently, when, to my astonish-

ment, I saw written: "Bring the mantle, this night, at the same hour, to the Ponte Vecchio, and four hundred ducats are yours." I stood thunder-struck. I had then not only thrown away my good fortune, but had wholly failed in my resolution to discover the owner. I did not long hesitate, but, gathering up the two hundred ducats, sprang after my purchaser, and cried: "Take your money back again, good friend, and give me my cloak; I cannot possibly part with it." At first he took what I said for a joke; but, seeing I was in earnest, he fell into a passion, called me a fool, and we came at last to blows. I was fortunate enough to pull off the cloak in the scuffle, and was already making off with it, when the young man shouted for the police, and dragged me before the judge. The judge was greatly surprised at the accusation, and of course awarded the cloak to my opponent. I offered the young man twenty, thirty, fifty, eighty, a hundred ducats beyond his two hundred, if he would restore me the mantle. What my entreaties failed to effect, my gold accomplished. He accepted my good ducats and I departed with the mantle triumphant, contented to be thought a madman by all Florence. The opinion of the people was perfectly immaterial to me; for I knew better than they how much I was a gainer by the transaction.

I waited for night with impatience, and, at the same hour as on the previous evening, set out for the Ponte Vecchio, mantle under my arm. The figure came out of the darkness at the last toll of the bell, and came towards me. It was unmistakably the same man. "Have you the mantle?" I was asked. "Yes, my lord," I replied; "but it cost me, in cash, a hundred ducats." — "I know it," replied he; "see, here are

four hundred." He stepped with me to the broad coping of the bridge, and told down the gold pieces. There were four hundred. They gleamed beautifully in the light of the moon, and filled my heart with joy. Ah, little did I imagine, that it was the last I should ever feel! I thrust the gold into my pocket, trying at the same time to take an accurate view of the generous Unknown; but he wore a mask, and his dark eyes gleamed fearfully through its openings. "I thank you, my lord, for your generosity," said I. "What would you have of me? But, first of all, I insist it must be nothing wrong." — "Your caution is unnecessary," he answered, throwing the cloak over his shoulders. "I need your aid as a physician, — not for the living, but for the dead!"

"How can that be?" I cried, full of astonishment.

"I came with my sister from a distant country," — he answered, motioning me to follow him, — "and was living with her at the house of a friend of my family. She died yesterday, after a brief illness, and her relations will bury her to-morrow. According to an old usage of our family, the bodies of its members must repose in the ancestral tomb. Many of us, who have died in foreign lands, have been interred in our own sepulchre by the aid of embalmment. So, in the present case, although I resign her body to the possession of her relations, I must carry to my father at least her head, that he may see his daughter once again."

This resolution of cutting off the head of a beloved sister struck me as something dreadful, but I ventured no objections, for fear of angering my benefactor. I told him, therefore, that I was familiar with the process of embalmment, and asked to be conducted to the dead person. But I could not refrain from inquiring, why

all this must be done so mysteriously, and under the cover of night. He replied that his relations, who regarded his purpose as revolting, would interfere by day. Let the head be once removed, however, and he should value little their upbraidings. He could have brought the head to me himself, but a natural reluctance restrained him from performing the dismemberment with his own hand.

We had by this time reached a large, handsome house, which my guide told me was the termination of our midnight promenade. We passed the main entrance, and entering by a small door, which the Unknown closed carefully behind us, mounted a flight of winding stairs in total darkness. These led us to a dimly-lighted corridor, through which we passed to a chamber, lighted by a single lamp suspended from the ceiling.

In this room stood a bed, in which lay the corpse. The Unknown turned away his face, and seemed to be striving to restrain his tears. He then pointed to the bed, and, ordering me to perform my duty skilfully and swiftly, left the chamber.

I took out the knife, which, as a surgeon, I always carried about me, and approached the bed. Only the face of the corpse was visible ; but this was of such extreme beauty, that I felt inspired with the deepest compassion. Her dark hair hung down in large masses on the pillow, her face was pale, her eyes closed. I first made an incision in the skin, such as physicians make at the amputation of a limb ; then, taking my sharpest knife, with one effort divided the throat. But, O horror ! the corpse instantly opened its eyes, closed them again, and seemed in one deep sigh for the first time to breathe away its life. A jet of warm blood at

the same time spouted from the wound. I felt convinced that I was the slayer of the unhappy creature. There could be no doubt that she was now dead, for there could be no recovery from the wound I had inflicted. I stood several minutes overpowered with regret for what had happened. Could the stranger have deceived me? or had it been a case of apparent death? The latter seemed more probable. I could not tell her brother that perhaps a less rapid incision would have recalled her to life; and I resolved, therefore, to complete the operation. I proceeded to enlarge the wound, preparatory to removing the head, when, suddenly, the dying girl gave another groan, and, with a convulsive movement of pain, gave up the ghost. I rushed from the chamber, completely unmanned by horror. The entry was dark; the lamp had gone out; no trace of my guide was to be seen; and I was compelled to trust to chance in finding the stairs by feeling along the wall. I found them at length, and, half-falling, half-gliding, plunged down. No one was below. I found the door on the latch, and breathed freer when I reached the street. Spurred on by terror, I ran furiously to my lodgings, and, burying myself in the pillows of my bed, strove to obliterate from my memory the horror I had been guilty of. But sleep refused to visit me, and morning at last warned me to collect my scattered senses. I thought it probable that the man would not denounce me, who had led me into the commission of this, as it now seemed to me, accursed deed. I resolved, at last, to open my shop as usual, and assume, if possible, a calm demeanor. But, alas! a new circumstance, which I now noticed for the first time, added to my despair. My cap and girdle were missing, and I was uncertain whether I had left

them in the chamber of the dead girl, or lost them in my flight. The former supposition appeared the more probable; and, in that case, I was certain to be discovered.

I opened my shop at the usual hour. My neighbor came in, as he was in the habit of doing every morning, being a sociable, talkative man, and began: "Well, what do you think of the dreadful affair which happened last night?" I pretended not to understand. "Why, haven't you heard of what is the talk of the whole city? Haven't you heard that the governor's daughter, Bianca, the loveliest flower of Florence, was murdered last night? Ah! I saw her only yesterday, walking so happily in the streets with her lover! The wedding was to have taken place to-day." Every word my neighbor said was a dagger in my heart; and my torture was constantly repeating itself; for each of my customers told me the same story, increasing its horrors with every recital, and yet no one could paint it so terribly as I myself had seen it. About noon an officer of justice entered my shop, and commanded me to turn out all present. "Signor Zaleukos," said he, drawing out the articles I had lost, "do these belong to you?" I reflected whether I should deny them; but, seeing through the half-opened door my landlord and several acquaintances, who could testify directly against me, I thought it better not to make things worse by falsehood, and acknowledged that they were mine. The officer ordered me to follow, and took me to a huge building, which I soon saw was the prison. There he assigned me temporarily a room.

Reflecting in solitude over my position, I saw that it was a fearful one. The thought that I was a murderer, though without intention, incessantly recurred to me.

So, too, I could not conceal from myself that the glistening of the ducats had taken my judgment prisoner, for, otherwise, I should not have entered so blindly into this miserable tragedy. Two hours after my arrest I was taken out of my cell. We descended a flight of steps, and I found myself in a large hall, where twelve aged men sat round a long table covered with black. Seats were arranged round the sides of the room, which were filled with the nobility of Florence, and a dense throng of spectators occupied the galleries. When I had been placed before the black table, a man of gloomy and unhappy aspect rose from his seat. It was the governor. He announced to the assembled audience, that, being the father of the victim, he could not honorably act as judge in this investigation, and that he resigned his seat for this occasion to the oldest of the senators. This latter personage was a hoary-headed man, of at least ninety years of age. His form was bent, and his temples were hung with thin white hair; but his eyes still burned brightly, and his voice was strong and full. He began by asking me if I confessed the murder. I begged a hearing, and then stated, without fear and in a distinct voice, what I had done and what I knew. I noticed that the governor, during my recital, grew alternately pale and red; and, when I ended, he broke out furiously: "How, villain! You throw upon another the crime which you committed solely from avarice!" The senator rebuked his interruption as improper, since he had voluntarily resigned his right to interpose, and especially since it was not shown that I had committed the crime from avarice, as, by his own testimony, nothing had been stolen from the body. Nay, he went further. He declared to the governor that he must detail the incidents of his

daughter's latter years ; for in that way alone could it be determined whether I had spoken truth or falsehood. He then adjourned the court for the day, to form his opinion, as he said, from the papers of the deceased, which the governor must surrender to him. I was again transferred to my cell, where I passed a miserable day, tormented with the burning hope that some connection might yet be discovered between the deceased and the man with the red mantle. The next day, when I entered the hall of justice, several letters were lying on the table. The old senator demanded of me if they were in my hand-writing. I looked at them, and saw at once that they were from the same hand as the two notes received by me. I pointed this out to the senator, but he seemed to regard it as of little importance, and answered that I could, and, indeed, must have written all myself, for the signature at the bottom of the letters was unmistakably a "Z," the initial letter of my name. The letters contained threats against the deceased, mingled with warnings against the marriage which she was about to consummate.

The governor seemed to have been making some extraordinary statements with regard to my character. For the whole of this day I was treated with far greater suspicion and severity. I referred, for my justification, to my papers, to be found at my lodgings ; but I was told that search had been already made there, and that nothing had been found. At the close of this investigation, every hope had vanished ; and, when I was brought into the hall of justice on the third day, the sentence was read to me that I was convicted of deliberate murder, and condemned to death. It had come to this ! Deprived of all which made my life yet dear to me, I was about to die a felon's death, far from my

native land and in the prime of life, at the hand of the executioner !

On the evening of the day which had decided my fate I was sitting sadly in my cell, my hopes fled, my thoughts earnestly directed upon death, when the door of my prison opened, and a man entered, who looked at me a long time in silence. "Do I find you again, and in *this* condition, Zaleukos !" he said at length. I had not recognized him by the dim light of my lamp, but the tones of his voice awoke old recollections in my heart. It was Valetty, one of the few friends whom I had known in Paris. He said he had come by chance to Florence, where his father, a man of distinction, resided ; that he had heard my history, and had come to pay me a final visit, to learn from my own lips my motive for so hideous a crime. I told him the whole story. He appeared much astonished, and adjured me to divulge all to him, my only friend, and not add falsehood to my other crimes, when on the very eve of death. I answered, with the most solemn protestations, that I had spoken only truth, and that I was guilty of no other sin than, blinded by the gleam of gold, of not detecting at once the improbability of the statement of the Unknown. "You did not know Bianca, then ?" he asked. I assured him I had never seen her. Valetty now told me that there was a deep mystery in the fact that the governor had so hastily insisted on my condemnation, and that a report was now prevalent among the people that I had known Bianca a long time, and had murdered her out of rage at her marriage with another. I pointed out that all this applied to the man with the red mantle ; but that I had no means whatsoever of proving his complicity in the affair. Valetty embraced me in tears, and promised to do all in his

power to save at least my life. I felt but feeble hopes ; but I knew him to be an able man, and learned in the law, and that he would make every effort to save me within his reach. I remained in uncertainty two long days, but Valetty appeared at last. "I bring you good news," said he, "though slight. Your life is spared, and you will be released ; but you must lose your hand." I thanked him with the deepest emotion. He told me "that the governor had been at first inexorable in refusing to permit the matter to be further investigated ; but, to avoid the appearance of injustice, he had at last consented that, if a similar case could be found in the Florentine histories, my punishment should be regulated by the sentence there pronounced ; that he and his father had searched day and night through the ancient records, and had found at last a case precisely parallel. Thus ran the sentence : 'His left hand shall be hewn off, his property confiscated, and himself condemned to perpetual banishment ;' that such was now my sentence, and I must prepare myself for the torture which awaited me." I will not, my friends, describe that fearful day when I laid my hand on the block in the open market-place, and my own blood spouted over me in arching jets.

Valetty took me to his own house till I was healed, and then furnished me generously with means for my journey ; for everything which I had accumulated with so much toil had become the property of the state. I journeyed from Florence to Sicily, and thence in the first ship I could find to Constantinople. There my only support was the sum which I had entrusted to my friend, and I begged him to give me a refuge in his house. What was my astonishment, when he inquired why I did not take possession of my own ? He told

me that a stranger had lately bought a house in the Greek quarter, in my name, and had told the neighbors I should soon return. I went there immediately with my friend, and was kindly welcomed by all my old acquaintances. An aged merchant gave me a letter, which the man, who had made the purchase, had left with him for me. I read: "Zaleukos! two hands are ready to labor ceaselessly that you may never feel the loss of *one*. This house, and everything therein, is yours. Every year will be given to you such a sum as shall rank you among the richest of your people. Pardon one who is more unfortunate than yourself." I could guess the writer; and the merchant told me that it was a man whom he took to be a Frenchman, and that he wore a crimson mantle. I had seen enough to be convinced that the Unknown was still possessed of many noble impulses. I found all the arrangements of my new house of the best description; and it contained a shop filled with goods better than those I had lost. Ten years have passed since then. More from the force of habit than from need I continue to engage in business; but that land where I met such misfortune I have never seen again. I receive every year, from an unknown source, a thousand pieces of gold; but, though it gives me pleasure to learn thereby the nobility of that unhappy sufferer, still he cannot buy from me the anguish of my soul, for the fearful picture of the murdered Bianca lives eternally in my memory.

Zaleukos had ended his narrative. The others had listened to him with great sympathy; and the stranger, especially, appeared to be deeply interested and impressed. He had sighed deeply several times, and

seemed to Muley to have been shedding tears. They conversed a considerable time on the subject of the story.

"And do you not *hate* the unknown wretch who caused you so basely to lose a noble member of your body, nay, brought your very life in danger?"

"There have been hours, in times gone by," answered the Greek, "when my heart has cursed him before God, for bringing me this misery, and poisoning the happiness of my life. But I found consolation in the religion of my father, which commands me to love my enemies. Besides, he is more unfortunate than I."

"You are a noble being," cried the stranger, pressing the Greek's hand warmly.

The captain of the guard interrupted them at this point. Stepping, with an anxious air, into the tent, he announced that no one must sleep that day, as they were now at the place where caravans were frequently attacked; and his soldiers believed they had already seen horsemen in the horizon.

The merchants were much disconcerted at this information. Selim, the stranger, expressed surprise at their confusion, and suggested that, with so strong an escort, they had no reason to fear an army of thievish Arabs.

"True, sir," answered the captain. "If we only had to look out for such common rubbish as these, we might all sleep without danger. But, for some time past, the terrible Orbasan has shown himself again; and now one has to look out for his safety."

The stranger asked, who was this Orbasan; and Achmed, the old merchant, replied:

"There are innumerable stories circulating among the common people about this singular man. Some

hold him to be a supernatural being, as he often sustains a successful struggle with five or six opponents at once ; while others regard him as a courageous Frenchman, whom misfortune has banished to this place. Thus much is certain, however, that he is an accursed robber and thief."

" You should not assert that without qualification," answered Lezah, another of the merchants. " He is a robber, but he is a noble fellow, nevertheless, and proved himself such to a brother of mine, as I could easily show you. He has brought his tribe to the most perfect discipline ; and, so long as he ranges these deserts, no other tribe dares show itself. Besides, he does not rob like other villains, but exacts protection money from the caravans ; and whoever pays him this willingly can complete his journey unmolested, for Orbasan is the sovereign of the desert."

Our travellers continued to chat thus with each other in their tent. Meanwhile, the escort, which had been posted around the encampment, began to show signs of great uneasiness. A considerable body of armed horsemen had shown itself at the distance of half an hour's ride, and appeared to be advancing directly upon the camp. One of the guard, therefore, came to the tent to announce that they were probably about to be attacked. The merchants consulted together on what course they should adopt, whether to advance towards their assailants, or to wait in their present position for the attack. Achmed and the two older merchants preferred the latter : but Zaleukos and the fiery Muley insisted on advancing, and called on the stranger for his assistance. This latter drew calmly from his girdle a little red handkerchief, dotted with blue stars, and, binding it to a lance, directed one of the slaves to

attach it to the tent. He pledged his life, he said, that the horsemen, when they saw this signal, would retire without molesting them. Muley had no faith in this result ; but the slave fastened the lance to the top of the tent. Meanwhile, all in the camp had seized their arms, and were looking at the approaching horsemen, in strained expectation. The little banner appeared, however, to exert a remarkable influence over these fierce children of the desert, for they turned suddenly from their course, and swept away in a large circle over the sandy desert.

Our travellers stood some minutes in amazement. The stranger wore an air of calm indifference, and stood gazing from the front of the tent across the plain. At length, Muley broke silence. "Who art thou, mighty stranger," he cried, "who tamest, by a sign, the wild hordes of the desert?"

"You rank my power higher than it deserves," answered Selim Baruch. "I provided myself with this signal when I made my escape. What it means I know not ; but this much I do know, that whoever travels with this emblem finds in it a powerful protector."

The merchants thanked the stranger, calling him the savior of their lives. In truth, the number of the assailants had been so large that the caravan could have made only a brief resistance to their attack.

Every one retired to rest, with a lighter heart, after this event ; and, when the sun began to sink, and the evening wind blew freshly over the wilderness of sand, they broke up their encampment, and set forth again on their journey.

The following day the camp was pitched not more than a day's journey from the borders of the desert.

When the travellers had assembled again in the large tent, Lezah, the merchant, took his turn to speak.

“I said to you, yesterday, that the dreaded Orbasan was a man of a noble heart: let me prove it, to-day, by narrating an adventure of my brother's.

“My father was *cadi* in Acara, and had three children. I was the oldest, my brother and sister being much younger. When I was twenty years old, my uncle, my father's brother, summoned me before him. He appointed me the heir of all his property, on the condition that I should remain with him till his decease. He reached a good old age, so that two years had elapsed before I returned to my father's house, and then, for the first time, learned the dreadful fate which had fallen on my family, and to what gracious ends great Allah had directed it at last.”

THE RESCUE OF FATIMA.

My brother, Mustapha, and Fatima, my sister, were nearly of the same age; the former but two years the elder. They lived together affectionately, and did mutually everything in their power to lighten the burden of our father's declining years. On Fatima's sixteenth birthday her brother made arrangements for a feast. He invited all their playmates, set a handsome entertainment before them in his father's garden, and, when evening came on, invited them to take a short trip out to sea, in a vessel he had hired, and had had handsomely decorated for the occasion. Fatima and her playmates assented with delight, for the evening was lovely, and the city, when seen from the water,



BESCUE OF FATIMA.

and especially at evening, wore its most beautiful aspect. The girls were so much pleased with their trip that they urged my brother to extend their excursion. Mustapha yielded, with great unwillingness, for a corsair had been observed in the neighborhood only a few days before. There was a promontory, which ran out into the sea, not far from the city, and the girls expressed a wish to go to it, to witness the sunset. As they rowed round the point, they saw, a short distance off, a vessel crowded with armed men. Suspecting evil, my brother ordered the boatmen to put about and make for the shore. His anxiety was soon justified, for the strange vessel commenced a rapid pursuit, and, having more oars, soon succeeded in placing itself between my brother and the shore. The girls, when they perceived the danger of their position, sprang from their seats, crying and shrieking. In vain did Mustapha attempt to tranquillize them; in vain represent to them that they must remain quiet, as they exposed the boat to the danger of oversetting, by running needlessly from one end to the other. It was of no avail; and at last, when the near approach of the other boat caused them all to crowd to the opposite side of their own, it overturned.

Meanwhile, the people on shore had been watching the movements of the strange boat; and, as for some time past great anxiety had been felt on account of pirates, suspicion was aroused, and several vessels put out from land to bring aid to our voyagers. But they came only just in time to rescue them from a watery grave. The hostile boat had disappeared during the confusion; and great uncertainty existed on board the two boats which had received the saved whether all had escaped. They approached one another, and

ah! it was discovered that my sister and one of her playmates was absent, while, at the same time, they discovered a stranger, in one of the boats, whom no one knew. In answer to Mustapha's threats, he confessed that he belonged to the hostile vessel which lay at anchor two miles further out, and that his companions had left him in the lurch, in their hasty flight, while he was engaged in helping out of the water the sinking girls; and he admitted to have seen them bear away two of the maidens to their ship.

My old father's sorrow was intense, and Mustapha's grief almost brought him to the grave; for, not only had he lost a darling sister, — and accused himself incessantly of being the cause of her misfortune, — but Fatima's friend, too, who shared her misery, had been promised to him, by her parents, for his bride, and he had not yet ventured to confess his engagement to his father, because her family were poor and of humble station. My father was a harsh and cruel man. When the acuteness of his sorrow had grown somewhat less, he summoned Mustapha to his presence, and said to him: "Your folly has robbed me of the consolation of my old age, and the joy of my eyes. Go! I banish you forever from my presence. I curse you and your descendants; and never shall you be released from your father's malediction till you bring back my lost Fatima to my arms."

My poor brother had not looked for this. He had already resolved to go in search of his sister and her friend, and had hoped to obtain his father's blessing on his undertaking, and now he had sent him, instead, laden with his curse, into the world. But as his previous misery had dejected him, so this climax to his unhappiness, which he had not merited, served only to steel his courage.

He repaired to the imprisoned pirate, to inquire what had been his ship's intended voyage, and was informed that she was engaged in the slave-trade, and usually found an extensive market in Balsora.

When he returned to the house to prepare himself for his journey, his father's anger seemed to have moderated somewhat, and he sent him a purse of gold as a provision for his travels. Mustapha took a tearful leave of the parents of Zoraide, — for so his bride was named, — and set forth on the road to Balsora.

He made the journey by land, since no ship went directly to Balsora from our little city; and he was compelled to make his daily journeys long, so as not to reach Balsora too long after the pirates. But having a good horse, and no baggage, he hoped to reach the latter city in six days. On the evening of the fourth day, while riding on alone, three men suddenly attacked him. Seeing that they were well-armed, powerful men, and supposing them to aim rather at his horse and his money than his life, he called out to them that he surrendered. They dismounted from their horses, bound his feet together under his horse's belly, and, taking him between them, and leading his horse by the bridle, rode swiftly away with their prisoner, without speaking a word.

Mustapha surrendered himself to dark despair. His father's curse seemed to be already tending to its accomplishment, and how could he hope to bring safety to his sister and Zoraide, when, robbed of all his means, he had only his worthless life to devote to their delivery. Mustapha and his silent escort had ridden perhaps an hour, when they turned aside into a retired vale. This little valley was bordered by lofty trees, and its soft, green turf, and a brook which flowed gayly down its

centre, invited repose. To his surprise he perceived fifteen or twenty tents pitched here. Camels and horses were fastened to the tent-pegs, while from one of the tents came the joyous tones of a lute, accompanying two superb male voices. It seemed to my brother impossible that people, who had selected so lovely a place for their encampment, could entertain evil intentions against him, and he obeyed, therefore, without apprehension, the directions of his guides, who, unbinding him, ordered him to dismount. They led him to a tent, larger than the others, and which was handsomely, nay, luxuriously, decorated. Superb gold-wrought cushions, embroidered foot-cloths, and gilded censers, would, anywhere else, have denoted wealth and dignity; but here they indicated only audacious robbery. On one of the cushions sat a small, elderly man; his face was hideous; his skin was of a dark brown hue; and a disagreeable expression of knavish cunning about his eyes and mouth made his general appearance highly repulsive. Although the little creature was trying to assume an air of authority, Mustapha soon saw that this richly-furnished tent was not for him, and his opinion was confirmed by the manner of his guides.

"Where is the chief?" they demanded.

"He has gone hunting," replied the other; "but he has ordered me to take his place."

"He has done a foolish thing, then," answered one of the robbers; "for it must be settled soon whether this hound shall live or die; and that the chief knows better than you."

The little manikin, sensitive as to his dignity, rose from his seat, and stretched out his arm as if to reach the offender's ear; but, seeing his attempt was useless, he opened a torrent of abuse which shook the tent.

The door suddenly flew back, and a tall, stately person entered, young and handsome as a prince. His clothes and arms, with the exception of a richly-ornamented dagger and a gleaming sabre, were plain and simple ; but his stern eye and his martial aspect commanded instant respect.

"Who dares quarrel in my tent?" he cried to the terrified disputants. A deep silence prevailed for some time, and, finally, one of the three guards told how it came about. The chief's face flamed with anger. "When did I ever appoint you to my place, Hassan?" he exclaimed to the little man, in a terrible voice. The latter, in his terror, shrunk smaller than before, and crept towards the door of the tent. A significant gesture of the chieftain caused him to fly through the aperture with a leap of extraordinary agility.

When the pigmy had disappeared, the three men placed Mustapha before the master of the tent, who had meanwhile stretched himself upon the cushions. "We bring him, my lord, whom you commanded us to seize."

The chief looked long at his prisoner, and said, at length : "Pasha of Sulieika ! your own conscience will tell you why you are now standing before Orbasan."

My brother threw himself on his knees before him, and answered : "My lord, you are in error. I am a miserable wretch, but not the pasha whom you seek."

Every one in the tent showed signs of great surprise, and the master of the tent answered : "Wretch ! it can avail you little to deny yourself, for I will bring before you those who know you well." He called for Zuleima, and an old woman was brought into the tent, who replied to the question whether she recognized in my brother the Pasha of Sulieika : "Yes ; I swear by

the grave of the Prophet, that it is the pasha, and no other."

"You see, miserable, how your falsehood has melted away!" cried the chief, in a fury. "You are too base for me to soil my good dagger with your blood! At sunrise, to-morrow, I will bind you to the tail of my horse, and drag you through the forest, till the sun sets behind the hills of Sulicika!"

My unhappy brother's courage sank. "It is my cruel father's curse, which brings me to an ignominious death!" he exclaimed, weeping bitterly; "and you are lost, sweet sister; and you, Zoraide!"

"Your dissimulation is of no avail," said one of the robbers, binding his hands behind his back. "Make good time in leaving the tent, for the chief is biting his lips, and feeling for his dagger! If you would live another night, come away!"

At the instant that the robbers were removing my brother from the tent, they encountered three other men, driving a prisoner before them. They entered with him, and, with the words, "We bring here the pasha, as you ordered us," placed the second prisoner before the couch of the chief. My brother had a chance to look at the prisoner, as they brought him in, and he himself could see the resemblance which this man bore to him, though his complexion was darker, and his beard had a blacker shade.

The chief seemed bewildered at the entrance of the second prisoner. "Which of you is the true pasha?" he asked, at length, looking alternately at my brother and the pasha.

"If you mean the Pasha of Sulieika," replied the prisoner, in a haughty tone, "I am he."

The chief looked at him long with a stern and fearful

gaze, and made a silent gesture to remove him from the tent. When this had been done, he approached my brother, and, cutting his bonds with his dagger, signed to him to take his seat on the couch. "It gives me pain," said he, "that I have mistaken you for that monster; but, stranger, attribute it to the decree of Providence, that you fell into the hands of my soldiers exactly at the hour appointed for the downfall of you accursed fiend." My brother begged, in reply, a single favor, which was, to permit him to resume his journey, for that delay was fatal to his peace. The chief inquired the cause of his extreme haste; and, when Mustapha had told his story, persuaded him to remain during the night in his tent, as he and his horse greatly needed rest, and promised that the next morning he would point him out a road which would bring him to Balsora in a day and a half. My brother assented, was hospitably entertained, and slept calmly in the robber's tent till morning.

When he awoke, the next day, he found himself alone. He heard the sound of voices outside the tent, apparently those of the chief and his little dark-skinned servant. He listened a moment, and to his horror overheard the pigmy strenuously urging his master to kill the stranger, lest, when set at liberty, he should betray them all.

Mustapha saw that the little man hated him for having been the cause of his unfortunate experience of the preceding day. The chief seemed to hesitate a moment. "No," said he; "he is my guest, and the laws of hospitality are sacred. He does not look like one who would betray us."

Saying this, he threw back the curtain of the tent and entered. "Peace be with you, Mustapha!" he

said ; " let us take our morning draught, and prepare ourselves for our departure." He handed my brother a cup of sherbet, and, having drunk a similar one himself, gave orders for their horses to be saddled, and Mustapha mounted his steed with a lighter heart. They left the encampment, and entered a broad path which led into the forest. The chief told my brother that the pasha, whom they had captured while hunting, had given him his promise to permit him and his people to remain unmolested in his territory ; but that, a few weeks previously, he had taken one of his bravest men, and had hanged him after the most frightful tortures. The tribe had in consequence been on the watch for him ever since ; and to-day he was to die. Mustapha did not venture to oppose this resolution, for he was only too glad to escape himself.

At the borders of the forest the chief reined in his horse, and, pointing out the road, gave my brother a parting grasp of the hand, and said : " Mustapha, you have been, in a wonderful manner, the guest of the robber Orbasan ; but I shall not exact of you a promise not to betray what you have seen and heard. You have endured unjustly, at my hand, all the agony of anticipated death, and I owe you a recompense. Take this dagger as a souvenir. Should you ever need assistance, send it to me, and I will hasten to your aid. This purse you may perhaps find useful for your journey." My brother thanked him for his generosity, and accepted the dagger, but declined the purse. Orbasan pressed his hand once more, and, dropping the purse on the ground, disappeared swiftly in the forest. As Mustapha saw that it would be idle to attempt to overtake him, he dismounted to pick up the purse, and was filled with surprise at the liberality of his host ; for the purse

was filled with gold pieces. He thanked Allah for his escape, and, commending the noble robber to his favor, set forth with heightened courage on his journey to Balsora."

Lezah paused, and looked inquiringly at Achmed.

"Nay, if this be so," said the latter, "I shall change my opinion of Orbasan, for his conduct toward your brother was most noble."

"He acted as a valiant Mussulman should," cried Muley; "but I hope you have not ended your story yet, for we are all curious to hear how it fared with your brother, and whether he succeeded in rescuing your sister Fatima and the beautiful Zoraide."

"If I do not tire you, I will continue the story with pleasure, for my brother's subsequent adventures were singularly strange and varied."

At noon of the seventh day Mustapha entered the gate of Balsora. Dismounting at a caravansary, he inquired when the slave-market took place, which was annually held in the city. He received the frightful answer that he had come two days too late. Great regrets were expressed for his tardiness, and he was told that his loss was heavy; for that two female slaves had arrived on the last day of the sale, of such wonderful beauty that they had drawn upon them the eyes of every beholder; that they had excited the greatest competition; and that they had at last been disposed of at an enormous price, and carried by their purchaser into the country. On further inquiries regarding these two slaves, no doubt remained in his mind that they were the unfortunate girls he was in search of. He learned, moreover, that the man who had bought them resided forty leagues from Balsora; that his name was Thiuli-Kos, and that he was a

wealthy and distinguished, but aged man, who had in former days been the sultan's capitan-pasha, but now was leading a life of ease and retirement on his estates.

Mustapha thought at first of instantly remounting, to overtake Thiuli-Kos, who could scarcely be a day in advance ; but, reflecting that, being alone, he could not hope to influence the powerful pasha, much less deprive him of his purchase by force, he set to work to devise another plan, and soon hit upon one. His resemblance to the Pasha of Sulieika, which had so nearly cost him his life, suggested to him to pay a visit under this name to the house of Thiuli-Kos, and there make an attempt to rescue the two unfortunate prisoners. He hired, with this intention, some servants and horses, for which Orbasan's gold stood him in excellent stead ; and, having procured handsome garments for himself and his followers, set out for Thiuli's castle. At the end of five days' journey he arrived in its neighborhood. It lay in a beautiful plain, and was encircled by lofty walls, of a height little less than that of the buildings within. When Mustapha had arrived at the place, he darkened his hair and beard, and having dyed his complexion with the juice of an herb, to resemble that of the pasha, he sent one of his followers to the castle, and craved a night's lodging in the name of the Pasha of Sulieika. The servant soon returned, having with him four handsomely-dressed slaves, who took Mustapha's horse by the bridle and led him into the courtyard. There they helped him to dismount, and four other slaves, similarly dressed, escorted him up a broad flight of marble steps into the presence of Thiuli-Kos. Thiuli, who was an old, jovial fellow, received my brother courteously, and set before him the best his

house afforded. After supper, Mustapha brought round the conversation, little by little, to the new purchases, and Thiuli extolled their beauty to the skies, regretting, at the same time, their constant melancholy, though this, he thought, would soon pass off. My brother was delighted with the success of his manœuvre, and retired to rest with the highest expectations of a fortunate result.

He had slept, perhaps, an hour, when he was awakened by the gleam of a lamp which fell blindingly upon his eyes. Raising himself, the thought occurred that he must be still dreaming, for before him stood the little, dark-skinned rascal of Orbasan's tent, a lamp in his hand, and his mouth expanded into a broad grin. Mustapha pinched his arm, and tweaked his nose, to satisfy himself that he was awake, but the apparition remained unaltered.

"What do you want in my chamber?" cried Mustapha, when he had recovered from his amazement.

"Keep cool, my lord," said the dwarf. "The simple fact is, I have detected the reason of your visit here. I well remember your agreeable face; but really, if I had not helped to hang the pasha with my own hands, I think you would have deceived even me. But I am here now to make you a proposal."

"First of all, tell me how you came here," said Mustapha, full of suspicion that he had been betrayed.

"Certainly," answered the other. "I could not live harmoniously any longer with the chief, and, consequently, ran away. You, Mustapha, were the sole cause of our disagreement, and you must therefore promise to give me your sister to wife, and I will help you to run away with her. If you refuse, I will go to my new master, and tell him a thing or two about the new pasha."

Mustapha was beside himself with apprehension and rage. Just when he believed himself at the accomplishment of his hopes, this miserable wretch must come and overthrow them! There was but one way to prevent the destruction of his plans : he must kill the little monster. With one bound, he leaped from the bed towards the intruder ; but the latter, who had probably anticipated some such event, dropped the lamp, which immediately went out, and rushed out into the darkness, shouting violently for help.

Wise counsels were now precious. He must abandon the prisoners for the moment, and think only of his own safety. He went to the window, to see if he could jump out. The distance to the ground was considerable, and beyond stood a high wall, which must be surmounted. He stood at the window hesitating, when he heard many voices approaching his chamber. They were already at the door ; so, seizing his dagger and clothes, in desperation he leaped out. The fall was a severe one, but he felt that no limbs were broken ; and, jumping up, he ran, to the wall which encircled the castle, climbed over it, to the astonishment of his pursuers, and found himself at liberty. He ran till he came to a small wood, and there threw himself down exhausted. Here he deliberated on what was to be done. His horses and servants he had been compelled to leave in the lurch, but his gold, which he carried in his girdle, he had succeeded in saving.

His shrewd brain soon suggested to him another means of affecting a rescue. He went still deeper into the wood, till he came to a village, where he bought a horse for a small sum, by the aid of which he soon reached a neighboring city. There he made inquiries for a physician, and was directed to an old and experi-

enced man of that profession. Mustapha persuaded him, for a few pieces of gold, to provide him with a medicine which would induce a sleep resembling death, and obtained from him also its antidote. Possessed of these articles, he purchased a long, false beard, a black robe, and various books and apparatus, so as to personate a travelling physician, and, loading his property on an ass, travelled back again to the castle of Thiuli-Kos. He felt sure of escaping detection this time, for his beard disguised him so entirely that he scarcely recognized himself. Arriving at Thiuli's castle, he gave out that he was the famous physician, Chakamankabudibaba; and the result was as he had anticipated, for his sonorous name recommended him so mightily to the old blockhead, that he invited him to his own table. Chakamankabudibaba made his appearance before Thiuli, and they had conversed together scarcely an hour, before the old fellow resolved to submit his female slaves to the skill of the learned physician. Mustapha could with difficulty conceal his joy that he was now on the point of once more seeing his beloved sister, and followed Thiuli, with a beating heart, into his seraglio. They came to a handsomely-furnished chamber, in which there was no one to be seen.

"Chambaba, or whatever your name is, most excellent doctor," said Thiuli-Kos, "place yourself by that hole in the wall; each of my slaves shall put her arm through it, and you can decide then whether her pulse is feverish or healthy."

Say what he pleased, Mustapha could not get permission to see his patients. Thiuli now drew a long strip of paper from his girdle, and began to call his slaves one by one in a loud tone, and at each name a hand came through the wall, and our physician felt its

pulse. Six had been called and pronounced in good health, when Thiuli read the name of "Fatima," and a little white hand slipped through the hole. Mustapha seized it, trembling with delight, and declared impressively that it showed indications of severe illness. Thiuli was much concerned, and gave orders to the learned Chakamankabudibaba to prepare a medicine for her without delay. The physician left the room, and wrote on a slip of paper the following words :

"Fatima, I can rescue you, if you will resolve to take a potion which will deprive you of consciousness. I possess the means of restoring you to life. If you have the courage to do this, say that this drink has done you no good, and I shall take it as a sign that you assent."

He soon came back into the room where Thiuli was waiting for him. He brought with him a harmless liquid, and, feeling her pulse once more, thrust the little note under her bracelet, while he handed the drink through the hole. Thiuli seemed to be in great uneasiness on Fatima's account, and postponed the examination of the remainder till a more convenient time. When he had left the chamber with Mustapha, he asked, in a melancholy tone :

"Chadibaba, tell me frankly, what is your opinion of Fatima's illness?"

Chakamankabudibaba answered, with a deep sigh :

"Ah, my lord ! May the Prophet send you consolation, but I fear she has a dangerous fever, which may carry her off at any moment."

At this Thiuli's anger broke forth. "How ! accursed dog of a physician ! Shall she, for whom I gave two thousand pieces of gold, die on my hands, like a worth-

less cow? Hark'ee, if you do not save her I will chop off your head."

My brother saw that he had made a false step, and held out a little hope of her recovery. While they were talking, a black slave came out of the seraglio to tell the physician *that the drink had done no good.*

"Call up all your skill, Chakamdababelda, or whatever your name is; I'll pay whatever you ask," cried Thiuli-Kos, frantic at the thought of losing so much money.

"I will give her a decoction," answered the physician, "which will free her from all her ills."

"Yes, yes," sobbed old Thiuli, "give her a decoction."

Mustapha retired full of hope to prepare his draught, and having given it to the black slave, and showed him how much should be taken at once, he went to Thiuli-Kos, and, telling him he must go and gather some soothing herbs from the sea-shore, immediately hurried out. Reaching the sea, which lay at no great distance from the castle, he pulled off his false robes and threw them into the water, where they floated about merrily; and, concealing himself immediately in the thicket, waited for the approach of night, when he crept quietly to the grave-yard of Thiuli's castle.

Mustapha had been absent from the castle scarcely an hour, when news was brought to Thiuli that his slave Fatima was at the point of death. He sent to the sea-shore to fetch the physician; but his messengers soon came back with the information that the poor physician had fallen into the water, and was drowned, for they had seen his black robe floating on the surface, and his stately beard appearing at intervals above the waves. Seeing from this that there was

no further hope, Thiuli cursed himself and all the rest of mankind, tearing his beard, and beating his head against the wall. But all was of no avail, and Fatima soon gave up the ghost. When Thiuli received the news of her death, he ordered a coffin to be made at once, not being able to endure a dead body in his house, and ordered her to be borne to the grave-yard. The bearers carried thither the coffin, set it down quickly, and ran away; for they heard a loud groaning and sighing, apparently coming from the other coffins.

Mustapha, who had concealed himself behind them, and had been the cause of the bearers' alarm, came forward from his place of refuge, and, lighting a lamp which he had provided for the purpose, drew out the glass vessel containing the antidote, and raised the lid of Fatima's coffin. But what was his dismay, when he saw, by the light of his lamp, the features of a total stranger! Neither his sister, nor Zoraide, but a wholly different person, lay in the coffin. It took him long to recover from this second stroke of misfortune; but compassion finally vanquished rage. He opened his phial, and administered the potion. The figure opened her eyes, drew a long breath, and seemed for some time trying to remember where she was. At length she seemed to become conscious of what had taken place; for she rose from her coffin, and fell at Mustapha's feet. "How can I thank you, gracious being," she cried, "for liberating me from my hideous imprisonment?"

Mustapha interrupted her expressions of gratitude by asking "how it had happened that *she* had been saved, and not his sister Fatima?"

She looked at him with astonishment. "My rescue is now intelligible," she answered, "which before I could not understand. I am called Fatima, in this cas-

tle ; and I am she to whom you gave the letter and the sleeping-draught."

My brother entreated her to give him information of his sister and Zoraide, and learned that they were both in the castle, but had received different names. They were now called Mirza and Nourmahal.

Fatima, seeing my brother overwhelmed by his mistake, bade him take courage, and promised to devise some means by which to liberate both the captives. Encouraged by these assurances, Mustapha conceived new hopes, and begged her to explain : whereupon she said :

"I have been Thiuli's slave for full five months, and have been constantly plotting to escape. But the attempt was too difficult to undertake alone. You may have noticed, in the inner court of the castle, a fountain, spouting water from ten orifices. This fountain struck my attention. I remembered to have seen a similar one in my father's house, the water of which was conveyed through a spacious conduit. To learn whether this was constructed in the same way, I extolled its beauty one day to Thiuli, and asked who was its architect. 'I designed it myself,' replied he ; 'and what you see is the least part of it ; for the water comes here from a stream at least a thousand feet distant, and flows through an arched pipe of the diameter of a man's height ; and all this I built myself.' When I heard this, I longed for the strength of a man for only a single moment, that I might pull out a stone from the side of the fountain, and escape from the place through the pipe. I will show you it. Through it you can penetrate into the castle, and free your friends. But you must have with you at least two men, to overpower the slaves who guard the seraglio."

This was her project. My brother Mustapha, though

twice defeated in his hopes, plucked up courage a third time, and hoped, with Allah's aid, to carry out the slave's suggestion. He promised to aid her to return to her home, on condition she would assist him in entering the castle. One anxiety still troubled him; and that was, where he should procure two or three faithful assistants. He remembered, suddenly, Orbasan's dagger, and the promise he had given to hasten to his aid in time of need; and he set out immediately with Fatima in search of the robber.

In the city where he had transformed himself to a physician, he bought a horse with his last remaining piece of gold, at the same time obtaining lodgings for Fatima in the suburbs, in the house of a poor woman. He himself hastened to the mountains, where he had first fallen in with Orbasan, and reached them in three days. He soon found the tent, and placed himself unexpectedly before the robber, who welcomed him warmly. He described his several unsuccessful attempts, at which the grave Orbasan could not avoid laughing a little, especially when he thought of the physician Chakamankabudibaba. He was furious at the treachery of the pigmy, and swore to hang him with his own hands, wherever he caught him. He promised my brother, however, to give his assistance, as soon as the latter had refreshed himself from the fatigues of his journey. Mustapha, therefore, again spent the night in Orbasan's tent, and they set forth on their expedition with the earliest beams of the sun, the robber taking with him three of his boldest men, well mounted and armed. They rode steadily, and came, after two days' journey, to the little city where Mustapha had left the rescued Fatima. Thence they travelled on with her to the little wood, whence Thiuli's castle could be plainly

seen ; and there they halted to wait for night. As soon as it was dark they crept on, under Fatima's guidance, to the stream into which the water-pipe opened, and succeeded in finding it after a brief search. Arrived there, they sent back Fatima and one of the servants with the horses, and prepared to enter ; but, before she left them, Fatima once more went accurately over her instructions to them, which were : " that they would come out through the fountain into the inner court ; that they would find there, in the corners right and left, two towers ; and that in the sixth door, counting from the right-hand tower, they would find Fatima and Zoraide, guarded by two black slaves."

Orbasan, Mustapha, and the two others, well provided with weapons and crowbars, entered the conduit. They found themselves up to their waists in water, but went forward bravely. They came to the fountain, after half an hour, and speedily inserted their crowbars. The walls were thick and strong, but they could not long resist the united strength of four powerful men, and an opening was soon broken, large enough to allow them to creep easily through. Orbasan went first, and helped the others to follow him. When they had all penetrated the court-yard, they examined the side of the castle facing them, in search of the designated door. But they were not unanimous as to which it was, for, counting from the right tower towards the left, they found a door which had been walled up ; and they could not decide whether Fatima had omitted or included this in her reckoning. But Orbasan hesitated only a moment ; and, crying, " My good sword shall open this door !" went to the sixth, the others following him. They opened the door, and found six black slaves lying asleep on the floor. They were just about to close it

again softly, seeing their mistake, when a figure in the corner rose from its recumbent posture, and in a well-known voice shrieked for help. It was the pigmy from Orbasan's camp. Before the blacks rightly knew what had happened to them, Orbasan rushed upon the dwarf, tore his girdle in two, gagged his mouth, and tied his hands behind his back. He then turned to the slaves, several of whom had been already partly bound by Mustapha and the two other men, and aided in overpowering them. They then put their daggers to the slaves' hearts, and, demanding where Mirza and Nour-mahal were, learned that they were in the next chamber. Mustapha rushed to it, and there found Fatima and Zoraide, who had been awakened by the uproar.

The two girls hastily collected their jewels and clothes, and followed Mustapha. The two robbers suggested to Orbasan to plunder what they could find ; but he forbade it, saying, "No man shall have it in his power to say that Orbasan enters houses by night to steal gold."

Mustapha and the rescued captives slipped quickly into the conduit, where Orbasan promised to follow them soon. As soon as the former had disappeared within the opening, Orbasan and one of the robbers took the dwarf, and carried him out into the court. There they bound round his neck a silken cord, which they had brought for the purpose, and hung him from the highest branch of the fountain. Having punished, in this efficacious way, the scoundrel's treachery, they followed Mustapha. The two rescued ones thanked their noble preserver with tears of gratitude ; but Orbasan compelled them to a hasty flight, for it was more than probable that Thirli-Kos would institute a prompt pursuit.

The next day Mustapha and his rescued captives parted from Orbasan with deep emotion. They will never forget the obligations they owe to him. Fatima, the released slave, went in disguise to Balsora, to take ship thence to her native country.

The hero and heroines of my story reached home after a short and pleasant journey. The joy of meeting almost killed my old father. He gave a great feast, on the day after their return, to which he invited the entire city, where my brother was made to tell his story before a great assemblage of relatives and friends, and all, with one voice, extolled the noble robber to the skies.

When my brother had ended his recital, my father rose from his seat and led Zoraide to him. "I absolve you from my curse!" said he, in solemn tones. "Take, as a recompense, her whom your ceaseless zeal has bravely won. Take my paternal blessing; and may our city never perish for want of men rivalling you, my son, in brotherly love, courage, and devotion."

The caravan had reached the end of the desert, and the travellers greeted with delight the green meadows and dense foliage, whose beauties they had been longing for so many days. A caravansary lay in a pleasant valley near by, where they determined to pass the night; and, although it promised little ease or refreshment to our wayworn merchants, the whole company felt gayer and happier than before; for the thought that they had passed safely through all the dangers and difficulties which a journey through the desert of necessity brings with it, had opened every heart, and attuned their souls to merriment and jest. Muley danced a comic dance, and sang songs which elicited smiles even from the grave Zaleukos. But, not satisfied with

having enlivened his companions with song and dance, he gave them, in his best manner, the story he had promised them, beginning, as soon as he had recovered from the effect of his gambols, in the following way.

THE STORY OF LITTLE MUCK.

IN Mecca, my beloved native city, lived a man, whom people called Little Muck. Although very young at the time, I can still distinctly remember him, partly because I was once nearly cudgelled to death by my father on his account. Little Muck, when I knew him, was already a very old fellow, yet he was only three or four feet high. In addition to this, he had an extraordinary figure; for his body, small and slender as it was, carried a head much larger and thicker than any other head in the city. He lived entirely alone in a large house, and did all his cooking himself; and no one in the city would have known whether he was alive or dead,—for he only went out once a month,—but for the fact that about noon every day a mighty steam ascended from his house. He was occasionally seen of an evening walking up and down on the roof of his house, though people who saw him from the street below, thought that it was his head alone, taking its evening exercise by itself.

I and my comrades were riotous boys, ready to banter and laugh at everybody; and it was consequently a day of great rejoicing with us whenever Little Muck came out. We used to assemble in front of his house on the appointed day, which was always the same, and wait till he made his appearance; and as soon



LITTLE MUCK.

as his door opened, and his big head first poked itself out in its huge turban, followed by the rest of his diminutive body, clad in a miniature thread-bare cloak, and wide trousers, from which hung a long dagger, — so long indeed, that you could not decide whether Muck was attached to the dagger, or the dagger to Muck ; — when he came out in this way, the air echoed with our shouts of delight, and we would throw our caps high over our heads, and dance round him like mad as he went along. Little Muck would greet us with a solemn bow, and go down the street with great, long strides, shuffling about absurdly in his big slippers, which he wore very wide, and which I never saw paralleled elsewhere. We boys used to run behind him, shouting, “ Little Muck ! Little Muck ! ” and we had a ludicrous verse, which we used occasionally to sing in his honor. It ran thus :

“ Little Muck, little Muck !
What an ugly dwarf you look ;
Living in your great big home,
Out but once a month you come.
O, what a handsome little dwarf,
With your head too large by half !
Turn it round and take a look ;
Run and catch us, little Muck.”

In this way we used to torment him incessantly, and, to my shame be it spoken, I was generally the most mischievous of the gang, for I often plucked him by the mantle, and once stepped in such a way on the heel of his huge slipper, that he fell down. This I thought was an excellent joke, but the laugh crossed to the other side of my mouth when I saw Muck making straight for my father's house. He went in, and remained some time. I took my post near the door,

and saw Little Muck come out again some time after, accompanied by my father, who held him very respectfully by the hand, and parted with him at the front door with many bows. I felt very ill at ease, and remained in my place of concealment a long time ; but at length hunger, which I disliked even more than a flogging, drove me out, and, with submissive air and hanging head, I stood before my father.

"I am informed you have insulted good Muck," he said, in a severe tone. "I will tell you the story of this Muck, and you will never laugh at him again ; but before and after, sir, you shall receive your regular dose."

My regular dose was five-and-twenty blows with a stick, which my father never failed to pay with exact punctuality. He now took down a long pipe-stick, unscrewed the amber mouth-piece, and belabored me with the stem more severely than ever.

The five and twenty having been administered, he commanded me to listen, and told me the story of Little Muck.

The father of Little Muck, whose real name is Mukra, was a respectable but poor man, and lived almost as much the life of an anchorite as his son does now. He could never endure his son Mukra, being ashamed of his dwarfish appearance, and left him to grow up in total neglect and ignorance. Little Muck was, even to his sixteenth year, a mere child, and his father, who was a stern man, found incessant fault with him for being so stupid and silly at an age when he ought long before to have outgrown his baby-shoes.

The old man, however, met with a bad accident, which soon after cost him his life, and Muck was left, poor, ignorant, and destitute, on the world. His hard-

hearted relations, whom the deceased owed more than he could pay, drove the poor little fellow from the house, and advised him to go abroad and seek his fortune. Little Muck replied that he was perfectly ready to start, and only begged that his father's clothes might be given him. The request was granted. His father had been a large, stout man, and, of course, the fit was the worst in the world. But Muck soon determined on his remedy, and, cutting off their superfluous length, put them on. But he had forgotten that it was necessary to take off some of their width as well; in consequence of which mistake he presented the extraordinary appearance which he still retains. The large turban, the broad girdle, the wide hose, the mantle, are all heirlooms, from his father, which he has worn ever since. But what mattered it to him? He thrust the long Damascus dagger into his girdle, and, seizing a staff, departed from his father's house. He wandered merrily about the whole day, for he had set out to seek his fortune. If he saw a piece of broken pottery shining in the sun, he picked it joyfully up, in the belief it would change into a diamond; if he saw a pond shining like a mirror, or the dome of a distant mosque glancing like fire in the sun, he ran towards them with delight, thinking he had come to a land of magic. But, alas! the delusive pictures vanished as he approached them; and all too soon his fatigue, and the craving in his stomach, reminded him that he was still in the land of the living. He travelled in this manner for two days, suffering much from hunger and wretchedness, and began to doubt considerably of the success of his search after fortune. The fruits of the field were his sole nourishment, and the hard earth his only bed.

On the morning of the third day he saw from the

top of a hill a large city. The crescent-moon shone brightly on its pinnacles, gay banners fluttered from its roofs, and seemed to beckon to our little Muck. Taken by surprise, he paused and stood gazing at the city and the surrounding landscape. "Here surely will Little Muck find his fortune!" he said to himself, leaping for joy in spite of his fatigue; "here or nowhere." He summoned all his strength, and walked rapidly to the city. But, near as it had seemed, it was mid-day before he reached it, for his puny limbs almost refused their office, and he was fain to sit down in the shade of a palm-tree and rest himself. At length, however, he reached the gate. He pulled his mantle straight, bound his turban in neater folds, spread out his silken girdle still wider, and sloped his dagger at a more graceful angle; and then, brushing the dust from his shoes, and taking a fresh grasp of his stick, passed boldly through the gate.

He passed slowly along through several streets; but no doors flew open at his approach, and, contrary to his expectations, no one called after him, "Little Muck, come into my house, and eat and drink, and rest your little feet."

He was gazing at a large, handsome house, with great longing, when a window opened overhead, and an old woman put her head out and called, in a sing-song tone:

"Come up, come up,
All, ready to sup —
The porridge is ready,
So come, with your friends,
And taste of the food
Which my bounty extends.
Come up, come up,
All, ready to sup."

The door of the house opened, and Muck saw a great many cats and dogs going in. He stood several minutes in doubt whether to follow up the invitation ; but he plucked up courage at last and entered. A couple of young kittens were going on in front of him, and he determined to follow their lead, thinking that they probably knew better than he did where the kitchen lay.

When Muck had mounted the stairs, he met the old woman who had screamed from the window. She looked at him surlily, and demanded his business.

“ You just now invited everybody to come and taste of your porridge,” replied Little Muck ; “ so, being very hungry, I accepted your invitation.”

The old lady laughed, and said : “ You odd fellow, where on earth do you come from ? The whole city knows that I cook for nobody but my darling cats, though sometimes, as you saw, I invite their friends from the neighborhood.”

Muck told the old lady how hardly fate had dealt with him since his father's death, and entreated her to let him feed to-day with her cats. The good lady, much moved by the open-hearted story of the little fellow, invited him to be her guest, and gave him abundance to eat and drink. When he had refreshed himself, the lady took a long look at him, and said at length :

“ Little Muck, stay with me in my service ; you shall have little work to do, and shall be treated well.”

Muck, to whom the cats' broth had given great satisfaction, immediately assented, and became on the spot the servant of Lady Ahavzi. His duties were easy, but peculiar. Lady Ahavzi was the owner of two cats and four kittens, and every morning Muck was obliged

to comb their coats and rub them with costly ointments. If the lady went out, it was his business to keep guard over them ; when they eat, he was to keep their dishes supplied with food ; and, at night, his duty was to lay them on silken cushions, and wrap them in velvet coverings. There were also several little dogs in the house, which he had likewise to attend to : but these were not so well taken care of as the cats, which Lady Ahavzi loved like her own children. With these exceptions, Muck led as solitary an existence as when in his father's house ; for, not counting his mistress, he saw, all day long, nothing but cats and dogs. For some time all went well ; he had plenty to eat, and little to do, and the old lady appeared to be well satisfied with his fidelity. But the cats gradually grew mischievous. When their mistress went out, they would run like mad round the room, knock down the furniture, and break a great many valuable articles in their way ; but, as soon as they would hear her coming up stairs, they would creep back to their cushions, and be playing with their tails in the most innocent manner, as if nothing had happened. Lady Ahavzi would fall into a violent passion when she saw her goods so much damaged and broken, and lay all the blame on Muck, let him protest his innocence as much as he pleased ; for she believed her cats, who looked so innocent, sooner than her servant.

Little Muck was much cast down at this second failure in finding his fortune, and determined to quit Lady Ahavzi's service. But as he had discovered, on his first journey, how miserably a man lives who has no money in his pocket, he resolved to obtain by some means or other the wages which the old lady had often promised but never paid him. In Lady Ahavzi's house

there was one chamber which was always locked, and which he had never seen the inside of. While thinking about his wages, the thought struck him that here must be the place where the old lady kept her treasures; for he had often heard her bustling about in there, and had several times felt willing to lay down his life if he could only know what she was doing. But the door was always locked, and he could never get at her treasures.

One morning, when Lady Ahavzi had gone out, one of the little dogs, which had always been treated negligently by his mistress, but whose friendship Muck had cultivated by all sorts of kind attentions, pulled at his wide trousers, and seemed to be making signs for Muck to follow him. Muck did so, and, to his surprise, the dog led him into Lady Ahavzi's bedroom, and to a little door there, which he had never noticed before, and which he soon opened. The dog went in, followed by Muck, and he was mightily pleased to find himself in the room which had been so long the goal of his ambition. He sought in every direction to find some money, but failed. Nothing but old clothes and oddly-shaped vessels lay about. One of these latter drew his wondering attention. It was made of crystal, with elegantly wrought figures upon it. He took it up, and turned it about in all directions. But, O, horror! he had not noticed that its cover was but slightly attached! The cover fell down, and broke into a thousand pieces.

Muck stood some time, paralyzed with terror. His fate was decided now beyond recall; for if he did not run away, the old woman would strike him dead. He instantly formed his resolution, and only paused for a moment to look about for something belonging to

Lady Ahavzi, which he might need for his journey. Suddenly his eyes fell on a huge pair of slippers. They were far from handsome, to be sure, but his own were too far gone for travelling in : and the very size of these was a recommendation, for he flattered himself everybody would see at once with half an eye that he had got beyond baby-shoes. He pulled off his own, therefore, and jumped into the big ones. A walking-stick with a handsomely-carved lion's head on it, seemed to him to be standing far too idly in the corner ; so he appropriated this, also, and hurried from the room. He flew to his chamber, threw on his mantle, put on his paternal turban, thrust his dagger into his girdle, and ran, as fast as his legs could carry him, out of the house and out of the city. Once out of the city, he continued to run, from terror of the old woman, till he could scarcely stir another step from fatigue. He had never run so fast before in his life, and it actually seemed as if he could not stop, for an invisible power appeared to be driving him forward. At last he noticed that this was owing to some mysterious property in the slippers, for they continued to shuffle on without a moment's pause, carrying him with them. He tried to stop in every way, but without success ; and at last, in the greatest desperation, he shouted to himself, as one speaks to a horse : " Whoa ! — O, whoa ! — whoa ! " — when the slippers stopped, and Muck threw himself on the ground exhausted.

His slippers delighted him immensely. He saw that at any rate he had gained something during his service, which would help him finely through the world in his search after fortune. In spite of his joy, however, he went to sleep through mere exhaustion : for Little Muck's body, having to carry so heavy a head at the top of it,

could not bear much fatigue. In his dreams, the little dog who had helped him to the slippers at Lady Ahavzi's house, appeared before him, and said : " My dear Muck, you do not yet fully understand the uses of your slippers ; know, that you can fly wherever you please, if you will turn round three times on one heel ; and your stick you can use to discover treasure, for it will strike thrice on the ground wherever gold is buried, and, where silver, twice." Thus dreamed our Little Muck. As soon as he awoke, he recalled to mind his singular dream, and determined to put it to the test as soon as possible. He pulled on the slippers, and, raising one foot in the air, attempted to turn round on the heel of the other. But whoever has tried to perform this experiment thrice in succession, with a very loose slipper, will not be surprised that Muck's efforts were rather unsuccessful, especially when he remembers that the dwarf's heavy head kept pulling him down, now on one side and now on the other.

The unlucky pigmy fell heavily several times on his nose, but he would not allow himself to be disheartened, and at length success crowned his labors. He spun on his heel like a humming-top, wished himself in the nearest large city, and — the slippers mounted into the air, flew through the clouds like lightning, and, before Little Muck knew what had happened, he found himself in a large market-place, surrounded with open shops, and countless men running busily up and down. He walked about a little while among the people, but soon saw that it would be prudent to betake himself to a more retired street ; for in the market-place either some one would tread on his slippers, so as almost to throw him down, or he would be continually hitting somebody or other

with his long projecting dagger, so as with difficulty to escape being flogged.

Little Muck pondered earnestly on what he should do to earn a little money. To be sure, he had a staff, which would point out hidden gold and silver, but where should he find the place where gold and silver lay hidden? Should he exhibit himself for money? No; he was still too proud for that. At last he remembered the swiftness of his feet. "Perhaps," he thought, "my slippers can earn me a living;" and he resolved to take service as a courier. Having reason to suppose that the king of the city would pay better than anybody else for such services, he inquired of the people in the street the way to the royal palace. Before the door stood a guard, the captain of which demanded his business; and, on his answering that he sought employment, referred him to the superintendent of the slaves. On his requesting the latter to obtain him employment among the royal messengers, the superintendent measured him superciliously from head to foot with his eyes, and replied: "And with your little feet, scarcely a span long, do you expect to be made king's messenger! Be off with you! I'm not here to waste time with every fool."

Muck assured him that his proposal was made in all good faith, and that he would prove it by running for a wager with the fastest messenger he had. The superintendent thought it an excellent joke. He directed him to hold himself in readiness for a trial of speed towards evening; and, taking him to the kitchen, gave orders that he should be well supplied with meat and drink. He himself sought the king, and told him of the little man and his proposal. The king was a jovial fellow, and was greatly tickled that the superintendent

had retained little Muck, intending to make a butt of him. He commanded preparations to be made on the most extensive scale behind the palace, so that the race could be seen with ease by the entire court; and, ordering the greatest care to be taken of the dwarf, sent immediately to inform the princes and princesses of the amusing exhibition to come off that evening. These told it again to their suites, so that, when evening arrived, every one was in the highest state of expectation, and all who had feet streamed out to the meadow, where scaffolds and galleries had been erected, to see the trial of speed of the boastful dwarf.

When the king and his sons and daughters had taken their places on the platform, little Muck stepped out into the plain, and made a bow of great dignity and elegance to the assembled nobility. A universal shout of delight went up when the little fellow came in sight. Such a strange figure had never before been seen in the place. The little body with its prodigious head, the small mantle and wide trousers, the long dagger thrust into the girdle,—no; the spectacle was so ridiculous that they could not refrain from bursting into shouts of laughter. Little Muck, however, paid no attention to the general roar. He leaned in a haughty attitude on his stick, and waited for his opponent. The superintendent had selected his swiftest runner, at Muck's express request. The latter now stepped out, took his place near the pigmy, and both waited for the signal. The Princess Amarza gave the signal with her veil, as it had been arranged she should do, and, like a pair of arrows shot at the same target, our two racers flew over the plain.

Muck's adversary had at the beginning a noticeable advantage; but Muck, in his vehicular slippers, flew

after him, overtook, and passed him, and had stood some time at the goal when the other, panting for breath, succeeded in reaching it. Wonder and astonishment filled the spectators for several minutes, but when the king set the example of clapping his hands, the entire multitude shouted, in one voice: "Long live little Muck, the winner of the race!"

Muck was brought before the platform. He threw himself on the earth before the king, and said: "All-powerful sovereign, I have shown you but a very small example of my skill; grant me permission to take my place among your majesty's runners."

"No," replied the king, "you shall be my private courier, and attached always to my person; your salary shall be a hundred pieces of gold, and you shall eat at the table of my highest servants."

Muck began to think he had found his fortune at last, and joy and happiness filled his heart. He enjoyed the especial favor of the king, who used him to carry his most important secret despatches; and, in the execution of his trust, he never failed to show the greatest accuracy and the most incredible speed.

But the rest of the king's servants were ill-disposed to him, for the reason that they very unwillingly saw themselves supplanted in their king's favor by a dwarf who understood nothing except how to run. They organized, therefore, many a conspiracy to overthrow him: but all their efforts failed to impair the implicit confidence felt by the king in his high and confidential private courier, — for even in this short time he had arrived at this high dignity.

Muck, whose attention these plots did not escape, entertained no thoughts of revenge, for which his disposition was far too good. No; he looked about for means

to make himself beloved by and useful to his enemies. Suddenly he remembered his stick, which in his prosperity had escaped his recollection. If he could find a treasure, thought he, the gentlemen would surely be better inclined towards him. He had often heard it said that his present majesty's father had buried prodigious sums, at a time when enemies had invaded his territories ; and people said, also, that he had subsequently died without being able to divulge its place of concealment to his son. From this time forth, therefore, Muck invariably carried his stick, in the hope, some time or other, of passing over the spot where the old king's money lay buried. One evening, chance led him to a remote part of the palace-gardens, which he had hitherto little visited, when suddenly he felt his stick move in his hand, and strike three times on the earth. He well knew what this meant, so drawing his dagger he slashed the neighboring trees, and then crept quietly into the palace ; there he procured a spade, and waited for night to commence operations.

The buried treasure gave Muck more trouble than he had anticipated. His arms were weak, and the spade was large and heavy ; and he had worked at least two hours before he had dug to the depth of a couple of feet. At last his spade struck on some hard substance, which sounded like iron. He dug now with greater zeal, and soon exposed to the light of day a large iron lid. He jumped into the hole, to see what this lid covered, and sure enough he found a huge pot filled with pieces of gold. But his feeble strength was insufficient to lift it out of the hole ; so he crammed into his trousers and girdle as much as he could carry, and, filling his cloak as full as it could hold, covered up the remainder with great care. But so much was he oppressed by the

weight of his gold, that, but for his magic slippers, he would never have succeeded in leaving the spot. He succeeded, however, in reaching his chamber unobserved, and concealed his gold under the pillows of his sofa.

Finding himself the possessor of so much wealth, Muck now thought that his misfortunes would turn over a new leaf, and he would gain many patrons and warm adherents among his enemies at court. But, from this single fact, it is obvious that Muck had never enjoyed the advantages of even a moderate education, for otherwise he never could have imagined it possible to gain true friends through gold. Alas ! he should have bribed his slippers, and, with his cloak full of gold, scampered away as fast as they could carry him !

The gold which little Muck now squandered with liberal hands, awakened the envy of his fellow-servants. The chief cook, Ahuli, swore he was a coiner. The overseer of the slaves declared he must have been cajoling the king ; while Archaz, the treasurer, his bitterest enemy, who had a nibble now and then at the king's coffers himself, pronounced authoritatively that he must have stolen it. Certain at last of their game, they laid a plot among themselves, and Korchuz, the chief butler, put himself one day, with a sad and down-cast air, directly in the king's way. He made his misery so conspicuous, that the king asked him what was the matter.

" Ah ! " answered Korchuz, " I am unhappy at having lost the favor of my sovereign."

" What nonsense are you talking ? " replied the king. " Since when have I withdrawn from you the sunbeams of my favor ? "

The chief butler responded that he judged he had

forfeited his regard, because he had heaped his high and confidential courier with gold, and gave nothing whatsoever to his poor and really faithful servants.

The king was much astonished at this information, and made further inquiries into Little Muck's extravagant expenditures; and the conspirators easily persuaded him that Muck must have stolen the money from his bed-chamber. The treasurer was particularly delighted with the turn things had taken; as, but for this, he would have found considerable difficulty in squaring his accounts. The king gave orders to institute a strict watch over all Muck's movements, so as, if possible, to catch him in the act.

On the very night following this unlucky day, Muck, seeing his liberality had much diminished his resources, took his spade and crept into the garden to procure fresh ammunition from his secret stores. The watch followed him at some distance, led by the chief cook, Ahuli, and Archaz the treasurer; and, at the very moment he was piling the gold into his cloak out of the pot, they fell upon him, bound him fast, and dragged him instantly before the king. His majesty, very savage at this interruption of his slumbers, received his secret courier very ungraciously, and put him on his trial on the spot. The pot had been by this time removed from the earth, and was laid, with the shovel and the cloak-full of gold at the king's feet. The treasurer swore that he and his guards had surprised Muck just as he had finished burying the pot of gold in the ground.

The king thereupon asked the accused whether this was a true statement, and where he had obtained the gold which he had buried. Little Muck, conscious of his innocence, declared that he had discovered the pot

in the garden, and that, so far from burying it, he had dug it up.

All present laughed contemptuously at this excuse, and the king shouted, his anger excited to the highest degree by the supposed impudence of the little dwarf: "How, miserable! Do you dare so stupidly and basely to deceive your king, after having robbed him? Treasurer Archaz, I command you to state whether you recognize this quantity of gold for the same which is lacking from my treasury."

The treasurer replied that he was perfectly certain of what he alleged; that as much and more had been missing some time from the royal treasury; and that he would willingly take his oath that this was the stolen property.

The king, thereupon, gave orders that Little Muck should be cast into chains, and conducted to the Tower; and delivered the gold to the treasurer, to be again replaced in the treasury. Delighted with the fortunate turn of events, the latter carried it away, and, when at home, counted the glittering coins. But the wicked man never mentioned that at the bottom of the pot lay a note, which said:

"The enemy have invaded my land, for which reason I bury here a portion of my treasures. Whoever finds it shall be blasted by the curse of a king if he does not instantly surrender it to my son. KING SADI."

Little Muck, in his lonely cell, was overwhelmed by sad reflections. He knew that the penalty for converting royal property was death; yet he hesitated to disclose the secret of his walking-stick to the king, justly fearing that he would be deprived immediately of both that and his slippers. His slippers, alas! were of no benefit to him in his present emergency, for he

was fastened to the wall with short chains ; and, try as hard as he pleased, he could not turn round on his heels. His sentence of death being made known to him on the following day, he came to the conclusion that it was better to live without his magic cane than die with it ; so, craving a secret audience, he disclosed the mystery to the king. At first the king placed no confidence in his confession ; but, on Muck's promising to give him proofs if the king would agree to spare his life, he assented ; and, causing some gold to be buried in the garden, unseen by Muck, ordered him to find it with his stick. He did so in a few minutes, the stick striking very visibly three times against the ground. The king instantly saw that his treasurer had deceived him, and sent him, according to the custom of the East, a silken cord with which to strangle himself. To Little Muck, however, he said, "I have promised to spare your life, it is true ; but my opinion is that this secret of the stick is not the only one you possess. I shall keep you in perpetual imprisonment, therefore, until you confess the mystery of your wonderful swiftness."

Muck, whose one night's experience in the Tower had deprived him of all appetite for longer imprisonment, admitted that his whole skill lay in his slippers, but did not divulge to the king the secret of turning three times on the heels. The king pulled on the slippers, to convince himself of their peculiar properties, and ran like mad round the garden. He tried to stop, but, not knowing the magic word, wholly without success ; and Muck, who could not find it in his heart to renounce this bit of revenge, let him run till he fell down insensible.

When his majesty had recovered his senses again, he was frightfully angry with Little Muck for having let

him run himself so out of breath. "I have given my royal word," said he, "to grant you your life and liberty; but I will have you hanged as high as Haman if you do not quit my territory within twelve hours." He ordered the slippers and the stick to be laid away in his bed-chamber. _

Unhappy little Muck left the country as poor as ever, cursing the folly which had induced him to think he could play a distinguished part at court. The kingdom from which he was ejected was fortunately not large, so he reached the boundary in eight hours, although, from being used to his darling slippers, he found walking came very hard to him.

After crossing the boundary he quitted the travelled road, and sought the thickest solitudes of the forest, feeling a hatred for all mankind. He came upon a spot in a dense grove, which appeared suited exactly to the resolution he had taken to live alone. A pure stream, overshadowed by large fig-trees, and a fresh, soft turf, invited him in, and here he threw himself down with the determination to take no more food, but wait till death relieved his woes. But his melancholy put him to sleep, and when he woke up, and the gnawing of hunger began to be felt, he remembered that death by famine was a dangerous matter, and he looked about to find something to eat.

The trees under which he had gone to sleep were covered with ripe figs; so he climbed up to pluck some, found them very toothsome, and afterwards descended to slake his thirst at the brook. But what was his horror when the water showed him his head adorned with a pair of enormous ears and a long thick nose! He felt of his ears, confounded, and actually they were more than half a yard long.

“I deserve ass’s ears!” he cried, “for I have trampled my fortune under foot like a very ass.” He wandered about under the trees, and, hunger again coming upon him after a while, he was compelled to have recourse to the figs, for he could find nothing else edible. While reflecting, over his second dose of figs, whether he might not find room for his ears under his big turban, so as to prevent his looking so ridiculous, he felt that they had vanished. He ran back to the brook to convince himself, and, sure enough, his ears had regained their former size, and his long, shapeless nose was shapeless no more. He had now discovered the cause of these changes—he had obtained the long nose and ears from the first tree, and had banished them by means of the second. Perceiving with joy that his good destiny had once more put into his hands the means of happiness, he plucked as much as he could carry from each tree, and went directly back into the kingdom which he had so lately quitted. There, in the first village he came to, he disguised himself by a change of dress, and proceeded without delay to the imperial city.

It was the season of the year when ripe fruits were still a rarity. Little Muck sat down near the palace gate, for he knew from former experience that here was the place where such delicacies as his were purchased by the head cook for the royal table. Muck had sat there but a few minutes when he saw the head cook crossing the court-yard. The latter examined the wares of the various tradesmen who had assembled around the palace gate, and at length his eyes fell on Muck’s basket. “Aha!” said he, “a rare luxury! What will you take for the whole basket?” Muck named a moderate price, and the bargain was soon struck. The cook

handed the basket to a slave and went on, and Muck immediately made himself scarce, for he feared lest, if any misfortune fell upon the head of the sovereign, they would hunt out and punish the seller.

The king that day was much pleased with his dinner, and complimented his head cook more than once on his excellent cookery, and on the care with which he ever provided the choicest rarities ; but the latter, who knew what a tit-bit he had still in the background, only simpered blandly and answered oracularly, " Evening has not come yet," or " All 's well that ends well ;" so that the princesses grew very curious to know what he intended to produce next.

When the handsome, inviting figs made their appearance, a general " O ! " escaped from every one's mouth. " How ripe ! how appetizing ! " cried the king. " Cook, you are a perfect jewel, and deserve our especial favor." So saying, the king, who was wont to be very stingy of such luxuries, divided the figs round the table with his own hands. Each prince and princess received two, the court ladies and the viziers and agas, one each, and the rest he took to himself, and began to devour them with great relish.

" Good heavens, father ! what makes you look so strangely ? " cried all at once the Princess Amarza. All gazed at the king with astonishment, for enormous ears hung down from his head, and a long nose extended below his chin ; and they looked at one another also, with wonder and dismay, for every one was decorated more or less with the same ornaments.

Imagine the horror of the court ! Surgeons and physicians were sent for, and came in crowds ; but, though they prescribed pills and mixtures, the noses and ears

refused to decrease. An operation was performed on one of the princes, but his ears grew out again.

Muck had heard the whole story, in the hiding-place where he had taken refuge, and saw that now was the time to be up and doing. He had already procured, with the money obtained from the sale of his figs, a dress which disguised him as a professor of literature ; a long beard of goat's hair completed the deception. He wandered into the royal palace, with a small bag full of his figs, and offered his services as a foreign physician. People were at first incredulous ; but, after Little Muck had given a fig to one of the princes to eat, and had restored his nose and ears to their original size, every one wanted to be cured by the unknown doctor. The king took him in silence by the hand, and led him into his chamber ; there he opened the door leading into the private treasury, and motioned Muck to follow. " Here are my treasures," said his majesty ; " take your choice. It shall be yours, whatever you select, if you will only free me from this terrible deformity."

This was music to Little Muck's ears. He had noticed, as he entered, his slippers lying on the floor, and his cane not far off standing in a corner. He made the circuit of the room, as if admiring the king's treasures ; but, the moment he came to his slippers, he pulled them on, seized his cane, tore off his false beard, and showed to the astonished sovereign the well-known face of the banished Muck. " Faithless king," said he, " who reward the most faithful services with wicked ingratitude, take these disfigurements as a well-merited punishment for your offences. I leave you your ears, to remind you daily of the ill-used Muck." So saying, he spun himself round rapidly on his heels, wished himself far away, and, before the king could find breath to call

for help, Little Muck had disappeared. Since that time Muck has lived in this city, in great comfort, but wholly alone, on account of his contempt for men. He has become, through age and experience, a wise gentleman, who, though his exterior may be peculiar, deserves your admiration rather than your ridicule.

This was the story told me by my father. I expressed my regrets for my thoughtless conduct towards the good little man, and he presented me on the spot with the other half of my punishment. I told my comrades the dwarf's wonderful history ; and we conceived so strong a regard for him that none of us ever insulted him again. On the contrary, we honored him as long as he lived, and used to bow before him as humbly as we did before *cadi* or *mufti*.

The travellers resolved to spend a day at the caravansary to strengthen themselves and their animals for the continuation of their journey. The gayety of yesterday had not yet wholly evaporated, and they amused themselves with all kinds of jovial games. After dinner they called upon the fifth merchant, Ali Sizab, to pay his debt to the rest of the company by telling a story. He replied that his life had been altogether too destitute of striking events to relate any experiences of his own, but that he would tell them

THE STORY OF THE FALSE PRINCE.

ONCE on a time there lived a respectable journeyman-tailor, named Labakan, who studied his trade with a skilful master in Alexandria. No one could truly say that Labakan was clumsy with his needle ; on the con-



MEETING OF LABAKAN & THE TRUE PRINCE.



trary, he understood his business extremely well ; and it would be doing him injustice, too, to call him lazy. Still, there was something or other not quite right about the lad ; for although, when the fit was on him, he could sew by the hour together, as no other man could, till his needle grew hot and his thread smoked, yet, at other times, — and these fits came even oftener than the former, — he would sit for hours lost in thought, his eyes fixed on vacancy, and his face wearing so strange and peculiar an expression, that his master and fellow-journeymen never spoke of this condition of his without calling it “ Labakan’s gentleman-fit.”

On Fridays, after prayers, when other people generally go quietly back to their work, Labakan used to strut out of the mosque, in a rich suit of clothes which a rigid economy had enabled him to purchase, and pace pompously through the streets and squares of the city ; and, if one of his comrades saluted him with “ Peace be with you ! ” or “ How goes it, friend Labakan ? ” he would return the courtesy by a gracious wave of the hand, or a benign nod of the head. Whenever his master said to him, jokingly, “ A prince was lost in you, Labakan,” he showed signs of great satisfaction, and would generally answer, “ Have you remarked it too ? ” or “ I have thought so myself a long while.”

In this manner the skilful journeyman, Labakan, spent a considerable portion of his life, while his master bitterly cursed his folly and vanity, for, in his right senses, he was a good fellow and an industrious workman. But one day, Selim, the sultan’s brother, who was passing through Alexandria, sent a dress-suit to Labakan’s master, to have some alterations made, and the tailor entrusted it to Labakan, as being most dexterous in the nicest work. That evening, when his master and

fellow-journeymen had quitted the shop to take their customary recreation after the toils of the day, an irresistible impulse drove Labakan back again to the work-room, where the clothes of the imperial customer were hanging. He stood a long while before them, admiring now the beauty of the embroidery, now the varying colors of the velvet and the silk. He could not resist his desire to try them on : he did so, and, to his delight, they fitted him, as if made expressly to his measure.

“ Why am I not as good a prince as another ? ” he asked himself, strutting up and down the room. “ Has n't master himself often said that I was born to be a prince ? ” Our journeyman seemed to have assumed with the clothes a regal tone of thought. He could not persuade himself that he was not some scion of royalty, and, in this belief, resolved to travel into the world, and abandon a place where the people had so stupidly refused to recognize his noble origin. The splendid dress seemed to him to have been sent by some benevolent fairy ; so, warning himself against despising so valuable a gift, he collected his little ready cash, and, favored by the darkness of night, wandered, without definite purpose, from Alexandria's gates.

The new prince excited everywhere the greatest curiosity, for his superb dress and his grave, majestic aspect seemed wholly unsuited to a pedestrian traveller. When questioned concerning this, he would answer, with a mysterious air, that he had secret but excellent motives for this apparent inconsistency.

Perceiving, however, that he exposed himself to ridicule by travelling on foot, he procured, for a trifling sum, an old horse, exactly suited to his requirements ; for, being of unvarying gentleness and steadiness of demeanor, the animal never embarrassed him by draw-

ing too largely on his equestrian skill, — that being an accomplishment which his previous habits of life had hitherto compelled him to neglect.

One day, while riding slowly on Murva, — for so he called his steed, — a horseman joined him, requesting permission to travel in his company, as the length of the road would be much shortened by conversation. The rider was a young man of agreeable and taking address. He had soon compared notes with Labakan on the whither and the whence of their journey, and it came out that he too, like the tailor, was entering the world, without previous preparation for its trials. He said that his name was Omar; that he was the nephew of Elfi Bey, the unfortunate Pasha of Cairo, and that he was now travelling to fulfil a behest which his uncle had given him on his death-bed. Labakan was much less communicative upon his own affairs, but gave him to understand that his own origin was still higher than the stranger's, and that he was travelling for his mere pleasure.

The two young gentlemen found each other's society agreeable, and went on together. On the second day of their union of forces, Labakan inquired of his companion, Omar, what the behest was which he had undertaken to fulfil; and, to his astonishment, received for answer, "that Elfi Bey, the Pasha of Cairo, had brought up Omar from his earliest infancy, and that the latter had never known his parents. When the Bey, overpowered by his enemies, had been compelled to retreat after three unsuccessful battles, mortally wounded, he disclosed to his adopted child that he was not his nephew, as he supposed, but the son of a powerful sovereign, who, alarmed by the prognostications of his astrologers had removed the young prince from his

court, and had bound the pasha by an oath to restore him again on his two-and-twentieth birthday. Elfi Bey had not imparted to him the name of his father, but had directed him to betake himself, on the fourth day of the month Ramadan, at which time he would be twenty-two years old, to the famous pillar El-Serujah, four days' journey from Alexandria; that there he should deliver a certain dagger to the men he would find standing by the column, with these words: 'Here am I whom you seek;' and that, if they answered, 'Glory be to the Prophet, who has preserved thee!' he should follow them, and they would conduct him to his father."

Labakan was greatly impressed by this communication, and henceforth looked on Prince Omar with envious eyes, indignant that fate should confer on him the dignity of royal birth, having already blessed him with the rank of nephew to a powerful pasha; while on himself, as if in scorn of the princely qualities which adorned his mind, he had bestowed a doubtful origin and an obscure life. He instituted comparisons between himself and the prince. He could not but admit that the latter was a person of a very attractive appearance, having handsome, flashing eyes, a well-arched nose, and a soft, obliging manner; in short, every external attraction, which a man could desire, was undeniably his. Yet, whatever the graces he found in his companion, he argued to himself that a Labakan would have proved a far more acceptable son and heir to the old sovereign than the genuine prince.

These reflections tormented Labakan the whole day, and pervaded his dreams by night; but when morning broke, and his glance fell on the sleeping Omar, reposing so peacefully, and dreaming perhaps of his certain

fortunes, his mind conceived the idea of obtaining, by fraud or force, what cruel fate had refused to bestow voluntarily. He softly drew out the dagger from the sleeper's girdle, — the proof of the identity of the homeward-bound prince, — to plunge it into the breast of its owner. But his unwarlike soul shrunk before the thought of murder; so he satisfied himself with slipping the dagger through his own girdle, and causing the prince's more powerful horse to be saddled in place of his own; and before Omar had waked to discover himself robbed of all his hopes, his faithless comrade had already obtained a start of several miles.

It was the first day of the sacred month Ramadan when Labakan committed this robbery, and he had still four days in which to reach the pillar of El-Serujah. Although the place where this pillar stood was at most two days' journey distant, he hurried forward as rapidly as he could, dreading constantly to be overtaken by the true prince.

Towards the close of the following day Labakan's eyes rested on the pillar of El-Serujah. It stood on a little elevation in the midst of an extensive plain, and could be seen at the distance of two or three leagues. Labakan's heart beat loudly. Although he had had during the last two days abundant time to reflect on the part he was about to play, yet his evil conscience made him timid; but, on the other hand, the belief that he was born to be a prince encouraged him, so that he went on to the place of meeting with a certain degree of confidence.

The country round the pillar of El-Serujah was barren and unfrequented, and the new prince would have been much embarrassed on the score of provisions, had he not brought with him a supply for several days. He

lay down, therefore, near his horse, under some palms, and awaited anxiously his approaching fate.

Towards the middle of the second day he saw a long train of horses and camels approaching the pillar of El-Serujah across the plain. It halted at the foot of the hill, where handsome tents were soon erected, and the whole looked like the escort of some wealthy pasha or sheik. Labakan's heart whispered that the multitude before him had all come hither on his account, and he longed to show them instantly their future master; but he restrained his inclination to play the prince, conscious that the next morning his wildest hopes were to be more than realized.

The morning sun awoke the fortunate tailor to the most important moment of his life; one which was about to raise him from the humblest condition to equality with royalty itself. To be sure, as he saddled his horse to ride to the pillar, the thought occurred to him of the dishonesty of his conduct; and imagination pictured the misery of the prince defrauded of his birth-right. But the die was cast; he could not now recede; and vanity whispered that his appearance was sufficiently regal to sustain his claim to relationship with the greatest king on earth. Encouraged by this reflection, he climbed into the saddle, and, summoning all his courage, urged his horse to a respectable gallop, and reached the foot of the hill in a few moments. Here he dismounted, and, fastening his horse to a shrub, of which several grew on the hill, and drawing out Prince Omar's dagger, commenced his ascent. Six men were standing, at the foot of the pillar, around a gray-beard of kingly aspect; a gorgeous caftan of cloth of gold, girded about by a white Cashmere shawl, and

a snowy turban adorned with precious stones, showed him to be a person of great wealth and dignity.

Lakakan approached him, and said, with a deep reverence, holding out the dagger: "Here am I, whom you seek."

"Glory be to the Prophet who has preserved thee!" answered the aged man, shedding tears of joy. "Embrace your father, my beloved son Omar."

The valiant tailor was much affected by these impressive words, and, with mingled feelings of joy and shame, sank into the arms of the aged king.

He enjoyed unalloyed, however, only for a moment, the luxury of his new rank. As he raised himself from the arms of the princely stranger, he saw a horseman hastening across the plain towards the hill. Both rider and horse presented a singular appearance. The steed, either from obstinacy or weariness, seemed reluctant to move, and came on with a stumbling gait which resembled neither a walk nor a trot, the rider, meanwhile, constantly trying to accelerate his progress with hand and heel. Labakan recognized, with a sinking heart, his horse Murva, and the true Prince Omar; but the Evil Spirit of Lies held sway in his breast, and he resolved, whatever the result, to insist with a brazen front on his pretended claims.

The horseman had been seen for some time gesticulating fiercely as he approached, and had by this time reached the foot of the hill, in spite of Murva's miserable gait. Throwing himself from the saddle, he rushed up to the top. "Stop!" he shouted; "whoever you may be, be not deceived by that impudent impostor. I am Omar, and let no mortal dare to arrogate my name!"

Profound astonishment came across the faces of the

by-standers at this strange turn of events. The old king, especially, seemed utterly confounded, and looked inquiringly from one to the other. Labakan, with a desperate attempt at composure, said to him: "Most gracious lord and father, let not this man's statement occasion you doubt. He is, I believe, a crazy, half-witted journeyman-tailor, from Alexandria, named Labakan, and deserves our compassion rather than our anger."

This impudent statement drove the true prince nearly to madness. Foaming with rage, he was about to throw himself upon Labakan, when the by-standers interposed, and held him fast, and the old king said to his pretended son: "The poor man is mad indeed. Let him be bound, and placed on one of our dromedaries. Perhaps we can render some assistance to the unhappy creature."

The wrath of the prince subsided at these words, and he exclaimed, with many tears: "My heart tells me that you are my father, sire. I implore you, by the memory of my mother, listen to me."

"God forbid!" answered the latter. "He is beginning to rave again. How can the poor fellow have come by such crazy notions!" Saying this, and taking Labakan's arm, he descended the hill with the impostor, and both, mounting handsome, richly-decorated horses, rode across the plain to the head of the escort. The guards tied the hands of the unfortunate prince behind his back, bound him firmly on a dromedary, and a couple of horsemen remained constantly by his side, keeping a watchful eye on his every motion.

This old sovereign was Saand, Sultan of the Wecha-bites. He had lived childless a long time, but had been made happy at last by the arrival of what he had been

longing for so earnestly. But the astrologers, whom he had interrogated concerning the fate of his son, had answered, "that he stood in danger, till his two-and-twentieth year, of being displaced by an enemy." Wherefore, for greater safety, the sultan had confided his son to the care of his long-trying friend, Elfi Bey, and for twenty-two sorrowful years had been waiting for his restoration.

The sultan told all this to his pretended son, showing, by his incessant caresses, his high satisfaction in the handsome exterior and graceful demeanor of his heir.

When they reached the sultan's kingdom, they were everywhere received with shouts of joy by the delighted inhabitants, for the rumor of the prince's return had spread through all the towns and villages like wildfire. Triumphal arches of flowers and branches spanned the streets through which the procession passed; hangings of varied colors decorated every house; and the people glorified God and his Prophet for having sent them so handsome a youth to be their prince. All these events filled the tailor's conceited heart with rapture; but they made the real Omar feel all the more miserable, as, still in chains and sunk in the deepest despair, he followed in the rear of the cavalcade. Amid the universal rejoicings, no one paid him the least attention. Thousands of voices shouted the name of Omar; but he to whom the name belonged was left abandoned and unhappy. If, by the merest chance, some man inquired of his guards who was the prisoner they held so tightly bound, his ear was shocked by the answer of his keepers, that "it was a crazy tailor."

The cavalcade came at last to the sultan's capital, where a still more splendid reception had been prepared

for them. The sultana, an aged and venerable lady, was waiting, with all the court, in the magnificent hall of the imperial palace. The floor was spread with a vast carpet, and the walls were draped with cloth of a heavenly blue, suspended by golden cords and loops from massive hooks of silver.

It was dark when the procession reached the palace, and the hall was lighted by countless colored lamps, rivalling in brilliancy the light of day. The illumination was brightest and gayest at the end of the apartment, where the sultana was seated on her throne. The throne was elevated on four steps, and was covered with heavy plates of pure gold, adorned with amethysts. Four emirs, of the highest rank, held a canopy over the sultana's head, and the Sheik of Medina protected her from the heat with a fan of peacock's feathers.

In this regal state the sultana was waiting for the arrival of her husband and her son. Like the sultan, she had never seen him since his birth; but many a life-like dream had convinced her that she would recognize her darling son among a thousand.

The sounds of the approaching cavalcade now fell upon the ear. Trumpets and drums mingled with the rejoicings of the crowd; the noise of horses' feet sounded in the court-yard of the palace; nearer and nearer echoed the footsteps of the approaching multitude, and, the doors of the vast hall flying open, the sultan hastened through the circle of prostrate courtiers, leading his supposed son by the hand, to the throne of the expectant mother.

"I bring you," said he, "your child, whom you have yearned after so many years."

The sultana interrupted him: "That is not my son,"

she cried. "Those are not the features which the Prophet has shown me in my dreams!"

Reproaches for her incredulity had not yet passed the sultan's lips, when the door of the hall flew open. Prince Omar rushed in, pursued by his guards, whom he had overpowered for a moment by a desperate exertion of strength, and threw himself breathless at the foot of the throne. "Here will I die," he cried, "if it be your will, cruel father; for I can bear this disgrace no longer!"

The audience were confounded, and crowded around the unfortunate prince; and the guards, who had by this time overtaken him, were on the point of seizing and binding him a second time, when the sultana, who had witnessed the scene in speechless astonishment, sprang from the throne. "Stop!" she shrieked. "This one, and no other, is my true son! This one is he whom my heart has known, though my eyes have never see his face."

The guards shrunk back involuntarily; but the sultan, on fire with contemptuous anger, called on them to bind the madman. "It is mine to command here!" he shouted, in an imperious voice. "We follow, here, not woman's dreams, but sure and absolute evidence. This one," pointing to Labakan, "is my son; for he has brought the dagger of my ally, Elfi."

"He stole it!" cried Omar. "He made a treacherous use of my unsuspecting confidence."

The sultan paid no attention to his son's words, for he was wont to follow his own judgment despotically in all matters, and ordered the unhappy Omar to be dragged from the hall. He then retired with Labakan to his own apartments, filled with wrath against the

sultana, with whom, till this moment, he had lived for fifty years in peace and love.

The sultana was overcome with distress, for she was certain a traitor had crept into the sultan's heart. Too many vivid dreams had shown her the features of her absent son, to permit her to be deceived by the pretences of an impostor.

When the poignancy of her sorrow had somewhat moderated, she set about devising means by which to convince the sultan of his error. It was an undertaking of extreme difficulty; for the traitor, who pretended to be her son, had not only exhibited the dagger, the proof of his identity, but, also, as she learned, had been able to recount as his own so much of Omar's previous life, that he was enabled to play his part without risk of detection.

She summoned to her presence the men who had accompanied the sultan to the pillar of El-Serujah, to obtain accurate information of the circumstances of that meeting, and then took counsel as to her course with the attendants, who enjoyed her especial confidence. One plan after another was offered and rejected; but, finally, Melechsallah, a shrewd old maid-of-honor, took her turn to speak.

"If I have heard the story correctly, gracious mistress, the impostor declares that the name of him you claim to be your son is Labakan, a crazy tailor?"

"You are right," answered the sultana; "but what hopes do you draw from that circumstance?"

"Why may not this traitor," continued the other, "have given your son his own name? And, if this be the fact, there is an excellent means to detect the impostor, which I will communicate to you in secret."

The sultana stepped aside, and the lady whispered in

her ear the plan she had devised. It seemed to please her mistress so much, that she made immediate preparations to visit the sultan.

The sultana was a judicious lady, who knew perfectly well the sultan's weak side, and understood how to take advantage of it. She assumed an appearance of submission, and a readiness to acknowledge her son, and craved only the favor of a single test. The sultan, who regretted already his anger towards his wife, granted the favor, and she said :

"I should like to obtain from both candidates a proof of their dexterity. Some persons, perhaps, would require them to ride, or fight, or throw the javelin. But no ; I will give them something which shall test their manual skill. It is this : each of them shall make a caftan and a pair of trousers, and we shall see at once who succeeds the best."

The sultan replied, with a laugh : "My dear, your suggestion is admirable ! What ! my son contest, with your crazy tailor, which can make the best caftan ? No ; I refuse my consent to a test like that."

The sultana urged, however, that he had previously assented to her request, and the sultan at length yielded, for he was a man of his word ; although he swore, that, let the mad tailor make his caftan never so well, he could never be persuaded to acknowledge him as his son.

The sultan went in person to his pretended son, and directed him to yield without opposition to his mother's whim, telling him she had an invincible desire to see a caftan of his own manufacture. The heart of the excellent Labakan laughed for joy ; if that were all that was required, he thought to himself, the sultana shall soon be satisfied."

Two chambers were soon made ready, in which the rivals were to prove their respective skill, and scissors, needles and thread, were provided in ample quantities.

The sultan felt great curiosity to see the caftan his son would exhibit as his handiwork, while the heart of the sultana throbbed with equal anxiety for the successful issue of her experiment. Two days the rivals devoted to their work; on the third the sultan summoned his queen, and, on her appearance, sent to the two rooms to fetch out the caftans and their makers. Labakan came forth with a triumphant air, and spread his caftan before the astonished eyes of the sultan. "Look, father," said he, "look, my honored mother, is not this garment a master-piece? I will lay a wager with the most accomplished tailor in the city that he cannot produce a better one."

The sultana laughed, and turned to Omar. "And what have you to show us, my son?" said she. Omar threw his cloth and scissors scornfully on the floor. "I was taught to guide a horse and wield a sabre," said he, "and to strike my lance into the target at fifty paces. Of the use of the needle I know nothing, and such knowledge would be unworthy a foster child of Elfi Bey."

"O, true son of my lord!" cried the sultana. "Ah, that I might be permitted to embrace you, and call you my son! Pardon, my lord and husband," said she, turning to the sultan, "for having used this artifice. Are you still blind as to which is the prince, and which the tailor? On my honor, the caftan your son has made is magnificent, and I should like to ask him of what master he has learned his trade."

The sultan sat in deep thought, looking alternately from the sultana to Labakan, while the latter sought

desperately to conquer his confusion at having betrayed himself so foolishly. "This test is not sufficient," said the sultan at length; "but, Allah be praised, I know a sure method by which I can find out whether I am deceived or not."

He ordered his fleetest steed to be brought out, and rode to a forest which stood at no great distance from the city. There, rumor said, dwelt a good fairy, named Adolzaide, who had often assisted with her advice the sovereigns of his race. Thither the sultan hurried.

In the middle of the forest was an open space, overhung by lofty cedars. Tradition said that here the fairy dwelt, and mortal man rarely ventured to approach the place; for from time immemorial an aversion towards it had been bequeathed from father to son among the people.

Arrived at this spot, the sultan dismounted, and, tying his horse to a tree, took his position in the centre, and cried in a loud voice: "If it be true, that you have given good counsel to my ancestors in their hour of need, despise not now the petition of their descendant, but advise him to-day on a point too difficult for the short-sightedness of human understanding."

He had scarcely spoken the last words, when one of the cedars opened, and a veiled female figure, in long white robes, stepped forth. "I know wherefore you are come, Sultan Saand; your wish is honorable, and my assistance shall be faithful. Take these two boxes. Let those who claim to be your sons select between them. He, whose claim is just, will make the right decision." Saying these words, she gave him two little ivory boxes, richly adorned with pearls and gold; on the lids, which the sultan attempted in vain to open, were inscriptions inlaid in numerous small diamonds.

The sultan tried to imagine, while riding home, what there could possibly be in these boxes, which, spite of every effort, he could not succeed in opening. The inscriptions threw no light whatever on the matter, for on one was, "*Honor and Glory*," on the other, "*Happiness and Riches*." The sultan confessed that the choice would be difficult, even to himself, to decide between two things so equally attractive.

Arriving at his palace, he ordered the sultana to be summoned, and disclosed to her the fairy's declaration ; and a wonderful assurance filled her heart that the youth to whom her affections were so strongly drawn would make the choice which would prove to a certainty his royal birth.

Two tables were placed before the sultan's throne, on which the sultan set the ivory boxes with his own hand. He then ascended the throne, and signed to a slave to throw open the doors of the hall. A splendid assemblage of pashas and emirs of the empire, whom the sultan had invited, streamed at once through the opened portals, and took their seats on magnificent cushions, ranged along the walls of the apartment.

After all were seated, the sultan signed a second time, and Labakan was brought in. He crossed the hall with a haughty step, and, throwing himself on his knees before the throne, said : "What is my lord and father's will ?"

The sultan rose from his throne, and replied : "My son, doubts have been thrown on the justice of your pretensions to this title ; one of these boxes contains the proof of your true origin ; choose between them. I doubt not you will choose the right."

Labakan rose from the ground, and walked to the tables. After hesitating long over which he should

select, he said to the sultan : “ Most honored father, what can be higher than the *happiness* of being your son ; what nobler than the *riches* of your favor ? I choose the box inscribed ‘ *Happiness and Riches.* ’ ”

“ We will learn shortly whether your choice be wise,” said the sultan, signing to his slaves. “ Take your seat for the present on the cushion near the Pasha of Medina.”

Omar was now brought in. His look was gloomy, his air was sad, and his appearance excited universal sympathy among the audience. He threw himself down at the foot of the throne, and inquired the sultan’s will.

The sultan explained to him that he must choose between the boxes. He rose and approached the table.

Having read attentively the two inscriptions, he said : “ The events of the last few days have taught me how insecure is happiness, how transitory are riches ; but they have also shown me that an imperishable treasure, Honor, dwells in the heart of the brave, and that the radiant star of Glory survives the loss of Happiness. Though thereby I renounce a crown, the die is cast ; and, ‘ *Honor and Glory,* ’ I take you as my choice ! ”

He put his hand on the box which he had chosen ; but, commanding him to wait, the sultan made a sign to Labakan, and the latter likewise placed his hand on the object of his selection.

The sultan caused a basin to be brought, filled with water from the sacred fountain Zemzem, in Mecca, and, washing his hands, turned his face to the east, and, throwing himself on his knees, uttered the following prayer : “ O God, my Father ! Thou who for centuries hast preserved my race from stain or dishonor,

suffer not now an impostor to disgrace the name of the Abassides ; but be near, O God, to my true son, in this his hour of trial."

The sultan descended from his throne. A common expectation held the assemblage motionless ; scarcely a breath was drawn, and even a mouse could have been heard to cross the hall, so silent and intent were the spectators of this curious scene. Those behind stretched forward to see the boxes over the heads of those in front. The sultan said : " Open the boxes ! " and these, which hitherto no strength could move, now flew open of their own accord.

In the box which Omar had selected, lay on a velvet cushion a tiny golden crown and sceptre : in that of Labakan — a huge needle and a morsel of thread. The sultan commanded them to bring the boxes to him. He took the little crown into his hand, and, wonderful to relate, as he held it, it grew larger and larger, till it had reached the dimensions of a real diadem. He set it on the head of his son Omar, who knelt before him, and, kissing his forehead, assigned him a seat at his right hand. Then, turning to Labakan, he said : " An old proverb says, Let the cobbler stick to his last : it seems you are to stick to your needle. You have not deserved my favor, but my mercy has been implored for you by one whom, to-day, I can deny nothing. I grant you, therefore, your miserable life ; but, if you are well advised, you will make haste to get beyond the boundaries of my empire."

Mortified, annihilated as he was, the poor tailor could make no reply. He threw himself at the feet of the prince, with tears streaming from his eyes. " Can you forgive me, prince ? " he said.

" Faith towards a friend, forgiveness towards a foe,

is the motto of the Abassides," replied the prince, raising him from the floor; "depart in peace."—"O, my true, my real son!" sobbed the sultana, sinking on his breast. The emirs and pashas, and all the grandees of the empire, rose from their seats, and shouted with one voice, "Hail to our future sovereign!" and, amid the universal rejoicings, Labakan, his box under his arm, slunk from the hall.

He descended to the sultan's stables, and, saddling his old horse, Murva, rode through the city gates towards Alexandria. His entire prince's life seemed to him a dream, and the splendid box, brilliant with pearls and diamonds, alone remained to prove the reality of what he had gone through.

He reached Alexandria at last; and, riding to the house of his former master, he dismounted at the door, tied his horse to a post, and went into the workshop. The master, not recognizing him, made him a humble obeisance, and inquired in what way he could be of service; but when, on a nearer examination, he recognized his former journeyman, he shouted for his apprentices and pupils, and all, falling like madmen on poor Labakan, who had anticipated no such reception, thumped and pounded him with flat-irons and yardsticks, pricked him with needles, and nipped him with sharp scissors, till he fell down at length on a heap of old clothes, exhausted with pain and terror.

While he lay there his master accused him fiercely of stealing the imperial dress-suit. In vain did Labakan assert that he had returned home to prove his innocence; in vain did he offer to replace its value threefold; the master and his apprentices fell upon him again, and, after beating him savagely, threw him out of doors into the street. Bruised and wounded, he

mounted Murva, and rode to a caravansary. There, laying down his weary, aching head, he reflected on the miseries of this world, the mistaken merits of men, and the transitoriness of all earthly blessings. He went to sleep at last with a resolution to renounce ambition, and to become a respectable, obscure, steady-going citizen.

Nor did he repent of his determination when he waked the next morning, for the heavy hands of his master and the apprentices seemed to have driven all ambitious notions out of him.

He sold his box to a jeweller for a large sum, and, buying himself a house, opened a workshop for the prosecution of his former business. When he had put everything in order, and had hung out a sign with the inscription, "LABAKAN, TAILOR," over his window, he set himself down, and began to mend, with the needle and thread he had found in the ivory box, the coat which his master had so disastrously ill-treated. He was called away from his work for a moment, and what was his amazement, on returning to his shop, to see the needle sewing busily on by itself, plying its trade in the most industrious manner, and making fine, delicate, elegant stitches, such as Labakan in his most skilful moments could never hope to rival!

Truly, even the smallest gift of a benevolent fairy is advantageous and valuable! But we have not mentioned all the good qualities of this precious donation: for, let the needle be as industrious as it pleased, the thread possessed the additional recommendation of never giving out.

Labakan obtained many customers, and was before many months the most celebrated tailor of the time. His habit was to cut out the clothes and take one stitch

with his magic needle, and instantly the little journeyman would labor on, without a moment's intermission, till the job was done. Master Labakan had soon the whole city for his customers, for he did his work well, and at a remarkably reasonable price. One thing only did the good people of Alexandria shake their heads over, namely, that he worked without a single assistant, and with his doors invariably closed.

The motto of the ivory box, "*Happiness and Riches*," was thus fulfilled. Happiness and riches accompanied the steps of the good tailor, though in a different way from what he had once looked for; and when he heard of the glory of the young Sultan Omar, — when he heard that this hero was the pride of his subjects, and the terror of his enemies, — the former prince thought to himself: "It is much better for me that I have remained a tailor, for honor and glory are very dangerous things." So Labakan lived, contented with himself, and respected by his fellow-townsmen; and if the needle has not lost its cunning, it is doubtless sewing away still with the endless thread of the benevolent fairy Adolzaide.

The caravan broke up its encampment at sunset, and soon arrived at Birket el Had, or the pilgrim's brook, which is distant only three leagues' journey from Cairo. The caravan had been expected about this time, and the merchants soon had the pleasure of seeing their friends coming out from Cairo to meet them. They entered the city through the gate Bebel Falch, it being considered a favorable omen to enter by this gate on arriving from Mecca, because the Prophet himself had once passed through it.

The four Turkish merchants parted from the stranger and the Greek Zaleukos in the market-place, and went

to their respective homes with their friends. Zaleukos showed the stranger a good caravansary, and invited him to dine. The latter accepted the invitation, and promised to make his appearance as soon as he had changed his travel-stained garments.

The Greek made every preparation to receive the stranger, whom he had learned to love warmly during the journey, and, when the materials had been suitably arranged for the dinner, sat down to wait for his guest.

He soon heard him approaching through the entry leading to the chamber, and rose politely to welcome him on the threshold ; but, on the opening of the door, he started back with horror, for the long-remembered, terrible purple mantle was seen entering the room. He glanced at the figure once more, to assure himself that he was under no delusion ; but he could feel no doubt. The same lofty, commanding figure ; the mask through which his dark eyes gleamed brightly ; the purple mantle with the gold embroidery ; all these were only too deeply impressed on his recollection by the most dreadful experiences of his life.

Conflicting emotions strove in Zaleukos' breast. He had long since forgiven this phantom of his memory, yet its appearance here opened afresh all his deep but healing wounds. Those terrible hours of agony, and that sorrow which had poisoned the fountain of his life, passed in the flight of an instant across his soul.

"What seek you, terrible being?" cried the Greek to the motionless figure on the threshold. "Vanish, or I curse you!"

"Zaleukos!" spoke a familiar voice behind the mask. "Zaleukos! Is it thus you receive your invited guest?"

The speaker removed his mask and threw back his mantle — it was the strange traveller, Selim Baruch.

It was long before Zaleukos became calm ; he still shuddered at the presence of the stranger ; for he had recognized in him too distinctly the Unknown of the Ponte Vecchio. At length, long habits of hospitality prevailed, and he motioned silently to his guest to be seated at the table.

“I know your thoughts,” said the stranger, taking his seat, “for your eyes have an inquiring gaze. Friend, I ought, perhaps, to have buried the past in profound silence, and never again dared to enter your presence ; but, owing you a greater recompense than you have yet received, I have ventured, at the risk of receiving your bitter curse, to appear once more before you in my former guise. You said to me once : ‘The religion of my fathers commands me to love him ; and besides he is more unfortunate than I.’ It is indeed so, my friend ; listen to my exculpation :

“I must begin far back, to make my story intelligible. I was born in Alexandria, of Christian parents. My father, the younger son of an ancient and distinguished French family, was the consul of that nation at Alexandria. I was brought up from my tenth year in France, at the house of my mother’s brother, and left it for the first time, some years after the commencement of the revolution, for the purpose of seeking a refuge with my uncle, who was no longer safe in his own country, at the residence of my parents beyond the sea. We landed from the ship, full of the hope of finding in my father’s house that peace and tranquillity which the frantic populace had robbed us of in France. But, alas ! the tranquillity of my home had been destroyed forever. The external tempests of those stormy times had, it is true, not yet extended to our quiet city ; but affliction had fallen with the deadlier force on the hearts of my kin-

dred. My brother, a youth of great promise and my father's principal secretary, had married, some little time previously, a lovely girl, the daughter of a Florentine nobleman residing in our neighborhood. Only two days before our arrival she had suddenly disappeared, and neither our family nor her own could find the faintest trace of her existence. We decided at last that she had wandered too far away in one of her walks, and had fallen into the hands of robbers. To my unhappy brother this belief was, if possible, less painful than the true explanation of her disappearance, which shortly came to our knowledge. The faithless wife had fled with a young Neapolitan whom she had known at her father's house. Driven to fury by this discovery, my brother made every effort to bring his guilty bride to punishment; but in vain. His attempts, which had excited attention in Florence and Naples, served only to complete the destruction of our family. The Florentine noble travelled back to his native country, on the pretext of seeking justice for my unhappy brother, but in fact to effect our ruin. He succeeded in defeating the inquiries which my brother had instituted, and used so skilfully his great influence, acquired by every art at his command, that my father and brother came to be suspected by their government, were taken prisoners by the basest treachery, carried in chains to France, and there met their deaths at the hand of the executioner. My poor mother lost her reason, and not till ten weary months had passed did death release her from her dreadful sufferings. Thus was I left, at last, friendless in the world: and but one idea occupied my soul, one purpose caused me to forget my misery. It was the consuming flame of revenge which my mother, on her death-bed, had kindled in my heart.

“During the last moments of her life, her consciousness returned. She summoned me to her bedside, and spoke with calmness of her death and our unhappy fate. She then caused all the attendants to leave the chamber, and, raising herself solemnly in her bed, told me that I could never obtain her dying blessing unless I swore to perform the duty which she was about to confide to me. Excited to frenzy, I promised with a solemn oath to obey her commands. Calling down imprecations upon the Florentine and his daughter, she adjured me, by the terror of her curse, to revenge on him and her the misfortunes of our house. She died soon after in my arms. The thoughts of vengeance, which had long slumbered in my bosom, were awakened in all their fury. I collected the relics of my father’s property, and swore to peril all for my revenge, or perish myself in the attempt.

“I soon reached Florence, where I kept myself as secretly as possible. The difficulties of my plan were much increased by the social position in which I found my enemies. The old Florentine had been elected governor, and of course had every means at hand to crush me, on the slightest suspicion of my presence. Chance came to my assistance. One evening I saw a servant in a well-known livery passing through the street; his uncertain walk, his sullen look, and his half-audible imprecations of *Santo sacramento* and *Maledetto diavolo*, enabled me to recognize instantly old Pietro, a servant of the Florentine, whom I had formerly known in Alexandria. I felt no doubt, from his appearance, that he was angry with his master for some good or foolish reason, and I resolved on the spot to avail myself of his present humor. He seemed much surprised to see me in Florence, and detailed to me his wrongs, telling me

that, since his master had been governor of the city, he could never do anything to satisfy him ; and my gold, combined with his anger, soon brought him to my side. The greatest obstacle was now removed. I had a man in my pay, who at any moment could open for me my enemy's door, and now my revenge drew swiftly to its accomplishment. The life of the old Florentine appeared to me too worthless, when weighed in the balance with the ruin of my house. He should witness the murder of his dearest treasure, and this was his daughter Bianca. She had sinned so deeply against my brother that she was, after all, the principal cause of our destruction. Most welcome to my rage-devoured heart was the news that about this time Bianca was about to wed a second time. It was settled she must die. But I shuddered at such a deed myself, and I had too little confidence in Pietro's strength of will to entrust its perpetration to him. We sought, therefore, for a man fit to accomplish our purposes. I dared not enlist a Florentine, for no one would have undertaken such a deed against the governor. Suddenly Pietro conceived the plan, which we afterwards carried out, and represented you, a stranger and a surgeon, as the most fitted for our purposes. The result, you know. My project was nearly wrecked at one time by your caution and honor. Hence the accident with the mantle.

“ It was Pietro who had opened for us the little door in the governor's palace, and he would have guided us out by the same way, had we not both fled from the spot, aghast at the terrible spectacle presented to our gaze through the door of Bianca's chamber.

“ Pursued by horror and remorse, I ran madly two hundred paces, and sank down on the steps of a church.

There, for the first time, I collected my scattered senses, and my first thought was of you and the frightful fate which awaited you should you be discovered in the house.

“I crept to the palace, but could find not the slightest trace either of you or of Pietro. But the door stood open, so I could at least hope that you had made use of your opportunity to escape.

“As soon as day broke, the dread of discovery and an irresistible feeling of remorse drove me from Florence. I hastened to Rome. But conceive the despair of my soul, when, a few days later, the story was circulated among the people, with the addition that a Greek physician had been arrested as the murderer. I hurried back in dreadful agitation to Florence; for, if my vengeance had already seemed too fearful, I cursed myself now as having purchased it far too dearly at the price of your guiltless life. I arrived on the same day which deprived you of your hand. I will not describe the feelings which racked my soul when I saw you ascend the scaffold and suffer so heroically your unmerited punishment. But, as I saw your blood spout forth in streams, I formed the fixed resolve to alleviate by the devotion of my life the unhappy remainder of your own. What has happened since you know too well; and it only remains to me now to tell you why I have made this long journey in your company.

“The thought that you had never forgiven me weighed upon my soul like a dreadful burthen. I resolved therefore to spend many days in your society, to confess myself at last the unhappy cause of the sufferings you had undergone, and hear from your own lips my forgiveness or condemnation.”

The Greek listened in silence to his guest's recital,

and, on his ceasing to speak, held out his hand, with a glance of compassion. "I was sure," said he, "that you were a greater sufferer than myself, for that terrible crime will darken like a cloud the remainder of your life. I forgive you from my heart. But permit me a single question. How came you in the desert under that strange disguise? Whither did you go after you had bought the house in Constantinople?"

"I returned to Alexandria," answered the stranger, "hatred to all mankind flaming in my heart; burning hate especially toward those nations called by men civilized. I preferred to be among the Moslemites. Scarcely had I been a month in Alexandria, when my countrymen, the French, invaded the land.

"I saw in them only the slayers of my father and my brother; so, collecting a handful of my acquaintance, I joined the valiant Mamelukes, who had so often been the terror of the French army. At the termination of the campaign, I could not persuade myself to return to the habits of peaceful life, and lived with my band of congenial friends a restless, wandering existence, devoted to warfare and the chase. I lived contented among these people, who revere me as their master; for, if my Asiatics are less civilized than your Europeans, they are at least far more exempt from envy and malice, selfishness and ambition."

Zaleukos thanked the stranger for his frank avowal, but urged upon him that he would find it more suited to his rank and his accomplishments to live and toil in Christian European lands. He seized his hand in his, and entreated him earnestly to abandon his present reckless life, to go with him, and to live and die in his own house. His guest looked at him with great emotion. "From this I know," said he, "that I have

gained your full forgiveness and your love. Accept my heartfelt gratitude." He sprang up and stood at his full height before the Greek, who almost shrank before the warlike figure, the dark, gleaming eyes, and the deep, mysterious voice of his guest. "Your offer is a noble one," he continued. "To any other it would be resistless. I cannot accept it. Already my horse stands saddled; already my servants are waiting for my return. Farewell, Zaleukos."

The two friends, whom fate had so strangely united, threw themselves into each other's arms in a parting embrace.

"And what is your name? How shall I think of my guest, who will live forever in my memory?" asked the Greek.

The stranger gazed long in his face, and, pressing his hand once more, said, "They call me the Sovereign of the Desert. I am the Robber Orbasan!"

THE SHEIK OF ALEXANDRIA.

ALI BANU, the Sheik of Alexandria, was a peculiar man. In the morning, when he went through the streets of the city, with his folded turban of Cashmere shawls, his dress of state, and his sumptuous girdle, worth at least fifty camels : when he passed along, with a slow and stately step, his forehead contracted into deep furrows, his eyes cast down, and his hand thoughtfully stroking his long black beard, to expound, in accordance with the duty of his office, selections from the Koran to faithful followers of the Prophet, his servants waiting in the streets outside used to look after their master, and say one to another, "What a handsome, stately man he is!" — "And rich, immensely rich," another would add, "enormously rich. Has n't he a palace on the bay of Stamboul? Has n't he estates, and stock, and thousands on thousands of cattle, and countless troops of slaves?" — "Yes," a third would say; "and the Tartar, who was sent to him lately from Stamboul, from the holy sultan himself, — whom our Prophet bless! — told me that our sheik was held in the highest honor by the reis-effendi, by the kapidshi-baschi, by every great man there." — "Ay, ay," cried a fourth; "his footsteps are blessed. He is a wealthy, splendid nobleman; but — but — You know what I mean!" — "Ay, ay," the rest would murmur, "ay, ay; he has his



THE SHEIK OF ALEXANDRIA.

own load to carry ; we would not change places with him. He is a rich, splendid gentleman ; but — but —”

Ali Banu had a palace on the first square in Alexandria. In front was a wide terrace, walled with marble, and shaded by palms, among which he often sat in the evenings and smoked his jewelled water-pipe. Twelve slaves in superb liveries waited at a respectful distance for his nod ; one carried his betel, another his parasol, a third cups of beaten gold filled with sherbet, a fourth a fan of peacock's feathers to keep away the flies from his master ; others were musicians, and carried lutes and wind instruments, to supply him with music when he felt disposed ; and the most highly honored of all held rolls of manuscript to read aloud to him when he felt inclined to hear.

But they waited in vain for his sign. He wanted not music, nor singing ; he refused to listen to the poems of the wise poets of the past ; he declined his sherbet and his betel, and even the bearer of the peacock-fan wasted his labors, for his lord paid no heed to the buzzing flies which hovered about his head.

The passers-by often paused in their walks to admire the splendor of the palace, the rich dresses of the slaves, and the luxury displayed in everything around ; but, when they saw the sheik, as he sat so sadly under the palms, his eyes never wandering from the azure clouds of his pipe, they would shake their heads, and say to each other, “ Truly, this rich man is a poor man. He, having much, is poorer than we, who have nothing ; for the Prophet has denied him the ability to enjoy.” So spoke the people, and went their ways, laughing at the sheik.

One evening, as the sheik was sitting under the palms before his door, surrounded by every beauty of

nature, and smoking his pipe, several young people, standing at no great distance, looked over at him and laughed.

"Upon my word," said one of them, "that sheik, Ali Banu, is a foolish man. If I had his wealth I would make a very different use of it. I would spend every day right royally. My friends should come and dine with me in the great halls of my house, and mirth and laughter should fill all those melancholy chambers."

"Yes," answered a second; "that would be all very fine; but many friends eat up one's riches, were they as large as those of the blessed sultan himself, whom the Prophet bless! Now, if I sat every evening as he does in this beautiful garden under the palms, I would have my musicians sing and play, and my dancers should dance and leap, and go through all sorts of wonderful performances. And I would smoke my water-pipe all the time in great state, and call for my precious sherbet, and enjoy myself on all my comforts like the Caliph of Bagdad himself."

"The sheik," said another, who was a scribe, "the sheik may be a learned and skilful man, and his explanations of the Koran show extensive reading; but is his life regulated as becomes a rational being? There stands at this moment a slave with a whole armful of books, which I would give my best suit of clothes to be able to read one of, for no doubt they are rare works. But he! He does nothing but sit and smoke; and as for books, he lets them alone. If I were Sheik Ali Banu, that rascal should read to me till he had no breath left, or till night prevented; and even then he should go on reading till I had dropped asleep."

"Ha, ha! Strange notions yours of a pleasant life!" laughed a fourth. "Eating and drinking, singing and

dancing, reading proverbs and listening to poems by trumpery poets! No; I would manage things very differently. The sheik has splendid horses and camels, and heaps of gold. If I were in his place, I would ride to the end of the world, ay, even to Moscow or to France. I should consider no journey too long, if, by taking it, I could see the splendors of the world. That is what I would do if I were that man yonder."

"Youth is a happy time, and the age of highest enjoyment," said an old man, of shabby appearance, standing near them, and who had overheard their conversation. "But permit me to say that youth is also foolish, and does a great deal of idle chattering in the course of a day."

"What do you mean by that, old fellow?" asked the young men in amazement. "Do you refer to us? What business is it of yours if we talk about the sheik's mode of life?"

"'If any one is better informed than his neighbor, let him enlighten his error,' the blessed Prophet tells us," answered the old man. "The sheik is blessed with vast riches, it is true, and has everything that heart can desire; but he has good reasons for being so grave and sad. Think you he has been so all his life? No; I saw him often fifteen years ago, and he was as gay and joyous as a gazelle, living happily and enjoying his wealth. He had a son, then, the delight of his life, handsome and intelligent as can be conceived; and whoever saw him or heard him speak envied the sheik the possession of such a treasure, for he was only ten years old and yet as wise as others generally are at eighteen."

"And he died? Unhappy sheik!" exclaimed the writer.

“It would have been a consolation to his father to know that he had gone home to the mansions of the Prophet, where his life would be happier than here in Alexandria,” replied the old man. “But the truth is far worse. It was the time when the French came here, like a pack of hungry wolves, and warred against us in our own land. They had taken Alexandria, and were marching deeper and deeper into the land, and had conquered the Mamelukes. The sheik was a prudent man, and was wise enough to keep on good terms with the oppressors. But whether it was that they thirsted for his treasures, or whether it was that he showed an interest in his oppressed brethren among the faithful, I do not know ; enough that they came one day to his house, accusing him of having secretly supplied the Mamelukes with arms, horses, and provisions. Protest his innocence as he might, it availed nothing, for the French are a cruel people, when their object is to extort gold. They took his little son, Kairam, into their camp as a hostage. He offered them great sums for his return, but they refused to release him, and insisted on his making them a higher offer. Suddenly the order came from their pasha, or whatever he was called, to reëmbark. No one in Alexandria knew a word of their intention, and suddenly they were on the high seas, and had carried with them little Kairam, Ali Banu’s son. Nothing has ever been heard of him from that day to this.”

“O, the unhappy man ! how has Allah smitten him !” exclaimed the young men, looking with sympathy at the old sheik, as, surrounded with splendor, he sat mourning under the palms.

“His wife, whom he fondly loved, died of grief for the loss of her son. He himself purchased a ship, and,

having fitted her out, induced the French physician, who lives near yonder fountain, to travel with him to France in search of his lost son. They had a long voyage, but reached at last the country of the Giaours, the unbelievers. There they found that frightful events had come to pass. The people had overthrown their sultan and pashas, and rich and poor were striking each others' heads from their shoulders, and there was no order in the land. They sought, without success, through every city, for little Kairam. But no one knew of him ; and the French physician at length prevailed on the sheik to reëmbark and return home, lest in the universal madness which ruled the hour they should forfeit their own heads.

“They came back to Alexandria, and since his return the sheik has passed his life, as you have seen him to-day, mourning for his son ; and he is right. Must he not think, when he eats and drinks, ‘Perhaps my poor son is now fainting with hunger and thirst’? And when he clothes himself with rich shawls and robes, as his office requires, can he avoid thinking in his own mind : ‘Perhaps at this moment my son has nothing with which to hide his nakedness’! And when surrounded by singers and dancers, thinks he not : ‘Perhaps my unhappy son is forced like these to dance and leap, at the will of his French master’? And what occasions him the deepest sorrow, is the fear that his little son, so far away from his native land, and surrounded by unbelievers, who deride his religion, will be turned away from his father’s faith, and he shall never clasp him to his heart in the garden of Paradise.”

“For this reason is he so gentle to his slaves, and so nobly generous to the poor ; for he thinks that Allah will requite his benevolence, and soften the hearts of

the Franks, who hold his son, so that they will use him kindly. And on every return of the day when his son was torn from his arms, he gives their freedom to twelve slaves."

"I had heard something like this before," said the scribe; "but strange tales circulate among the people. I had heard it said that he is a peculiar man, and eager to excess after good stories. Hence he encourages every year a contest among his slaves, and gives freedom to him who tells the best tale."

"Do not put faith in vulgar rumors," said the old man. "The truth is as I tell you, and I am certain of what I say. Possibly he may become more cheerful on that painful day, and listen to stories told him by his slaves; but he makes them free for his son's sake. Well, the evening grows cool, and I must go further. *Schalem aleikum!* peace be with you, young gentlemen, and, in future, think better of the good sheik!"

The young men thanked the old stranger for his information, and, taking one more look at the sorrowing father, went their way, saying to one another: "I would not be the Sheik Ali Banu."

Not long after these young men had had their conversation with the aged stranger, they had occasion to pass again through the same street at the hour of morning prayer. The stranger and his story recurred to their recollection, and, expressing their sympathy for the unhappy sheik, they looked towards his house. But what was their astonishment when they saw everything dressed in the greatest splendor! From the roof, where richly-dressed slave-girls were walking about, waved pendants and streamers; the great hall was spread with precious carpets; silken drapery mingled with the car-

pet covering the steps ; and cloths were laid over the street itself, of such costly splendor, that many a one would have been proud to make himself a holiday suit from their very remnants.

“ Why, how the sheik has altered his habits within the last few days ! ” said the young writer. “ Does he mean to hold a festival ? or is he practising his singers and dancers ? Look at this cloth ! Is there another so fine in all Alexandria ? And such a cloth as this on the public sidewalk ! Really, such extravagance is almost disgraceful ! ”

“ I’ll tell you what I think,” said another. “ He must be entertaining some distinguished guest ; for preparations like these are only made when the governor of some great territory, or an effendi of the sultan, honors a house with a visit. Who can have come here to-day, I wonder ? ”

“ Look ! is n’t that old man yonder our new acquaintance ? He knows everything, and can, no doubt, explain this mystery.—Hallo ! old friend ! This way a moment, if you please ! ”

The old man heard their calls, and approached, recognizing them at once as the young men he had talked with a few days before. They called his attention to the preparations going on in the sheik’s house, and asked him if he knew what distinguished guest was expected.

“ So you suppose,” he answered, “ that Ali Banu is honoring the visit of some great man ? Far from it. This is the twelfth day of the month Ramadan, and is the day on which his son was taken to the French camp.”

“ But, by the beard of the Prophet ! ” cried one of the young men, “ everything here is as gay as a wedding,

and yet it ought to be his day of especial lamentation ! How do you reconcile these two things ? Surely, the sheik is touched in his upper story ! ”

“ Do you form all your opinions so rapidly, my young friend ? ” said the old man, laughing. “ Your arrow was sharp and pointed, and the string of your bow was strong ; but you have shot very wide of the mark. Know that to-day the sheik expects his son. ”

“ Has he been found ? ” exclaimed the young men, delighted.

“ No ; nor will he be for a long time. But, listen. Eight or ten years ago, when the sheik was wont to pass this day in mourning and lamentation, releasing his slaves, and feeding multitudes of the poor, it happened that he supplied with food a dervish, who lay, weary and faint, in the shadow of his house. This dervish was a holy man, and skilled in astrology and divination. Refreshed by the gentle hand of the sheik, he came to him and said : ‘ I know the cause of your sorrow. Is not to-day the twelfth of Ramadan ? and did you not lose your son on this day ? Take courage. This day of grief shall be to you a day of rejoicing ; for know that on this day your son will hereafter return to you. ’ Thus spoke the dervish. It is a sin in every good Mus-sulman to doubt the promise of such a man : and, though Ali’s grief was not diminished, he has expected, ever since, his son’s return on this day, and decorates his house and hall, and these steps, as if he thought his child might arrive at any hour. ”

“ Wonderful ! ” cried the young writer. “ I would like extremely to see the magnificence of his preparations, and to witness his melancholy in the midst of all this splendor ; and, above all, I should like to listen to the stories which his slaves tell him. ”

"Nothing easier than that," answered the old man. "The superintendent of his slaves has been a friend of mine for many years, and on this anniversary always keeps for me a place in the hall, where, in the crowd of the sheik's servants and friends, a single stranger escapes notice. I will ask him to let you in. There are but four of you, and there can be no difficulty in the matter. Come at nine o'clock to this place, and I will give you his answer."

Thus spoke the old man, and the young people, thanking him, retired from the place, full of curiosity to see the end of the adventure.

They returned at the appointed hour to the square before the sheik's house, and found there the old man, who told them that the superintendent had granted his request. He led them forward, and, passing the decorated steps and sumptuous door, took them through a little side-entrance, which he closed carefully behind them. He then led them along several passages, till they came to the great hall. Here, on every side, was a dense throng. Here were richly-clad gentlemen, great noblemen of Alexandria, and friends of the sheik, who had come to console him in his afflictions. Here, also, were slaves, of all nations and all conditions. But all looked grave and mournful; for they loved and sympathized with the aged mourner. At the end of the hall sat Ali's most valued friends, waited upon by slaves. The sheik himself sat on the floor near by, sorrow for his son forbidding him to take his seat on the carpets of indulgence. His head was supported in his hand, and he seemed to hear little of the consolations which his friends whispered in his ear. Several men, in the dress of slaves, sat opposite. The old stranger informed his young friends that these were to be lib-

erated on this day by Ali Banu. There were several Franks among them, and the old man called the attention of his friends to one of these, who was of distinguished beauty and extreme youth. The sheik had purchased him a few days previously of a slave-dealer of Tunis, at an enormous price, and gave him his freedom thus early, in the belief that the more Franks he restored to their native land, the sooner would the Prophet release his son from captivity.

After refreshments had been passed around among the entire assembly, the sheik gave a signal to his superintendent. The latter rose, and a profound silence reigned throughout the hall. He stepped in front of the slaves set apart to be liberated, and said, in impressive tones: "Men, who are this day to be restored to freedom through the favor of my Lord Ali Banu, do now what is customary in this house on this day, and begin your narrations."

The slaves addressed whispered a moment among themselves. Thereupon an aged captive took up the word, and commenced.

NOSEY, THE DWARF.

O, MASTER! those persons are much deceived, who believe that fairies and magicians have ceased to exist since the times of Haroun Al-Raschid, sovereign of Bagdad, or who assert that those stories of the doings of genii, which one hears from story-tellers in the market-place, are all untrue. There are fairies in existence at this very day; and I myself was witness, not a great



NOSEY THE DWARF.

while since, of an incident in which genii manifestly had a hand, and which I will now relate to you.

Many years ago, in a considerable city of my dear native land, Germany, lived a cobbler and his wife. The cobbler sat daily at the corner of the street, mending shoes and slippers, and making new ones when any one would trust him with the commission. His wife sold herbs and fruits, which she cultivated in a little garden before her house ; and many persons bought of her in preference to any other person, because her dress was always clean and neat, and she knew how to spread out and arrange her herbs in an attractive fashion.

This old couple had a son, of agreeable face and figure, and, for a lad of twelve years of age, well grown. He usually sat by the old lady in the market-place, to carry home fruits and vegetables for the housewives who bought of his mother ; and he rarely came back from such errands without some pretty flower, or bit of money, or some nice trifle to eat ; for the masters and mistresses were always glad to see the boy's pleasant face at their houses, and used to reward him handsomely.

The shoemaker's wife was sitting one day, as usual, in the market ; before her stood her baskets of herbs, cabbages, roots, and vegetables, and in a smaller one a choice lot of early pears, apples, and apricots. Little Jacob was sitting near her, and calling the wares in his high, shrill voice : " Here, gentlemen, see what fine cabbages and elegant vegetables we have ! Ladies, here are early pears, apples, and apricots ! Who buys ? Who buys ? My mother sells very cheap." While the boy was shouting his recommendations in this way, an old woman entered the market. Her clothes were tattered and shabby, and she had a little, pointed face, wrinkled

with age, red eyes, and a sharp, hooked nose hanging down to her chin. She walked leaning on a long cane, but it was hard to see how she managed to get along; for she hobbled and stumbled so much that it seemed as if she had sticks in her legs, and would tumble down and scratch her long nose on the pavement every instant.

The shoemaker's wife watched this old woman attentively. She had sat now for sixteen years in the market-place every day, and had never before seen so singular a figure; and she shrank involuntarily when the old creature hobbled up to her, and stopped before her baskets.

"Are you Hannah, who sells greens?" inquired the old woman, in a harsh, disagreeable voice, shaking her head incessantly.

"Yes," answered the shoemaker's wife: "do you wish to buy?"

"Perhaps so, perhaps so: let us see your cabbages; you may have what I want," replied the old beldame, bending down over the baskets, and feeling of the vegetables with her brown, skinny hands. She picked out the nicely-spread cabbages with her long, spider-fingers, and, bringing them one after the other to her nose, smelt them all over. The heart of the shoemaker's wife was in her mouth when she saw the old crone treating her delicate greens in this way, but she ventured no remark; for every buyer had a right to examine the goods, and she felt, moreover, a mysterious dread of the old creature. After the latter had gone through the entire stock, she muttered: "Miserable trash! wretched stuff! nothing here to suit me! Things used to be a great deal better fifty years ago. Worthless stuff! worthless stuff!"

Such criticisms disgusted little Jacob extremely. "Hark! you are a shameless old woman," he cried angrily; "first you grope with your long fingers among the beautiful greens, squeezing them out of shape, and then you hold them to your long, ugly nose, so that nobody who saw you will buy them; and, after all, you call them miserable trash, though the duke's own cook always buys of us!"

The old hag leered at the angry boy, laughed a frightful laugh, and said, in a harsh voice:

"Sonny, sonny! So my nose displeases you, hey; my long, handsome nose? Then you shall have one yourself hanging down to your chin."

While speaking, she slipped along to the other basket, and, taking up one of the finest white cabbage-heads in her hand, squeezed it together till you could hear it groan, and then, throwing it carelessly into the basket again, said: "Miserable trash! miserable trash!"

"Don't wag your head about so frightfully," cried the little boy, in great wrath. "Your neck is as lean as a cabbage-stalk, and may break off as easily, and then your head would fall into our basket. Who do you think would buy then?"

"So you don't like my long, lean neck?" muttered the old woman, laughing. "Then you shall have none at all; your head shall stick close to your shoulders, so it cannot fall off from your little puny body."

"Don't chatter such stuff to the little boy," said the shoemaker's wife, angry at the incessant inspecting, fingering, and smelling. "If you wish to buy anything, make haste, for you frighten away the rest of my customers."

"Very good; so be it, then," cried the old woman,

with a savage glance. "I will take these six cabbage-heads ; but, you see, I must lean on my stick here, and can carry nothing, of course. Let your son carry them home for me, and I will pay him handsomely."

The boy felt little inclined to go, and began to cry, for he felt a horror at the hideous hag ; but his mother sternly ordered him to do so, for she thought it a sin to impose such a burden on the feeble old creature. So, half crying, he obeyed her commands, and, collecting the cabbages into a basket, followed the beldame out of the market.

She moved along very slowly, and it was nearly three quarters of an hour before she halted at a small, tumble-down house in a remote quarter of the city. There she drew an old, rusty key from her pocket, and thrust it dexterously into a little hole in the door, which flew open, creaking loudly. But fancy little Jacob's astonishment when he entered the house ! The interior of the building was furnished magnificently : the walls and ceilings were of marble, the furniture of the finest ebony, inlaid with gold and precious stones, while the floors were of glass, and, withal, so polished and smooth that little Jacob slipped and fell on them several times. The old woman now drew from her pocket a little silver pipe, and blew a blast which sounded shrilly through the house. Several guinea-pigs rushed immediately up stairs, and Jacob was filled with profound astonishment at seeing that they walked upright on their hind legs, wore nutshells on their feet instead of shoes, and were dressed from head to tail in men's clothes.

"Where are my slippers, you vile rabble ?" cried the old lady, striking among them with her cane. "How long must I stand here in this condition ?"

They ran hastily down stairs, and returned with a

couple of cocoa-nut shells, lined with leather, which they put dexterously on the old woman's feet.

All her hobbling and slipping were at an end. Throwing her stick away, and taking Jacob's hand, she slid with great speed across the glass floor. At length she paused in a room bearing some resemblance to a kitchen, though the tables were made of polished mahogany, and the sofas, which were covered with rich damask, would have better suited a drawing-room.

"Sit down," said the old witch very kindly, pushing him into the corner of a sofa, and shoving a table before him so that he could not escape; "sit down. You have had a heavy load to carry; men's heads are far from light, far from light."

"What are you talking so strangely for, ma'am?" cried the little fellow. "I am tired, I know, but it was the cabbages I carried which made me so; you bought them of my mother, you remember."

"Ha, ha, you are mistaken," laughed the old woman, uncovering the basket, and taking out a human head by a tuft of hair. The boy was beside himself with horror; he could not comprehend how such a thing had happened, and his thoughts reverted to his mother. "If any one were to hear of these human heads," he thought to himself, "my mother would certainly be informed against."

"I must give you some little present now, since you are so obliging," muttered the hag; "wait a few moments, child, and I will get you a morsel to eat, which you will remember till the day of your death."

Saying this, she again blew her pipe. Several guinea-pigs instantly appeared, dressed in cooks' aprons, with ladles and carving-knives stuck in their girdles. These were followed by a troop of nimble squirrels, wearing

wide Turkish trousers, walking upright, and with caps of green velvet on their heads. These last seemed to be the scullions of the establishment, for they clambered with great celerity up the walls, and bringing down pans, dishes, eggs and butter, and herbs and meal, carried them to the hearth. At the fire-place the old lady was bustling about very busily in her slippers of cocoa-nut shell, and the boy saw that she was cooking some very nice treat for him. The fire began to blaze, the pans steamed and boiled, a pleasant smell filled the room, and the old woman kept running up and down, with the guinea-pigs and squirrels at her heels, and, every time she came near the hearth, poking her long nose into the pot. At length the contents began to hiss and bubble, steam ascended from the pot, and froth flew out into the fire. She took it off the hearth, poured some of the contents into a silver saucer, and set it before little Jacob.

"There, little son," said she, "eat this nice porridge; you never tasted anything so nice in all your life. And you shall be a skilful cook, lad, and be a famous man yet; but the cabbages, — no, you will never find the cabbages; why had n't your mother any cabbages in her basket?"

The little boy understood very little of what she said, but directed his whole energies upon the porridge, which he found excellent. His mother had made him a great many nice titbits, but never any so good as this. The vapor of his herbs and cabbages rose to his nostrils, and the porridge was very strong and thick. While he was supping up the last drops of the precious fluid, the guinea-pigs lighted some Arabian incense, which floated in azure clouds through the room. Thicker and thicker grew the clouds, the vapor exercising a magic influence

on the little boy. Remind himself as often as he pleased that he ought to go back to his mother, — recover his consciousness as often as he might, he would sink back irresistibly into slumber again; and at length he lay sound asleep on the old woman's sofa. Strange dreams visited his slumbers. It seemed to him that the old woman had taken off his clothes, and dressed him instead in the skin of a squirrel. He could now spring and climb like a squirrel, and serve his mistress about the house with the rest of the little animals, whom he found very sensible, intelligent creatures. At first he was employed merely as a shoeblack; that is, he had to rub with oil and polish brightly the cocoa-nut shells which the old lady used for slippers. As he had often been engaged in this business at home, these duties came easily to his hand. At the end of a year he dreamed he was appointed to higher duties. With several other squirrels he was employed to gather atoms from the sunbeams, and, after collecting a sufficient quantity, sift them through the finest hair-sieves. The old woman prized these sun-atoms as precious esculents, and, being unable to bite for want of teeth, prepared her bread from these impalpable particles.

At the end of another year he was promoted to the office of collector of water for the old lady's drinking. Do not imagine that a cistern of this fluid stood ready in the garden, or that they resorted to a cask in the court-yard, placed there to collect the rain. Their duties were far more onerous. Jacob and the squirrels had to draw dew from roses, in shells of hazel-nuts; and, this being the only drink used by their dainty mistress, and her thirst being excessive, the offices of these little water-carriers were far from sinecures.

Another year passed, and he was appointed to ser-

vice within the house. It was now his duty to keep the floors unsoiled, and these being made of glass, which betrayed the faintest breath, his cares of office were extremely burdensome. He and his fellow-laborers were compelled to brush them incessantly, and travel dexterously about the room with their feet wrapped in old rags.

After four years' service he was promoted to the kitchen; an honorable post, to be attained only after long preliminary training. There Jacob rose gradually from scullion to first pastry-maker, and acquired by degrees such extraordinary skill in everything appertaining to the art of cookery, that he was often lost in wonder at his own accomplishments. The most difficult and delicate compounds, — pastry flavored with two hundred essences, herb-soups composed of all the vegetables of the earth, — all these he learned to prepare with the greatest skill and celerity.

Seven years had thus passed in the service of the old woman, when one day, while she drew off her cocoa-nut shoes, and took her basket and cane to go out, she directed him to pluck a young chicken, stuff it with herbs, and roast it beautifully brown and crisp, against she came back. He began according to all the rules of art. He twisted the chicken's neck, scalded it in hot water, skilfully drew out its feathers, and scraped its skin till it was smooth and soft. He then began to get together the herbs to make the stuffing. While doing this, he discovered in the herb-room a cupboard, which he had never before noticed. Approaching it curiously to see what it contained, he saw, to his surprise, numerous little baskets standing inside, from which issued a strong and delightful odor. Opening one of them he found in it a plant of extraordinary

shape and color. The stalks and leaves were of a bluish-green, and bore aloft a small flower of burning red, edged with yellow. While gazing thoughtfully at this flower, and smelling of it, the same strong odor streamed out which had ascended to his nostrils years ago from the broth which the old woman had cooked for him; the smell was so powerful that he began to sneeze, and the sneezing became more and more violent, till at last — he woke up.

He found himself lying on the old woman's sofa, and looked round him in bewilderment. "It is astonishing how vivid one's dreams are sometimes!" said he to himself. "I could have sworn just now that I was a filthy squirrel, a companion of guinea-pigs and other brutes, and that I had become a wonderful cook. How mother will laugh when I tell her the story! But I'm afraid she will scold me, too, for going to sleep in a strange house, instead of helping her in the market." With these reflections he picked himself up to take his departure; but his limbs were still stiff from sleeping, and he found it impossible to turn his head, and he laughed heartily at his excessive sleepiness, too, for he was constantly thrusting his nose against a cupboard, or the wall, or striking it against the door-post when he turned hastily round. The squirrels and guinea-pigs ran whining around him, as if they wanted to go away also, and he invited them to do so when he reached the threshold; but they ran swiftly back into the house on their nut-shell shoes, and he could hear them yelping in the far distance as he walked away.

It was a remote quarter of the city to which the old beldame had taken him, and he could scarcely find his way out of the narrow lanes. There was a great throng of people in them besides, and the boy thought to him-

self that there must be a dwarf to be seen somewhere in the neighborhood, for he heard cries everywhere about him of, "Ho! see the ugly dwarf! Where does this dwarf come from? Ho, what a long nose he has! and how his head sticks to his shoulders! and see his hideous brown hands!" At any other time he would have lingered to follow this creature, for he liked nothing so much in his life as to see giants and dwarfs, and similar monstrosities; but now he was in too great a hurry to get home to his mother.

He felt ready to cry when he came to the market-place. His mother was still sitting where he had left her, with a good deal of fruit left in her baskets, so that he could not have slept a great while; and yet, it seemed to him, from the distance, as if she were looking very sad and unhappy, for she did not call to the passers-by to come and buy her wares, but was sitting silent, with her head supported in her hand; and, as he came nearer, the thought struck him that she seemed paler than usual. He hesitated what to do, but he plucked up courage at last, and creeping behind her, laid his hand confidently on her shoulder, and said, "Mother, what is the matter? Are you angry with me?"

The woman turned round to look at him, but started back with a cry of horror.

"What do you want with me, you frightful dwarf?" she shrieked. "Away with you! I will not bear such tom-foolery!"

"But, mother, what possesses you? Don't you know me?" asked little Jacob, terrified. "You are surely ill. Why do you drive your own son away from you?"

"I told you to begone," answered Hannah, angrily.

“ You will get no money from me by such tricks, you frightful abortion ! ”

“ Alas ! God has taken away her understanding ! ” said Jacob, greatly alarmed. “ What shall I do to get her home ? Dear mother, be reasonable a moment ; look at me ; I am your son, your own Jacob. ”

“ O, this is too shameless ! ” cried Hannah to her neighbors. “ Look at this hideous dwarf ; he stands here driving away all my customers, and dares to make a jest of my misfortunes. He calls himself my son, my own Jacob ! the monster ! ”

At this her neighbors gathered round, and began to scold him with all their might, — and market-women, you know, understand that art perfectly, — and abused him for jesting at poor Hannah’s unhappiness, who had had her pretty son stolen seven years before ; and they threatened to fall upon him and tear him to pieces, unless he went away instantly.

Poor Jacob could not tell what to make of all this. He had come, as he believed, early this very morning, as usual, with his mother to the market-place. He had helped to set out her fruit ; had afterwards gone to the house of the old woman, and dropped asleep for a few hours ; and now here he was back again, and yet his mother and the neighbors talked about seven years ! and they called him a disgusting dwarf ! “ What,” thought he, “ can have happened to me ? ” Seeing that his mother would have nothing to say to him, his eyes filled with tears, and he went sadly down the street to the shop where his father mended shoes during the day. “ I will see,” he thought to himself, “ whether he refuses to know me too. I will stand at the door and speak to him. ” When he came to the shoemaker’s shop, he stopped at the door and looked

in. The shoemaker was so busy with his work that he did not see him at first; but casting accidentally a glance at the door, he dropped shoe, awl, and thread on the floor, and exclaimed in terror, "For God's sake, what is that! what is that!"

"Good evening, master," said the boy, coming into the shop. "How do you do?"

"Badly, badly, little gentleman," answered his father, to Jacob's great astonishment; for he too appeared not to recognize him. "Business comes in very slow. I am all alone, and growing old now, and yet I can't afford a journeyman."

"But have you no son, who could be of assistance to you?" inquired the boy.

"I had a son once, named Jacob, who ought to be now a slim, strong lad of twenty, able to tuck me cleverly under his arm. Ah! what a clever fellow he would have been! When he was only twelve years old he was so intelligent, and skilful, and understood even then so many handy tricks, and was so pleasant and pretty! Ah! he would have drawn me customers, I'll be bound! I should n't have had to cobble much, I warrant. None but new shoes made here then! But so goes the world!"

"But where is your son?" asked Jacob, in a trembling voice.

"God only knows," he answered. "Seven years ago, — yes, full that, — he was stolen from the marketplace."

"Seven years ago!" cried Jacob, with horror.

"Yes, little gentleman, seven years ago. I can see my wife, as if it were to-day, come crying and shrieking home, saying that the child had been away the whole day, and that she had hunted for him everywhere, and

could not find him. I always expected it would be so ; for Jacob was a pretty boy, though I say it that should n't say it, and my wife was very proud, and liked to hear people praise him, and often sent him with vegetables, and such like, to the great houses. That was all right ; he was always handsomely tipped ; but, said I, take care ; the city is large ; many bad people live in it : take care of little Jacob ! And so it turned out. There comes, at last, an ugly old woman to the market, bargains for fruit, and buys so much in the end that she can't carry it home. My wife, tender soul ! sends the little boy with her, and — he has never been seen from that day to this."

" And that is now seven years, you say ? "

" Seven years next spring. We sent the crier about ; we went ourselves from house to house asking for him. Many persons knew the handsome boy, and liked him, and hunted with us. But all in vain ; and nobody knew the woman who bought the fruit. But a decrepit old lady, ninety years old, said it might possibly have been the wicked fairy, Krauterweis, who comes out once every fifty years to make purchases."

While saying this, Jacob's father sat pounding his shoe bravely, and drawing out his threads with both fists. It was growing evident to the little lad that what he had gone through was no dream, and that he had actually served seven years as a squirrel with the wicked fairy. Anger and grief filled his heart almost to bursting. Seven years of his life the old hag had stolen from him, and what remuneration had he to show for it ? He could polish slippers of cocconut shell, and could clean chambers with floors of glass, and he had learned from the guinea-pigs the mysteries of cooking ! He stood thus a good while, thinking of his fate, and

at last, his father asked him : " Would you like something of my manufacture, young gentleman ? Perhaps a pair of slippers would suit you ; or," added he, laughing, " perhaps a leathern case for your nose ? "

" Why do you refer to my nose ? " inquired Jacob. " Why should I like a case for it ? "

" Nay," answered the shoemaker ; " every one to his taste : but I must say, if I had such a terrible nose, I would have a case made for it at once of red shiny leather. Look, sir, I have a beautiful piece handy : you would require a yard of it at least. But, consider how well you would be protected. With a case, you might knock it against every door-post ; you might even let a cart run over it, and never hurt you."

The little fellow stood dumb with horror. He felt of his nose, and found it thick, heavy, and two feet long ! The old woman, then, had altered his shape ! This was the reason why his mother did not know him, and why everybody called him a hideous dwarf ! " Master," said he, half crying, " have you a looking-glass at hand, in which I can look at myself ? "

" Young gentleman," answered his father gravely, " you have no cause to be vain of the figure nature has given you, and no good reason to be looking all the time in the glass. Give up the habit, I advise you. In your case nothing can be more ridiculous."

" Alas ! please let me look in your looking-glass," cried the little fellow. " Believe me, it is not from vanity."

" Don't bother me, young gentleman. I have no such thing in the shop," replied the cobbler. " My wife has a little one, I believe, but I don't know where she hides it. If you must have a looking-glass, Urban, the barber, lives across the street, and he has one twice as big

as your head. Go look into his ; and now, good-morning."

With these words, his father pushed him gently out of the shop, and, shutting the door behind him, went back to his work. The boy went across the street, in a very miserable state of mind, to Urban, the barber's, whom he had known very well in former times.

"Good-morning, Urban," said he to him. "I've come to beg as a favor that you will let me look a moment in your looking-glass."

"With all the pleasure in the world ; there it is," cried the barber, laughing, and the customers waiting to be shaved laughed uproariously with him. "You are a pretty lad, I must confess ; so slender and graceful, with a neck like a swan, hands like a queen, and a nose which I never saw equalled ! You have some reason to be vain, to be sure. Take a good look, sir ; take a good look. Nobody shall say I refused you permission out of envy of your beauty."

A rude horse-laugh filled the barber's shop, while the boy walked to the mirror and looked at his reflection. Tears streamed from his eyes as he gazed. "No wonder you did not recognize your little son Jacob, dear mother," said he to himself. His eyes had grown small like a pig's ; his nose was huge and hung down over his chin ; his neck seemed to have disappeared, and his head was joined to his shoulders ; it was with the greatest difficulty he could turn it from one side to the other. His body was of the same size as it had been seven years previously, when he was twelve years of age ; but, while others grew in height from twelve to twenty, he had only increased in breadth, and his back and breast were curved like a bow, and looked like a little, well-filled sack. This extraordinary trunk was

supported on a pair of small, weak legs, very ill-adapted to sustain the burthen, while the arms, which hung down at his sides, were as large as those of a well-grown man. His hands were yellow, and his fingers long and spidery, and, when he extended them to their full length, he could touch the ground without stooping. Such was little Jacob's appearance as he looked in the glass. He had been changed into a small, misshapen dwarf.

His thoughts went back to that morning when the old witch had examined his mother's baskets. Everything which he had then ridiculed,— the long nose, the hideous fingers, — she had now given to him ; and the long, trembling neck was the only thing she had omitted.

“ Well, have you inspected yourself long enough, my prince ? ” said the barber, stepping up and looking him over with a laugh. “ Upon my word, if a man should attempt to dream such a figure, he could never imagine one so comical. Come, I will make you an offer, my little man. My barber's shop has a great deal of custom, of course, but, still, not so much as I should like. The reason is, my neighbor Lather, the barber, has picked up a giant somewhere, who draws customers. Now, a giant is one thing, but a manikin like you is another. Come into my service, little chap ; you shall be found everything, lodging, eating, drinking, clothes, pocket-money. Your duty shall be to stand at the door every morning, and invite the people in ; or make the lather, and hand napkins to the customers ; and you may feel sure we shall both of us make by it, — I get more customers than that fellow with the giant, and you will get pocket-money from everybody.”

The boy felt, inwardly, bitterly outraged at the proposal that he should act as the barber's decoy-bird. But he was in no condition to resent the insult; so he quietly told the barber that he had no time to spend in such occupations, and left the shop.

Although the old harridan had changed his body, he felt a consciousness that she had failed to affect his mind, for he saw that his thoughts and feelings were no longer juvenile, as they had been seven years previously; nay, he believed he had become much wiser and more intelligent in this interval. He did not mourn the loss of his departed beauty, nor sigh at the ugliness of his present figure. His sole cause of unhappiness was that he had been hunted like a dog from his father's door. He resolved to make another and final effort to convince his mother of his identity.

He went up to her, as she sat in the market-place, and entreated her to listen patiently to his story. He reminded her of the day on which he had gone away with the old woman; he reminded her of all the little events of his childhood; he then told her that he had served seven years with the fairy, as a squirrel, and that she had transformed him because he had once insulted her. The shoemaker's wife knew not what to think. Everything was true which he had told concerning his childhood, but when he added that he had been a squirrel for seven years, she said: "It is impossible, and there are no such things as fairies;" and when she looked at him, she shuddered with disgust, and would not believe him to be her son. She decided, at last, that she had better consult with her husband; so she collected her baskets together

and directed him to follow. They went to the shoe-maker's shop together.

"Husband," said she, "see here : this man insists that he is our son Jacob. He has told me everything, how he was stolen seven years ago, and how he has been bewitched by a fairy."

"Indeed !" interrupted the cobbler, in a contemptuous tone. "Has he been telling you all this? The scoundrel ! Why, I told him the whole story not an hour ago, and now he goes and makes a fool of you. So you have been bewitched, my man? Wait a minute, and I will exorcise you." Saying this, he took down a bundle of straps, which he had just cut, and, springing on the little pigmy, beat him over his crooked back and long arms, till the dwarf shrieked with pain and ran away crying.

In that city, as everywhere else, there were very few compassionate souls, ready to assist an unfortunate person, whose misery rendered him also ridiculous. Hence it was, that our unhappy dwarf went the whole day without food or drink, and at night was forced to make his bed as best he might on the cold, hard steps of a church.

When the early beams of the rising sun awoke him the next morning from his slumbers, he considered seriously how he should earn his daily bread, since his father and mother had repudiated him. He had too much pride to act as a barber's decoy-duck, and he was unwilling to hire himself to a showman, and be exhibited for money. What was he to do? It occurred to his recollection, that, during his squirrel existence, he had made much progress in the science of cookery ; and he believed, with good reason, that he might venture to back his skill against many a cook of

high reputation. He resolved to avail himself of his accomplishments.

As soon as the streets grew busy, and the day had really begun, he entered the church, and performed his devotions, and then set about the accomplishment of his plans. The duke of the country was a notorious glutton and gormandizer, fond of a good table, and hunting for skilful cooks in every quarter of the globe. Our dwarf betook himself to his palace. Coming to the outer gate, the sentries at the door demanded his business, and made him the butt of their brutal ridicule; but, undisturbed by their laughter, he inquired for the director of the kitchen. They conducted him through the court-yard into the palace, and, wherever he appeared, all the servants stopped in what they were about, stared after him, and, laughing uproariously, joined the procession, so that by degrees a large train of servants of every degree approached the palace stairs; the hostlers threw down their curry-combs, the runners ran, the carpet-cleaners forgot to beat their carpets; all crowded after the misshapen pigmy. There was an uproar as if an enemy were at the gates, and the air was filled with a universal cry of: "A dwarf! a dwarf! Have you seen the dwarf?"

At this moment the superintendent of the palace appeared at the door, with an angry look on his face, and a huge whip in his hand. "For heaven's sake, ye hounds, why this noise? Do you forget that the duke is asleep?" And, swinging his whip round his head, he brought it down heavily on the backs of the hostlers and sentries. "Sir! sir!" cried they, "don't you see? we are bringing a dwarf, — a dwarf, such as you never saw in your life."

The superintendent with difficulty suppressed a

stentorian laugh, when he caught sight of the diminutive lad ; for he feared, by laughing, to injure his dignity. So, driving the rabble away with his whip, he led the boy into the palace, and inquired his business. When he heard that the latter desired to see the head cook, he replied : “ You have made a mistake, my little fellow ; you want to see me, the superintendent of the palace, I am sure. You would be the duke’s dwarf, would you not ? ”

“ No, your honor,” answered the dwarf ; “ I am a skilful cook, and learned in the composition of all rare delicacies for the table. Would you be so good as to take me to the chief cook ? Perhaps he may find my services useful.”

“ Every one to his taste, little man ; but you are a foolish chap, and don’t know your own good. The kitchen you want, is it ? As the duke’s dwarf, now, you would have had no work to do, beautiful clothes to wear, and as much to eat and drink as your heart could wish. However, we shall see. Your skill in cooking will hardly amount to what is wanted in the duke’s cook, and you are too good for a scullion.”

With these words, the superintendent took him by the hand, and led him into the pantry of the overseer of the kitchen.

“ Excellent sir,” said the dwarf to the overseer, bowing so low that he rubbed his long nose against the carpet, “ Are you in want of a skilful cook ? ”

The director of the kitchen looked him all over from head to foot, and burst into a loud laugh. “ What ! ” he cried ; “ you a cook ! Do you think our ovens are low enough for a little fellow like you to look into, without standing on tiptoe and stretching your head clean off your shoulders ? You little jewel, whoever

has sent you to me for a cook, has sent you on a fool's errand." Saying this, the director laughed heartily, in chorus with the superintendent and all the servants who were in the room.

The dwarf, however, was not to be diverted from his purpose. "What matters an egg or two," said he, "and a little sirup and wine, with a little meal and spice, in a house like this? Only give me some dainty trifle to get up, and find me what I need for it, and I will get it ready before your eyes, so that you shall be compelled to say, 'He is a cook of science and genius.'" The dwarf continued to urge these and similar arguments, his eyes gleaming, his long nose twisting, and his spidery fingers working, as if emphasizing his words. "Very well!" said the director, at length, taking the superintendent by the arm. "Very well, for the joke's sake, so be it; come."

They passed through several halls and corridors, and came at last to the kitchen. This was a lofty, spacious apartment, nobly arranged and fitted up; huge fires burned on twenty hearths; a stream of transparent water flowed down the middle, containing-fish; the provisions were stored in compartments of marble and costly woods, ever ready to the hand; and on either side were ten store-rooms, in which were gathered in large quantities whatever rare and choice delicacies can be found for man's palate in all Europe and the East. Servants of every grade were running to and fro, rattling and clattering among pots and pans; but the instant the director entered the kitchen every one stood motionless, in whatever part of the room he chanced to be, and the only sounds to be heard in the apartment were the crackling of the fire and the rippling of the stream.

"What has the duke ordered for breakfast, this morning?" the director inquired of the chief breakfast-cook, an old and venerable man.

"My lord, he has ordered the Danish soup, and red Hamburg dumplings."

"Good," said the director. "You heard the duke's orders, my little man? Do you think you can cook these difficult articles? You will certainly fail in the dumplings, for their manufacture is a secret."

"Nothing easier," said the dwarf, to the general surprise of those present; he had often prepared these delicacies while a squirrel. "Nothing easier. Let me have, for the soup, such and such herbs, such and such spices, the feet of a wild pig, and greens and eggs. But for the dumplings," said he, in a lower tone, so that only the director and the breakfast-cook might hear, "for the dumplings I need meat of four sorts, some duck's fat, a little ginger, and a certain herb called *Magentrost* (stomach-warmer)."

"Ho! by Saint Benedict! Of what magician have you learned your art?" cried the cook, in astonishment. "He has described the receipt to a hair; and the herb *Magentrost* we knew nothing about. Ay, that must be a vast improvement. O, you miracle among cooks!"

"I should never have thought it," said the superintendent. "However, let him give us a proof of his skill. Give him the things he wants, utensils and all, and let him get up the breakfast."

The servants were told to obey his orders, and everything was placed in readiness on the hearth. But it was found that his nose scarcely reached the level of the fireplace. Two chairs were therefore set together, a block of marble placed on them, and the little prodigy invited to commence his demonstration. The cooks,

scullions, and servants, stood round in a wide circle, and witnessed with astonishment the dexterity and nimbleness of his hands, and the delicacy and elegance of the results of his labors. When he had completed all his preliminary arrangements, he directed that both the pots should be set on the fire and permitted to simmer till he should give the word; then he began to count, one, two, three, and so on, till, exactly at five hundred, he cried out, "Halt!" The pots were taken off the fire, and the dwarf invited the director to taste.

The master-cook caused one of the scullions to bring him a golden spoon, and, washing it in the brook, handed it to the director. The latter stepped to the hearth with a solemn air, took up a little of the food in the spoon, and, tasting it, shut his eyes and smacked his lips with delight, exclaiming:

"Delicious! by the life of the duke, delicious! Would you like a spoon, superintendent?"

The latter bowed, took the spoon, and tasted, and was beside himself with delight. "With all respect for your great skill, breakfast-maker, and I know you to be a very accomplished man, you have never made in all your life such admirable soup, and such delicious Hamburg dumplings as these."

The cook now tasted in his turn, and, shaking the dwarf with reverence by the hand, said to him, "Pigmy, you are a master of your profession! That *Magentrost* does indeed impart a unique and miraculous flavor to the entire compound."

At this moment the duke's groom of the chambers entered the kitchen, and said that his grace was inquiring for his breakfast. The soup and dumplings were straightway served upon silver dishes, and sent to the duke, the director of the kitchen meanwhile taking the

little wonder into his private room to converse with him. They had been there hardly as long as it takes to recite a paternoster (which is a sort of prayer of the Franks, my lord, not half as long as the prayers of true believers), when a message came, summoning the director into the duke's presence. He put on a dress-suit as rapidly as he could, and followed the messenger.

The duke's countenance wore an expression of extreme satisfaction. He had swallowed the whole contents of the silver dishes, and was wiping his beard as the director entered. "Look, director," said the duke, "I have been invariably delighted with your cooks; but tell me who it was that cooked my breakfast this morning. It was never so delicious since I mounted the throne of my ancestors. Tell me the name of the cook, that I may send him a token of my gratitude."

"Please your highness, it's a wonderful story," answered the director of the kitchen, and told him how, early that morning, a dwarf had been brought to him, who insisted on being a cook, and how everything had turned out. The duke, greatly surprised, called the dwarf into his presence, and asked him who he was, and whence he came. Of course little Jacob could not tell the duke that he had been bewitched, and had been serving hitherto in the capacity of a squirrel. Still he adhered to the truth when he stated that he was without father or mother, and had studied his art with an old woman. The duke inquired no further, but made merry over the extraordinary figure of his new cook.

"If you will stay in my service," said he, "your wages shall be fifty ducats a year, besides a suit of clothes and two extra pairs of trousers. In return, you must cook my breakfast every day with your own hands, look after the dressing of my dinner, and take general

charge of my kitchen. As every one in my palace receives his name from me, your name shall be Nosey, and you shall hold the rank of sub-kitchen-inspector."

Nosey fell at the feet of the mighty duke, and, kissing his shoes, swore to serve him faithfully.

Thus, at length, was the little fellow well provided for; and his subsequent efforts covered his office with glory. It can be safely asserted that the duke was a different man during Nosey's administration. Hitherto he had often been pleased to throw the dishes and plates at his cook's head: nay, he once struck the director himself so violently on the head with a baked calf's foot, which he declared was too tough, that he fell senseless to the ground, and was obliged to keep his bed three days. To be sure, the duke repaired whatever damages his anger inflicted, by the gift of handfuls of ducats; but, notwithstanding, his cooks never entered his highness' presence without fear and trembling. Since the arrival of the dwarf, however, everything seemed magically changed. The duke now took five instead of three meals every day, so as to get the full benefit of his diminutive servant's skill, and never showed the faintest indication of discontent. On the contrary, everything the dwarf prepared he declared to be original and excellent. He became amiable and condescending, and grew fatter every day.

He frequently summoned the kitchen-director and Nosey into his presence while dining, and, seating one on his right hand and the other on his left, would shove bits of the choicest delicacies into their mouths with his own fingers, an honor which both well knew how to appreciate.

The dwarf was the wonder of the city. People craved of the kitchen-director, with tears in their eyes,

to be permitted to see the sub-inspector cook, and some of the most distinguished men of the dukedom obtained permission to send their servants to the royal kitchen to take lessons from Nosey by the hour ; a proceeding which brought him in no little money, for each paid a half ducat daily. To keep the other cooks in good-humor, and prevent any feeling of jealousy, Nosey resigned to them all the money which the gentlemen paid for the instruction of their servants.

In this way Nosey passed two years in extreme comfort and honor ; and the only reflection causing him a pang was the memory of his parents. Thus he lived, with nothing remarkable to disturb the even tenor of his way, till the following event occurred. Being exceedingly skilful and fortunate in his purchases, he went in person, as often as time permitted him, to the market, to procure poultry and fruit for the duke's table. He went one morning to the goose-market, and made inquiries for fat geese, of which his highness was extremely fond. His appearance, so far from exciting laughter and ridicule, inspired the greatest respect and veneration, for he was well known as the duke's famous master-cook, and every market-woman felt herself fortunate if he so much as turned his nose in her direction.

He saw at length a woman sitting in a corner, at the extreme end of the row, who had geese for sale like the rest, but who did not, like them, commend her wares or shout to buyers to come and purchase. He went up to her and examined and weighed her geese. They proved to be such as he wanted, and, buying three, with the cage containing them, hoisted them upon his broad shoulders and trudged back to the palace. It struck him as singular that only two of the geese gabbled and screamed like common birds, while the third

sat perfectly silent and absorbed, heaving deep sighs, and groaning like a human being. "This one is sick," said he to himself; "I must make haste to kill and dress her." The goose answered, in a perfectly distinct and audible voice :

"One movement of thy murd'rous knife,
And instant snaps thy thread of life !
By fear, if not by love, be stayed ;
Then, stranger, spare, O, spare thy blade !"

Nosey the dwarf, much terrified, set down his cage on the ground, and the goose, sighing profoundly, gazed at him with her beautiful, intelligent eyes. "The deuce !" cried Nosey. "So you can talk, Miss Goose ? I should never have thought it. Nay, never be so down-hearted. Men are no fools, and no one would put an end to so rare a bird. But I lay a wager, you have not always worn feathers. I myself was once a filthy squirrel."

"You are right," answered the goose ; "I was not born to this ignominious body. Alas ! it was not sung to me in my cradle, that Mimi, the daughter of the great Wetterbock, was to be slain in the kitchen of a duke."

"Make your mind easy, my dear Miss Mimi," said the dwarf, consolingly. "As surely as I am an honest fellow, and sub-kitchen-inspector to his highness the duke, no one shall touch a hair of your head. I will give you a coop in my private room ; you shall have food in abundance, and I will devote all my leisure time to your entertainment. I will tell the rest of the kitchen gentlemen that I am fattening a goose for the duke with a variety of choice herbs ; and, as soon as I find a good opportunity, I will set you at liberty."

The goose thanked him with tears in her eyes, and

the dwarf fulfilled his promise to the letter. He slaughtered the two other geese, but built for Mimi a private coop in his own chamber, and gave out that he was fattening her for the duke's especial eating. He did not furnish her the food usually given to geese, but supplied her with pastry and sweetmeats. All his spare time he spent in conversing with and consoling her. In return she told him her story ; and Nosey learned in this way that the goose was the daughter of the wizard Wetterbock, who lived on the island of Gothland ; that he had a quarrel with an old fairy, who had vanquished him by fraud and artifice, and, having changed her into a goose by way of revenge, had brought her hither, a great distance from her native country. When Nosey had told her his story, also, she said : " I have some experience in such matters. My father has given me and my sisters as much insight into them as he dared to communicate. Your account of the dispute over the vegetable baskets, your sudden transformation on smelling of that herb, and some words let fall by the old woman, which you repeated to me, all convince me that you are under the magical influence of some plant ; and, if you can find the herb which the old fairy used for your enchantment, you can be released."

Poor consolation was this for our diminutive hero, for where was he to find the required vegetable ? But he expressed his thanks for the information, and began to cherish some little hope.

About this time the duke received a visit from a neighboring prince, his friend. He summoned Nosey, the dwarf, before him, and said : " The time has now arrived when you must show yourself a faithful servant, as well as a master of your profession. This prince, who is now making us a visit, is, next to me, the most dis-

tinguished gourmand living. Be careful, therefore, that my table is so attended to that he shall be thrown into profounder admiration every day. With this view, you must never, under fear of my displeasure, produce the same dish twice. You can obtain from my treasurer whatever sums you need. And, if you find yourself obliged to cook diamonds and gold, do so without hesitation. I prefer being impoverished to blushing before my guest."

So spake the duke, and the dwarf answered with a respectful bow: "It shall be as you say, your highness. God willing, everything I make shall be suited precisely to the taste of this prince of good-livers."

The little cook now summoned to his aid all the resources of his art. He had no mercy on the duke's treasury, and was still less lenient to himself. He was seen the whole day long enveloped in a cloud of fire and smoke, and his voice sounded incessantly through the arches of the kitchen; for he ruled the under-cooks and scullions like a sovereign. — My Lord Sheik, I might do here as the camel-drivers of Aleppo do, in the stories they tell to travellers, when they undertake to describe a sumptuous feast. They enlarge by the hour together on every dish set before the guests, awakening thereby great appetites in their listeners, who, in consequence, involuntarily alter their intentions, and halt for dinner, of which, you may be sure, the camel-drivers get an ample share. But I hold this custom more honored in the breach than in the observance, and shall avoid it.

The foreign prince had already staid a fortnight with the duke, and feasted royally. They devoured not less than five meals a day, and the duke was well satisfied with his cook's efforts, for he saw contentment in the

features of his guest. On the fifteenth day, however, it happened that his highness called the dwarf into his presence, and, presenting him to the prince, asked him if his dwarf had pleased him.

"You are a wonderful cook," answered the foreign prince. "During the whole time I have been here, you have not repeated a single dish, and everything has been cooked sublimely. But, pray explain why you have delayed so long in producing that queen of delicacies, the pie Souzeraine?"

The dwarf was much startled, for he had never heard of this pastry-queen; but, summoning his presence of mind, he answered: "May it please your highness, I was in hopes that your presence might still long illuminate this court, and for this reason I delayed this sovereign dish. For with what should your slave testify his veneration at your departure, if not with the pie Souzeraine?"

"So," answered the duke, laughing, "in my case you intended to wait till the day of my death before testifying your veneration. For, I remember, you have never sent up to me this wonderful pastry. But you must devise some other testimonial, for to-morrow you must furnish us with the pie Souzeraine."

"Your will is law, your highness," answered the dwarf, and withdrew. His mind was much agitated, for the day of his disgrace was at hand. He could not imagine the composition of this pie, and retired to his private room, weeping over his unhappy fate. While thus engaged, Mimi the goose, who had the run of his chamber, inquired the cause of his lamentations.

"Dry your tears," said she, when she had heard of the pie Souzeraine; "this dish came often to my father's table, and I know nearly all its ingredients. You

take this and that, so much and so much ; and, even supposing these are not all that are necessary, the tastes of your master and his friend are not delicate enough to discover the deficiencies."

At these words of Mimi, the dwarf sprang up delighted, and, blessing the day on which he had bought the goose, set at once about preparing the queen of pies. He made a little at first by way of experiment, and its flavor was so delicious that the director of the kitchen department, to whom he gave a little to taste, again glorified his inimitable genius.

Next day he prepared a similar pie, of larger size, and sent it to the royal table, warm from the oven, and decorated with wreaths of flowers. He himself slipped on his best court-suit, and took his post in the dining-hall. At the moment he entered, the head carver was cutting up the pie and handing it to the duke and his guest on silver plates. The duke swallowed a huge mouthful, and, casting his eyes up to the ceiling, said, after gulping it down : " Ah ! ah ! ah ! this pie is justly called the pastry-queen ; and my cook is no less the pastry-king ; is he not, my friend ? "

His guest took a small piece on his plate, and, having tasted it with great attention, burst into a scornful laugh. " This thing is well made," he answered, pushing away his plate, " but it is not quite up to the Souze-raine. I expected as much. "

The duke wrinkled his forehead with rage, and blushed with mortification. " Hound of a dwarf ! " he cried, " how dare you play this trick on your master ? Must I have your big head chopped off as a punishment for your infamous cookery ? "

" Alas ! my lord, I swear to heaven I cooked the

dish by all the rules of art ; failure is impossible," replied the dwarf, in an agony of terror.

" It is a lie, you knave ! " shouted the duke, kicking him from one end of the room to the other. " Do you think the prince would say so, if it were not ? I will have you chopped to pieces and baked in a pie yourself ! "

" Have mercy ! " cried the pigmy, falling on his knees, and embracing the prince's feet. " Say, sire, what is wanting to this pastry, to render it acceptable to your palate ? Suffer me not to die for a handful of meat and flour ! "

" It will be useless to tell you, my dear Nosey," answered the stranger with a laugh. " I was thinking all yesterday that you could not make this pie like *my* cook. But, if you must know, it needs an herb, unknown to any one in this country, called Sneeze-with-pleasure ; without this the pie is without flavor, and your master will never eat it as I do. "

The duke was boiling with rage. " But I *will* eat it," he cried, his eyes sparkling with fury ; " for I swear by my princely honor, either I will show it to you to-morrow as you want it, or the head of this scoundrel here shall disfigure the gate of my palace. Go, dog ! I give you four-and-twenty hours' time to retrieve yourself. "

The dwarf repaired to his chamber, and told the goose with many tears that his death was near, for he had never heard of the herb Sneeze-with-pleasure.

" Is that all ? " said she ; " then I can soon help you, for my father taught me every herb that grows. At any other time your death were certain, but fortunately to-night is the new-moon, and at this time the plant is

in flower. Tell me, are there any old chestnut-trees near the palace?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the dwarf with reviving courage. "A large group of them stands on the lake-shore, not two hundred paces from the house. But why do you ask?"

"This herb grows only at the foot of old chestnut-trees," said Mimi. "Let us lose no time, but seek for it at once. Take me under your arm, and set me down when you get into the open air. I will help you hunt for it."

He did as she directed, and went with her to the palace gate. But the sentinel there held out his musket, saying, "My dear Nosey, it is all up with you. I have positive orders not to let you leave the palace."

"But surely I can go into the garden?" answered the dwarf. "Be obliging now; send one of your comrades to the superintendent, and ask him whether I may not go into the garden and hunt for herbs."

The sentinel assented, and permission was given; for the garden had high walls, and escape from it was inconceivable. As soon as the dwarf reached the open air, he set Mimi carefully down, and she went before him rapidly to the lake-shore, where stood the chestnut-trees. He followed her with a beating heart, for it was his last and only hope. Should she fail to find the herb, his resolve was taken unalterably to throw himself into the water, rather than submit to be beheaded. The goose sought everywhere in vain, wandering about under the chestnut-trees, and turning over every tuft of grass with her bill. The herb was nowhere to be found, and she began to cry with compassion and anguish; for the evening was growing darker, and

objects around becoming more and more difficult to recognize.

The dwarf's eyes were turned to the opposite shore of the lake, and he suddenly cried : " See, see, there is a large, old tree on the other side yonder ! Let us go there and search ; perhaps the herb is growing there."

The goose hopped and flew to the spot, and he ran after, as fast as his little legs would let him. The chestnut-tree cast a vast shadow, and it was so dark in its vicinity that scarcely anything could be discerned. But the goose suddenly came to a halt, and, clapping her wings with joy, thrust her head into the tall grass, and plucked out something which she gave in her bill to the astonished dwarf with great caution, saying : " This is your herb, and a great abundance of it is growing here ; so it will never fail you in future."

The dwarf gazed at the plant in deep thought ; a sweet odor was streaming from it, which reminded him involuntarily of the scene of his transformation. The stalk and leaves were a bluish-green, and supported a crimson flower with a yellow edge.

" God be praised ! " he cried, after a pause. " A miracle ! Do you know, Mimi, I think this is the same plant which changed me from a squirrel into this hideous shape ? Shall I make the trial ? "

" Not yet," entreated the goose. " Take a handful of this herb with you, go with me to your room, collect your money and the rest of your property, and then we will try the power of this plant."

Obedient to her directions, the dwarf carried her back to his chamber, his heart beating audibly from excessive anxiety. After tying about fifty ducats, the amount of his savings, with some clothes and shoes into a bundle, he said : " Please God, I will now get

rid of my burthen ;” and, thrusting his nose deep into the flower, he took a long, strong sniff of the fragrance.

He instantly felt a snapping in all his limbs, and was conscious that his head was rising from his shoulders. He took a look at his nose, and saw that it was growing smaller and smaller. His back and breast began to straighten, and his legs grew longer and bigger.

The goose gazed in astonishment at all these changes. “Ha ! how large, how handsome you are !” she exclaimed. “God be praised ! there is not a particle left of what you were a moment ago.”

Jacob was rejoiced beyond measure, and in the abundance of his gratitude folded his hands and prayed. But his joy did not cause him to forget the extent of his obligations to Mimi. His heart impelled him to fly at once to his parents, but he repressed the impulse, and said to his invaluable ally : “Whom have I to thank but you, that I am restored again to myself ? Without you I should never have found this herb ; without you I should have retained forever this frightful figure, or perhaps have died under the headsman’s axe. Come ! I will requite you. I will take you to your father. He, who is so skilful in all the arts of magic, will be able to disenchant you without difficulty.”

The goose shed tears of pleasure, and accepted his proposal. Jacob passed unrecognized out of the palace, and set forth on the road to the sea-coast to find Mimi’s home.

What more shall I say, my lord sheik, except that they accomplished their journey successfully ; that Wetterbock disenchanted his daughter, and dismissed Jacob, laden with splendid presents ; that he returned to his native land, and his parents recognized with

delight their long-lost son ; that he purchased a shop with the gifts which he had received from Wetterbock, and that he became a rich, happy and successful man ?

I will only add, that a tremendous excitement took place at the palace, after the dwarf's flight : for when, on the following day, the duke made ready to perform his oath, and gave orders to strike off the dwarf's head if he had not procured the required herb, he was, of course, nowhere to be found ; and the foreign prince, suspecting that the duke had secretly removed the culprit, in order to avoid depriving himself of his best cook, accused him of being faithless to his pledge. As a necessary result, a great war arose between the two princes, well known in history by the name of "The Vegetable War." Many battles were fought, and much injury inflicted on either side ; but, in the end, a peace was made, which Europeans call "The Pastry Peace," because, at the feast given in honor of the reconciliation of the two nations, the prince's cook was sent for, for the express purpose of providing the Souze-raine, the queen of pies, for the royal table, where the duke devoured it with intense satisfaction.

Thus, as you see, my lord sheik, the greatest results often flow from the smallest causes ; and this is the history of Nosey, the dwarf.

Such was the story told by the European. After he had ended, Ali Banu directed fruit to be served to him and the other slaves, for their refreshment, and conversed, while they ate, with his friends sitting near him. The youths, whom the old stranger had introduced, were overflowing with admiration for the sheik, his house, and all his arrangements. "Upon my honor," said the young clerk, "there is no pleasanter way of

passing one's time than in listening to stories. I could sit in this way the whole day long, my legs crossed under me, my arm resting on a cushion, my head reclining on one hand and the sheik's big water-pipe in the other, and hear stories. I imagine Mahommed's paradise to be something like this."

"So long as you are young, and can work," said the old man, "you cannot be serious in such a lazy wish. But there is a peculiar charm, I grant, in listening to a well-told story. Old as I am, — and I am now entering my seventy-seventh year, — much as I have heard during my long life, I am never too proud, when a story-teller sits in the corner with a wide circle of attentive listeners about him, to fall into the ranks, and lend a delighted ear to his recital. One fancies himself then among the circumstances he describes; one lives for the time with the wonderful spirits, the fairies, and similar beings, who form the *dramatis personæ* of a story-teller's tale; and afterwards, when alone, one has the material by which to call up the scene again before his imagination, as an experienced traveller has always the means to supply himself with food, though travelling through the pathless desert."

"I have never reflected," said another of the young men, "wherein lies the charm of such stories as these. But I agree with you. When a child I could be instantly soothed to silence by the promise of a story. What it treated of, so it was only told, so something only happened, was perfectly immaterial. How often I have listened unfatigued to those fables, invented by wise men, and in which they have enshrined a kernel of their wisdom, of the fox and the foolish raven, the fox and the wolf, and scores of fables of lions and other animals. When I grew older, and

mingled more with men, these short stories ceased to please me. I wanted them longer, and liked to have them treat of human beings, and marvellous adventures."

"Ay, I remember those times perfectly," interrupted one of his friends. "It was you who inspired us with our thirst for narrative. One of your slaves knew as many stories as a camel-driver of Medina, and, as soon as his work was done, it was his duty, you recollect, to join us on the lawn before your house, and there tell us adventures till the night was far advanced."

"And on such occasions," said the clerk, "did not a new and unknown realm unfold itself, — a land of genii and fairies, luxurious with wonders of the vegetable world, adorned with palaces of emeralds and rubies, peopled by slaves of gigantic size, who appeared when you turned a ring about on your finger, or rubbed a lamp, or uttered an incantation of Solomon, and who brought sumptuous feasts in golden dishes? We felt ourselves irresistibly citizens of those lands; we made wonderful voyages with Sindbad; we walked in the evenings with Haroun al Raschid, the commander of the faithful; we knew Giaffar, his grand vizier, as well as we knew ourselves. In short, we lived in those fables, as a man lives in his dreams; and no part of the day was so pleasant to us as the afternoons when we assembled on the lawn, and your old slave told us stories by the hour. Tell us, old friend, why is it, that we took so much pleasure then in listening to tales, that even now we can find no more delightful entertainment?"

The sensation manifested in the hall at this point, and the calls for silence uttered by the overseer of the

slaves, prevented the old man from answering. The young friends were in doubt whether to be glad that they were about to listen to a new tale, or to regret the interruption to their conversation with the aged stranger; but a second slave now rose from his seat, and began thus :

ABNER, THE JEW, WHO HAD SEEN NOTHING.

MY Lord Sheik, my native place is Mogadore, on the shores of the great sea; and at the time the all-powerful Emperor Muley Ismael reigned over Morocco, a story circulated among the people, which you would perhaps be pleased to hear. It is the history of "Abner, the Jew, who had seen nothing."

Jews, as you know, are found the world over, and they are everywhere Jews; crafty, with eyes like a falcon's for the smallest advantage; cunning, and the more so the more they are abused; fertile in expedient, and ever on the watch for gain. But that this excess of subtlety sometimes brings about a Jew's discomfiture, is proved by the example of Abner, on the occasion of his taking a walk one evening outside the gates of Morocco.

He walks along, with his pointed cap on his head and his scanty and dingy cloak on his back, taking from time to time a pinch of snuff from his golden box, which he keeps carefully out of sight, and stroking his long beard; and, in spite of the restless eyes, which perpetual fear and anxiety, and the desire to discover something to add to his gains, keep in incessant motion, his mobile features shine with self-satisfaction.

His appearance indicates that his business to-day has been successful ; and such is, indeed, the fact. He is a physician, a merchant, a broker, — everything which brings him in money. He has bought a slave to-day with a secret blemish ; he has bought a camel's load of gum at a very low price ; and he has, above all, prepared the last draught for a sick man of great wealth, not with a view to his recovery, but to his decease.

He had just left the borders of a little grove of palms and date-trees, when he heard behind him the shouts of a number of men, who came running at full speed in his direction. They were a body of imperial hostlers, with the superintendent of the stables at their head, and were throwing anxious glances on all sides, like men searching for something they had lost.

“Hollo, Mosey !” cried the superintendent, gasping for breath ; “have you seen one of the imperial horses, with saddle and bridle on, run this way ?”

“The finest runner in the world ?” answered Abner ; “with very small hoofs, and shoes of fourteen-carat silver ; his hair shining like gold ; fifteen hands high ; his tail three feet and a half long, and his bit made of twenty-two carat gold ?”

“The very one !” cried the superintendent. “The very one !” cried the chorus of hostlers. “It is the Emir,” said an old groom. “I have told Prince Abdallah, at least a dozen times, he should ride the Emir with a snaffle. I know the beast. I have warned the prince he would throw him off ; and I warned him as if I had to pay with my head for the pain in his back. But where is he ? Which way did he go ?”

“I have seen no horse,” answered Abner, laughing. “How should I know which way he went ?”

Astonished at this answer, the gentlemen of the sta-

ble were on the point of insisting on a reply to their question, when another event happened to interrupt them.

By a strange coincidence, such as so rarely comes to pass, the empress' pet lap-dog had just escaped from the palace. A crowd of black slaves came up at full speed to the place where the hostlers were standing, shouting, as they approached: "Have you seen the empress' lap-dog about here?"

"It is not a *dog* you are looking for, I think, gentlemen," said Abner. "It is a female."

"Exactly!" cried the chief eunuch, delighted.—
"Aline, where are you?"

"A small setter," continued Abner, "with long ears, a silky tail, and limps on the right fore-foot?"

"Her exact description to a hair!" cried the chorus of blacks. "Aline, to a T. The empress fell into convulsions as soon as she was missed. Aline, where are you? What will become of us, if we go back to the harem without her? Quick! which way did she run?"

"I have seen no dog," said Abner. "I never knew before that the empress—God bless her!—had a lap-dog."

The hostlers and slaves were furious at what they called Abner's impudence, in cracking jokes over the property of their majesties, and doubted not for a moment, so improbable were his denials, that he had stolen both horse and dog. While the rest continued the search, the head-hostler and the chief eunuch seized the Jew, and carried him, half-laughing, half-terrified, before the emperor.

Muley Ismael, furious with anger at hearing what had taken place, called together the council of the palace, and, in consideration of the importance of the occa-

sion, took the chair in person. As a commencement of the proceedings, fifty blows of the stick on the soles of his feet were adjudged to the accused. Let Abner cry or shriek, protest his innocence or promise full explanation, quote passages from the Scriptures or the Talmud, exclaim "The anger of the emperor is like the roaring of a young lion, but his favor is as dew to the thirsty grass," or "Let not thy hand strike, if thine eyes and thine ears are closed," — in vain. The emperor gave the sign, and swore, by the beard of the Prophet and his own, the cockney should pay with his head for Prince Abdallah's injuries and the empress' fits, if the fugitives were not brought back again.

The emperor's palace was still echoing with the shrieks of the culprit when the news arrived that horse and dog had both been found. Aline had been discovered in the company of several pug-dogs, — very excellent characters, no doubt, but wholly unfitted for the society of a lady of the imperial court; and Emir, after running himself out of breath, had found the fresh grass of the meadows along the river Tara very toothsome, and far more acceptable than the emperor's oats; as a royal huntsman, losing his way in the chase, forgets, over the black bread and sour butter which he finds in the countryman's hut, all the luxuries of his sumptuous table.

Muley Ismael demanded of Abner an explanation of his behavior; and the Jew saw himself at last in a condition to answer, which, after touching the earth thrice before his majesty's throne with his forehead, he did in the following words:

"All-powerful emperor, king of kings, ruler of the West, luminary of righteousness, mirror of truth, fountain of wisdom, radiant as pure gold, brilliant as the

diamond, inflexible as iron, — since it is permitted to your paltry slave to raise his voice before your beaming face, hear me. I swear by the God of my fathers, by Moses and the prophets, that my eyes of flesh have never seen your majesty's sacred horse, nor my adorable empress' most lovely dog. Hearken to the explanation of the affair :

“ I was taking a walk to refresh myself, after the burthen and heat of the day, in the little grove of palms, where I had the honor of meeting his excellency the head hostler of your venerable stables, and his vigilance the black superintendent of your blessed harem. I happened to notice in the fine sand between the palms the track of some animal, and, being very familiar with the traces made by animals in motion, I soon recognized it as the mark left by a small dog. Minute, protracted furrows ran along between the foot-prints, over the little inequalities of the sandy ground, and I said to myself, ‘It is a female, and she has pendent dugs.’ Other marks near the prints of the fore feet, where the sand seemed to have been softly brushed away, showed me that the animal had a pair of wide, hanging ears; and, observing that the sand at longer intervals was more deeply furrowed, I thought to myself, ‘The little creature has a handsome, long-haired tail, like a bunch of feathers, which she has been whipping the sand with;’ and I noticed, at the same time, that one of her feet had entered less deeply into the sand than the others, so I came to the conclusion that the lap-dog of my most adorable mistress, if I may dare to use the expression, went a little lame.

“ As regards the horse, may it please your majesty, know that, as I was passing slowly through one of the alleys of the grove, my attention was drawn to the

tracks of a horse. I had hardly glanced at the beautiful hoof, and the deep though delicate frog, when I said to myself, 'This was a horse of the Tschenner breed, the finest in the world.' Seeing how wide apart and how exquisitely regular the foot-prints were, may it please your majesty, I thought in my heart, 'This is a splendid, a wonderful galloper;' and I remembered Job's description of the war-horse: 'He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.' Seeing something glitter on the ground, I bent down, as I always do, and lo! it was a bit of marble, in which the shoe of the running horse had made a dent, and I saw at once that the shoe must have been made of fourteen-carat silver; for I know perfectly the signs of every sort of metal, true or false.

"The alley in which I was walking was seven feet wide, and on each side I noticed the dust was brushed away from the trunks of the trees. 'This horse has been switching his tail,' said I, 'and it must have been three feet and a half long.' Under the trees, whose foliage began five feet from the ground, I saw strewed about some fresh leaves. 'His rapidity's back must have knocked these off,' thought I; 'so we have a horse of fifteen hands high.' Under the same trees lay little tufts of hair of a golden hue, and of course I knew it must be a yellowish dun horse. Just as I left the grove, a trace of gold on a face of rock struck my eye. 'You should know this mark,' said I: 'what can this mean?' A touchstone was soon applied to the rock, and the result was a minute bit of gold, as pure and fine as any the seven united states of Holland can produce. Of

course, the mark must have been made by the bit of the flying horse, rubbed for a moment against the rock as he ran past. Any one who knows your sublime fondness for magnificence, O king of kings! knows also that the meanest of your majesty's horses would blush to champ on any other than a golden bit. This, please your majesty, was the way it happened, and if——”

“Now, by Mecca and Medina!” exclaimed Muley Ismael, “these are what I call eyes. Such eyes would not disgrace you, chief huntsman, and they would save you a couple of hounds. You, minister of police, would be able with such to see further than all your beadles and spies. Now, scoundrel, in consideration of your uncommon sagacity, we shall treat you honorably. The fifty blows, which you have justly received, are worth fifty ducats; so pay down fifty in cash. Draw out your purse, and beware for the future of cracking jokes on our imperial property. For the rest, our mercy is extended to you.”

The whole court were filled with admiration of Abner's sagacity, for his majesty himself had sworn that he was a sharp-witted fellow. But this was no recompense for his sufferings, and no consolation for the loss of his precious ducats. While he stood, with groans and sighs, drawing one after the other slowly from his purse, and reluctantly poisoning each, as it left his hand, on the tips of his fingers, Schnuri, the imperial jester, poked fun at him, by inquiring whether his ducats had all been tested on the same stone on which Prince Abdallah's horse had proved the purity of his bit. “Your wisdom has earned a deal of glory to-day,” said he; “but I wager fifty ducats you wish you had held your tongue. But what says the prophet: ‘A spoken word no chariot can overtake, though it be drawn by four swift horses,’—and

no lap-dog either, friend Abner, unless it happens to limp."

Not long after this, to Abner, so melancholy incident, he went one day to take another walk in the green valleys which lie between the spurs of the Atlas mountains. While sauntering along he was overtaken, as before, by a crowd of armed men, and the leader shouted to him!

"Hollo! friend! Did you see Goro, one of the emperor's body-guard, run this way? He has made his escape, and we think he must have taken this way into the mountains."

"I cannot aid you, my lord general," answered Abner.

"O, ho! Are not you the sharp-eyed Jew who had not seen his majesty's horse and dog? Come, no hesitation. The slave must have run this way: perhaps you still smell him in the air? Or do you see the prints of his flying feet in this tall grass? Speak! he must be about here. He is unrivalled in shooting sparrows with the blow-pipe, his majesty's favorite amusement. Come, sir, speak, or I will handcuff you on the spot."

"General, can I say I have seen what in fact I have not seen?"

"Jew! for the last time, which way did that slave run? Remember your bastinado! remember your ducats!"

"O, unhappy man that I am! If you will insist that I saw this sparrow-shooter, why, he ran that way. If you do not find him there, you will somewhere else."

"Then you did see him?" growled the soldier.

"Certainly, Mr. Officer, since you insist on it."

Away went the soldiers like the wind in the direction indicated, and Abner returned home, greatly tickled

with the success of his artifice. But he was scarcely four-and-twenty hours older when a crowd of palace-guards forced their way into his house, — of course, it being the Sabbath, polluting it with their presence, — and hauled Abner into the presence of the Emperor of Morocco.

“Dog of a Jew!” roared his majesty. “Do you dare send imperial soldiers, in search of a runaway slave, on a false scent into the mountains, while the fugitive was really running towards the sea-coast, and nearly escaped on board a Spanish ship? Soldiers, seize him! A hundred blows on his feet! A hundred ducats from his purse! As much as his feet swell, so much his purse shall shrink!”

You are aware, my lord sheik, that in the empire of Morocco people like justice to be speedy; so poor Abner was mulcted and bastinadoed before it occurred to anybody to ask his consent. He cursed the hard fate which condemned his feet and his purse to bleed as often as his majesty deigned to meet with a loss. As he was limping out of the hall with howls and groans, amid the laughter of the heartless courtiers, Schnuri, the jester, accosted him: “Be not discontented; be grateful, thankless Abner! Is n’t it sufficient honor for you that every loss which our sacred emperor, God bless him! meets with, should occasion perceptible sorrow to such a fellow as you? Promise to pay me a good fee, however, and I will come to your shop every time, a full hour before the lord of the west loses anything, and say to you, ‘Don’t leave your house to-day, Abner; you know the reason why. Shut yourself in your own room under lock and key, till sunset.’”

This, my lord, is the history of Abner the Jew, who saw nothing.

When the slave had brought his tale to a close, and silence again prevailed, the young clerk reminded the old stranger of their previous conversation, and begged he would now show them wherein lay the resistless charm of fiction.

"I will do so with the greatest pleasure," answered the old man. "Flowing water, which adapts itself to every outline, and by degrees forces its way through the hardest obstacles, is less plastic and changing than the human soul. The soul of man is as light and free as the air of heaven, and becomes, like air, lighter and purer the higher it floats above this erring earth. Hence there is a yearning in every man to lift himself above the common dulnesses of daily life, and to move more freely, be it in dreams alone, in a higher, nobler sphere. You yourself said, my young friend, 'We lived in those stories, we thought and felt with those men;' and this explains the charm they had for you. While you listened to the slave's fables, which were but the poetry of another's mind, you were poetizing yourself. You no longer felt the vicinity of things around you; your mind no longer pondered on its usual thoughts. No, you lived it all: you were he to whom this or that marvellous adventure happened,—you identified yourself with the hero of whom the story was related. Thus your soul rose above the level present, which seemed so dull, so unattractive. Thus your soul moved free and untrammelled in a new and loftier sphere. Fiction was to you reality: or, if you prefer it, reality became fiction, while your mind, your essence, lived in the lands of fable."

"I do not wholly understand you," answered the young merchant; "but you are right in saying that we lived in fable, or rather fable lived in us. Those happy days are still vivid in my recollection. We used to dream in our waking hours. We imagined ourselves cast destitute on some wild, unpeopled island, and took counsel with ourselves how to sustain our lives. Often have we built ourselves huts in some dense thicket of willows, and made a frugal meal on fruits, although not a hundred paces distant stood our home, where we could have obtained every luxury. Nay, there were even times when we looked for the appearance of some kind fairy, or wonderful dwarf, who would approach and say to us, 'The earth is about to open, and will you honor me by descending to my crystal palace, and enjoying at your ease what my servants, the apes, shall set before you?'"

The young men laughed, and admitted that their friend had described their own experience. "Further," said another, "I am frequently surprised at this mysterious fact. For example, I should be not a little angry at the falsehood, if my brother were to rush into my room and say, 'Have you heard of the calamity of our neighbor, the fat baker? He has had a quarrel with a magician, and the latter, out of revenge, has changed him into a bear, and he is now lying on the floor of his chamber growling?' I should be extremely angry, and charge him with lying. But it would be different if I were told that my fat neighbor had made a long journey into a remote country, and had there fallen into the hands of a magician, who had changed him into a bear. I should become, in such case, identified with the story, travel in company with my obese baker, encounter his adventures, and should feel no surprise

if he were in the end to be thrust into a bearskin, and compelled to walk on all fours."

"True," said the aged stranger: "and there is another very agreeable kind of narrative, in which fairies and magicians play no part, and with which palaces of crystal, and genii carrying wonderful meats, have nothing to do. No 'roc' birds and no magic horses are alluded to in these, which differ totally from those called 'fairy tales.'"

"What do you mean?" said the young men. "Another sort than fairy tales?"

"I think a distinction should be drawn between fairy tales and those narratives called 'fictions.' If I say to you, 'I will tell you a fairy story,' you infer from the outset that it is to be a recital of circumstances, deviating wholly from the usual course of common events, and placed in scenery totally different from ordinary nature. Or, to be more intelligible, you expect in a fairy tale to hear of other beings than mortal men; mysterious agencies meddling with the fate of the person of whom the fairy tale treats — wizards and fairies, mighty genii and princes of the ghostly world. The entire fable assumes an unusual, wonderful form, and resembles, perhaps, the textures of our carpets, or those drawings of our best masters, called by Europeans 'Arabesque.' It is forbidden to true Mussulmen to reproduce in colors and outlines Allah's finest handiwork, man: and hence one sees in these fabrics strange twisted trees and branches terminating in human heads, human bodies ending in fishes' tails, and short figures reminding you of common life, and yet distorted and impossible. Do you see my meaning?"

"I think I do," replied the scribe. "But go on."

"The fairy story is of this character, fabulous, mys-

terious, startling; and, because so contrary to our common experience, the scene is generally laid in foreign countries, or in remote and forgotten times. Every nation has such fictions; the Turks no less than the Persians, Chinese, Mongols. There are many such even in the lands of the Franks, as I was once told by a learned Giaour. But they are less beautiful than our own; for, in place of fairies dwelling in splendid palaces, they describe devilish women called witches, mischievous, hateful creatures, who live in filthy huts; and, instead of traversing the blue air in shell-shaped chariots drawn by dragons, ride through the clouds on brooms. They have, also gnomes and earth-spectres, which they depict as small, distorted beings, occupied incessantly in deeds of mischief. Such is the fairy tale. Those narratives called, briefly, fictions, are wholly different. These generally confine themselves to this earth; their scenes are laid in ordinary life, and their marvellous part is at most the development of some man's destiny, who becomes rich or poor, fortunate or miserable, not by the interposition of witchcraft or sorcery, but by his own deeds, or strange combinations of events."

"True!" answered one of the young men. "Similar stories are to be found among those glorious tales of Scheherazade, called 'The Thousand and One Nights.' Most of the adventures of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid and his vizier are of this character. They go forth disguised, meet with various mysterious occurrences, and subsequently discover a perfectly natural explanation of the apparent miracles."

"And you must admit, I think," continued the old man, "that these tales are not the worst in the Thousand and One Nights. And yet how different are they

in their origin, progress and character, from the fable of Prince Camaralzaman, or the Three one-eyed Der-vishes, or the fisherman who draws out of the sea a chest sealed with Solomon's seal! But, after all, there is a solid reason for the charm which pervades both, namely, that in both we find something striking and unusual. The extraordinary in the fairy tale consists in the mingling of supernatural influences with the ordinary life of man. In the fiction, so called, it results from events happening according to natural laws, to be sure, but in a marvellous and startling manner."

"Strange," cried the scribe, "strange, that this natural course of events should give us as much pleasure as the supernatural incidents of fairy tales. What is the explanation of this?"

"The solution is in the development of the individual," answered the stranger. In the fairy tale the marvellous so preponderates, the man acts so little from his own impulses, that single figures and the characters they exhibit can only be shown superficially. It is otherwise in the common fiction, where the manner in which each person speaks and acts according to the character of his mind, constitutes at once the point and the charm of the narrative."

"You are right," answered the young merchant. "I have never taken time to reflect on the subject, and have simply noticed the fact to be so, and let it pass, finding this tale delightful, or that one tedious, without considering the reason. But you have given us a key to unlock the mystery, a touchstone by which we can test the merits of the stories we meet with in future."

"Use it always," answered the old man, "and your pleasure will increase in proportion as you learn to think



THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN.

on what you hear. But look ; another slave is rising to begin."

THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN.

MY Lord Sheik, I am by birth a German, and have been in your country too short a time to be able to tell a Persian fairy tale, or to talk agreeably of sultans and viziers. I must ask the favor, therefore, of being permitted to speak of my father-land, from which perhaps I can draw something to afford you entertainment. Unfortunately, our stories are rarely so elegant as yours ; that is, they speak rarely of sultans or kings, nor allude to viziers or pashas, called by us ministers of justice, finance, or the like ; they live, unless their heroes are soldiers, a very humble existence, and find their encouragement principally among the common people.

In the southern part of Germany lies the little city of Grunwiesel, where I was born and bred. It is small, as all cities are in that country. In the centre is a little market-place with a fountain, an old guildhall on one side, and round the market the houses of the justice of the peace and the more influential merchants ; and a couple of narrow streets hold all the rest of the inhabitants. All know each other ; every one knows what happens everywhere else ; and if the priest, the burgo-master, or the doctor, has an additional dish on his table, by dinner-time it is known to the entire city. In the afternoon the ladies go to each other's houses, paying visits as they call it, to talk, over strong coffee and sweet biscuits, about this great event ; and the general conclusion arrived at is that the priest must have invested in a lottery and won money sinfully, or the bur-

gomaster have taken a bribe, or the doctor have received money from the apothecary on the condition of writing expensive prescriptions. You may imagine, my lord sheik, how disagreeable a circumstance it must have been for so well-regulated a place as Grunwiesel, when a man arrived there, of whom nobody knew whence he came, what he wanted, or how he lived. The burgomaster, to be sure, had seen his passport, — a paper which every one is obliged to have among us —

“Is it so unsafe in your streets,” interrupted the sheik, “that you require to have a firman from your sultan to inspire robbers with respect?”

No, my lord, — answered the slave ; — these papers are no protection against thieves, but are made necessary by the law, which requires that it must be known everywhere who is who. Now the burgomaster had examined the passport, and had declared, at a coffee party at the doctor's, that it was certainly correctly *viséd* from Berlin to Grunwiesel ; but he feared there was something behind, for the man had a very suspicious look about him. The burgomaster had great authority in the city, so it is no matter of surprise that in consequence the stranger came to be regarded as a very doubtful character. His mode of life did not tend to disabuse my countryman of this opinion. He hired a house for his exclusive use, put into it a cart-load of strange-looking furniture, such as furnaces, sand-baths, crucibles, and the like, and lived henceforward entirely alone. Nay, he even did his own cooking, and his house was entered by no human being, except one old man of Grunwiesel, whose duty it was to buy his bread, meat, and vegetables. Even this person was only admitted to the lower floor, where the stranger met him to receive his purchases.

I was a boy of ten years of age when the stranger took up his residence in our city ; and I can call to mind, as plainly as if it had happened but yesterday, the excitement the man occasioned in the place. He never came of an afternoon, like other people, to the bowling-green ; never of an evening to the tavern, to talk of the times over his pipe and tobacco. In vain did the burgomaster, the justice, the doctor, the priest, each in his turn, invite him to dinner or tea ; he invariably begged to be excused. In consequence of all this, some people regarded him as a desperado ; some thought he must be a Jew ; and a third party declared with great solemnity that he was a magician or sorcerer. I grew to be eighteen, twenty years old, and still the man was always called in the city "The Stranger."

It happened, one day, that some people came to the city with a collection of strange animals. It was one of those wandering troops, which show a camel trained to make a bow, a dancing-bear, and dogs and apes, comically dressed in men's clothes, and playing all sorts of tricks. The custom of these people is, to pass through the city, halting at the cross-streets and squares, make hideous sounds with a drum and fife to call people together, then cause their animals to go through their performances, and finally collect money from the houses. The troop, which showed itself on this occasion in Grunwiesel, was distinguished by the possession of a monstrous orang-outang, nearly as large as a man, which went on two legs, and knew all sorts of cunning sleights of hand. It chanced that these performances took place in front of the stranger's house. When the drum and fife sounded, he made his appearance, at first with visible vexation, behind the dark, dust-begrimmed

window of his residence. Soon, however, he grew more amiable, and, opening his window to everybody's astonishment, looked out and laughed heartily at the orang-outang's gambols. Nay, he paid so large a piece of silver for the entertainment that the whole city talked of it.

The next morning the collection of animals went on their way. The camel carried numerous baskets, in which sat the dogs and monkeys, while the proprietors walked behind with the large ape. They had scarcely made a league on their journey, when the stranger sent to the post-house, demanding to the postmaster's amazement a post-chaise and horses, and set forth by the same gate and on the same road taken by the menagerie. The whole city was furious at not being able to learn whither he was going. It was night when the stranger again returned to the gate in the post-chaise. A person was sitting with him in the vehicle, with his hat pressed closely down over his face, and his mouth and ears bound in a silk handkerchief. The gate-keeper considered it his duty to speak to the second stranger, and demand his passport. His answer was surly, and growled out in some unintelligible language.

"It is my nephew," said the stranger, politely putting several silver coins into the gate-keeper's hand; "he understands very little German. What he said just now was swearing at our being delayed here."

"Ah! if he is your nephew, sir," answered the gate-keeper, "of course he can enter without a passport. He will live in your house, no doubt?"

"Certainly," said the stranger: "and will probably remain with me a long while."

The gate-keeper made no further opposition, and the stranger and his nephew passed into the city. The

burgomaster and the whole town were much displeased with the conduct of the gate-keeper. He should at least have taken notice of the nephew's language ; it would then have been an easy matter to decide to what nation he and his uncle belonged. The gate-keeper asserted, in reply to these complaints, that it was neither Italian nor French, but had sounded a good deal like English ; and, unless his ears had deceived him, the younger gentleman had said distinctly, " Ros-bif ! " By this the gate-keeper helped himself out of his scrape, and, at the same time, assisted the young man to a name ; for nothing was talked of now in the city but the young Englishman.

The young man, however, was no greater frequenter of the bowling-green or the tavern than his uncle was ; but he furnished the people much food for conversation in another way. It happened now, not unfrequently, that in the hitherto silent house would be heard a frightful uproar and shrieking, so that the passers-by would stop before the house in crowds, and gaze up at the windows. The young Englishman would be seen, dressed in a red frock and green trousers, his hair erect, and his appearance indicating terror, running with great speed through the rooms, from window to window, the old stranger pursuing him with a hunting-whip in his hand, and often failing to overtake him. But it sometimes seemed to the crowd below that he had succeeded in catching the young man ; for they could hear, issuing from the rooms above, cries of anguish and sounds of blows. The ladies of the city took such deep concern in this cruel treatment of the youthful stranger, that they induced the burgomaster at last to take some notice of the affair. He wrote a letter to the strange gentleman, in which he alluded in

vigorous terms to his harsh treatment of his nephew, and threatened him, in case similar scenes continued to transpire, with taking the unfortunate young man under his especial protection.

Imagine the surprise of the burgomaster when he saw the stranger entering his doors for the only time in ten years. The old gentleman excused his conduct towards his nephew on the plea of the peculiar directions of the parents of the young man who had entrusted him with his education. He stated that the youth was in most respects clever and intelligent, but that he learned languages with great difficulty ; that he wished so earnestly to make his nephew an accomplished German scholar, that he might afterwards take the liberty to introduce him to the society of Grunwiesel, and the progress made by him was so discouraging, that on many occasions there was no better course to pursue than to beat it into him by a suitable castigation. The burgomaster expressed himself perfectly satisfied with this explanation, recommended a little more moderation in the infliction of chastisement, and reported in the evening, at the beer-saloon, that he had rarely met, in his whole life, a better-informed and more agreeable gentleman than the stranger. "The only pity is," he added, "that he goes so little into society : but I think, as soon as his nephew can speak a little German, he will visit our circle oftener."

By this single incident the opinion of the city was completely changed. They regarded the stranger as a well-bred man, felt a desire to cultivate his acquaintance, and considered it to be perfectly in order, when now and then a frightful shriek was heard to issue from the desolate house. "He is giving his nephew a lesson in German," the Grunwieselonians said, and went

on without paying further attention to the matter. Three months passed by, and the tuition in German seemed to have come to a close ; but the old man went a step further. There lived in the city an old, infirm, Frenchman, who gave lessons in dancing to the young people. This man the stranger summoned to his house, and told him that he desired him to teach his nephew to dance. He gave him to understand that the young man was extremely docile, but somewhat obstinate as regarded dancing ; that he had learned dancing previously of another master, and had been taught such extraordinary *tours*, that he could not safely be produced in society ; that, notwithstanding, his nephew considered himself a beautiful dancer, although his style bore not the faintest resemblance to the waltz or galop, — dances, my lord sheik, very popular in my country, — and still less to the *Ecossaise* or the *Française*. He promised to pay him a dollar an hour, and the dancing-master agreed with great readiness to undertake the instruction of the obstinate pupil.

There was nothing, the Frenchman secretly declared, so wonderful in all the world as these dancing-lessons. The nephew, a tall, slim, young man, with rather short legs, made his appearance, he said, in a red frock, his hair nicely curled, wide trousers, and white gloves. He spoke little, and with a foreign accent, and seemed, in the beginning, rather intelligent and docile ; but he frequently broke out into the most ridiculous leaps, dancing the wildest *tours*, in which he made *entrechats* which surpassed all the dancing-masters he had ever seen or heard of. When it was attempted to check his extravagances, he would pull off the delicate dancing-shoes from his feet, throw them at the Frenchman's head, and run round the chamber on all fours. At the noise, the

old gentleman would rush out of his room, in a large red bed-gown, and a cap of gold paper on his head, and lay his whip heavily over his nephew's shoulders. The nephew would at once begin to howl in the most frightful manner, spring on the table and high book-cases, and even on the upper sashes of the windows, and talk all the time a strange foreign language. The old gentleman would give him no respite, but, seizing him by the leg, would pull him down, beat him soundly, and draw his neckcloth tighter round his neck by the buckle ; after which the nephew would become mannerly and sober again, and the dancing-lesson go on quietly to its close.

But when the dancing-master had carried his pupil so far that music became necessary for his instruction, the nephew seemed as if crazy. A fiddler was hired, and set on a table in the hall of the old house. The dancing-master represented the lady, and was compelled by the old gentleman to wear a silk gown and an Indian shawl. The nephew would then invite him to dance, and begin at once to waltz and spin : but he was an unwearying and most violent dancer, and no persuasions could induce him to release the Frenchman from his long, powerful arms ; no matter if he groaned or bellowed, he had to dance till he either dropped down exhausted, or the musician's arm grew lame with fiddling. These dancing-lessons very nearly killed the old Frenchman ; but the dollar which he regularly received and the good wine which the old gentleman brought out, always took him back to his pupil, often as he resolved never to set foot in the hateful house again.

The people of Grunwiesel looked on these things very differently from the Frenchman. They settled in

their own minds that the young gentleman possessed great talents for society ; and the ladies in the place all congratulated themselves — suffering as they did from a great lack of gentlemen — on the acquisition of so vigorous a dancer for the coming winter.

One morning the maids, returning from market, described to their masters and mistresses a singular incident. They had seen an elegant carriage standing before the stranger's house, and a servant in rich livery holding the step. The door of the old house had suddenly opened, and two finely-dressed gentlemen came out, one the old stranger, and the other probably the young nephew who danced so madly and learned German with so much difficulty. The two gentlemen had entered the carriage, the servant sprung into the boot behind, and the carriage — only imagine it! — drove straight off to the house of the burgomaster.

When the ladies heard this story from their maids, they hastily snatched off their kitchen aprons and hoods, and took their seats in state. “Nothing is more certain,” — said they to their families, while everybody ran about, dressing up the best parlor, — “nothing can be more certain than that the stranger is going to introduce his nephew to society. The old brute has not had the civility to set his foot inside our houses for the last ten years, but, for the sake of his nephew, who must be a delightful young man, we will forgive him this once.” And they warned their sons and daughters to be on their best behavior when the gentlemen came ; to sit up straight, and to be careful to use a better pronunciation than usual. The shrewd ladies had judged correctly, for the old gentleman was making the tour of the city with his nephew, to bespeak the

friendship of the society of Grunweisel for himself and his young relative.

Everywhere people were in raptures with the two strangers, and regretted only that they had not made their acquaintance earlier. The old gentleman showed himself to be a well-bred, sensible man, who laughed a little to be sure in everything he said ; rendering it difficult to know whether he was in jest or earnest ; but who talked of the weather, the scenery, and the picnics to the cave in the mountain, so politely and shrewdly that every one was delighted. But the nephew ! He bewitched everybody ; he won all hearts. As for his exterior, it was impossible to call him exactly handsome. The lower part of his face, especially his jaw, projected too far, and his complexion was extremely dark ; while occasionally he made the most remarkable grimaces, shutting his eyes, and snapping his teeth together queerly ; but people found the shape of his features exceedingly interesting. Nothing could be more graceful and elegant than his figure. His clothes, to be sure, fitted somewhat loosely to his person, but their effect was highly becoming. He moved about the parlors with wonderful vivacity, throwing himself down, now on a sofa, now into an easy-chair, and extending his legs at full length ; but what in other young men would have been thought extremely common and vulgar, passed in the nephew's case for gentlemanly ease. " He is an Englishman," people said ; " they are all so. We must not be too particular with an Englishman."

Towards his old uncle he was very submissive ; for whenever he began to jump too vivaciously about the room, or, as he seemed particularly inclined to do, drew his feet up under him on his chair, a single stern

glance from the old man served to bring him to order at once. And how could one be angry with the young man, when his uncle, in every house, said to the lady, "My nephew is still a little raw and ill-bred, madam; but I anticipate much from the mollifying effect produced by your society, and I implore your forgiveness for any gaucheries he may happen to be guilty of."

Thus was the nephew at length introduced to the gay world, and all Grunwiesel spoke of nothing else for the two following days but this great event. The old gentleman renounced his habits of retirement, and seemed to have wholly altered his modes of thought and life. In the afternoons he went, with his nephew, to the cave in the mountain, where the more important citizens of Grunwiesel drank beer and rolled ninepins. Here the nephew showed himself a skilful master of the game; for he never threw less than five 'or six balls. Occasionally a strange humor seized him. It happened, more than once, that he rushed like an arrow down among the ninepins with one of the balls, making a dreadful racket, and when he made a spare or a ten-strike, the fancy sometimes came over him to stand erect on his nicely-curved head, and extend his legs high into the air; or, if a carriage happened to pass, before one knew what he was about he would be seen sitting on the top of the vehicle, making the most ludicrous grimaces, and, after riding on a short distance, return, with prodigious leaps and bounds, to the party he had quitted.

The old gentleman, at such incidents as these, was wont to beg ten thousand pardons of the burgomaster and the other gentlemen, for his nephew's eccentricities. They, in reply, would laugh, ascribe such conduct to his youthful spirits, declare they had been just the same

in their youth, and admire the young springal, as they called him, immensely.

There were times, however, when they grew extremely angry with him, though they ventured to make no remark, as the young Englishman was everywhere looked upon as a model of taste and judgment. The old gentleman was in the habit of dropping in of an evening, with his nephew, at the Golden Stag, the only tavern in the city. Although the nephew was still a very young man, he assumed there the manners of a very old one; for he would sit down over his glass, put on a huge pair of spectacles, draw out his pipe, and smoke more vigorously than any one present. The conversation would, perhaps, turn on the times, the war, the peace, or what not, and the doctor would give his opinion one way, the burgomaster another, and the other gentlemen assembled there would be duly astonished at the extent of their political knowledge and acumen. It would suddenly occur to the nephew to entertain a totally different view. He would bring down his gloved hand heavily on the table, and give the burgomaster and the doctor bluntly to understand that they knew nothing whatever about the matter; that he had heard that these matters were totally different, and that his penetration was far greater and more reliable than theirs. He would then express his sentiments on the subject, in strange, broken German; which sentiments, to the huge indignation of the refuted burgomaster, everybody would find admirable; for, being an Englishman, of course he knew better than any one else.

On such occasions, did the burgomaster and doctor, boiling with suppressed rage, set themselves down to a game of chess, the nephew would draw up his chair near their table, and, looking with his huge spectacles

over the burgomaster's shoulder, find fault with this or that move, or tell the doctor he should play so and so, to the secret indignation of both these gentlemen. And, if the burgomaster should angrily challenge him to play, and threaten to mate him in the twinkling of a bed-post, — for he looked upon himself as a second Philidor, — the old gentleman would buckle his nephew's cravat tighter, and the latter would at once become polite and courteous, and proceed to checkmate the burgomaster.

Hitherto it had been very common in Grunwiesel to play cards, at a half-kreutzer a point; but these bets the nephew declared to be contemptible, and wagered enormous sums in ducats and crowns, boasting that no one's game was equal to his; greatly consoling the wounded feelings of his adversaries, however, by losing monstrous sums of money. They made no scruples in taking the money; for, said they, "he is an Englishman, and made of money, of course," and straightway shoved the cash into their pockets.

✓ In this way the nephew of the stranger came, before long, to be held in high favor in the city and environs. No one could recall ever having seen a young man like him in Grunwiesel before; and he was, indeed, the strangest apparition which had ever visited their borders. No one could accuse him of cultivation, of any possible kind, except, perhaps, a little dancing. Latin and Greek were both Greek to him. At a round game at the burgomaster's house, it once fell to his lot to be obliged to write something, and it was found that he could not even sign his name. In geography he made the most stupendous blunders; for he made no hesitation in locating a German city in France, or a Danish one in Poland. He had read nothing; he had studied nothing; and the priest often shook his head signifi-

cantly over the dreadful ignorance of the young gentleman. Still, in spite of this, everything he said and did was held to be excellent : for he was impudent enough to insist always on being right, and the last words of every remark he made were : " I understand this much better than you."

The winter came on, and now our hero shone in the height of his glory. Every assembly was tedious at which he was not present. People yawned when a wise man made a remark : but when the nephew uttered the maddest trash, in the most detestable German, they were all ears. It was found now that the wonderful young man was a poet : for scarce an evening passed but he drew some bit of paper from his pockets and read the assembled company several sonnets. To be sure, there were some persons who asserted that much of these verses was absolutely unintelligible, and the remainder they had seen somewhere in print : but all their efforts failed to disturb the young Englishman's equanimity. He read, and read, called attention to the beauty of his poems, and was everywhere greeted with enthusiastic applause.

The scenes of his greatest triumphs, however, were the Grunwiesel balls. No one danced so perseveringly, none so vigorously as he ; no one made such bold, such graceful jumps. His uncle dressed him for such occasions in the newest and handsomest fashions : and, although it was impossible to make his clothes fit, yet everybody considered his dress charming. The gentlemen, to be sure, took offence, at these balls, at the new style which he introduced. Hitherto the burgomaster had always opened the ball in person, and the most highly-born young men exercised the right of regulating the rest of the dances ; but since the young English-

man's arrival, a total change had been brought about. He would seize the prettiest girl by the hand without leave or license, take his place with her in the figure, manage everything precisely as he pleased, and constitute himself, without ceremony, lord, master, and king of the ball. But as the ladies found these manners extremely elegant, the young men dared not venture on resistance, and the eccentric nephew retained unopposed his self-assumed dignity and rank.

Balls like these appeared to furnish the liveliest satisfaction to the old gentleman. He kept his eyes incessantly on his nephew, laughing constantly to himself, and when the guests crowded round him, to congratulate him on the elegance and good-breeding of his protégé, he seemed unable to repress his delight, broke out into a stentorian laugh, and, in short, acted like a fool. The Grunwieselonians ascribed these strange explosions to his passionate fondness for his nephew, and found them perfectly *en règle*. But now and then he was compelled to exercise his fatherly supervision over the young man; for, in the middle of the most dignified dance, it sometimes pleased his nephew's fancy to leap, with one enormous spring, into the gallery among the musicians, seize the contra-bass from the hands of the leader, and extort from the instrument diabolical sounds; or sometimes he would suddenly reverse his position, and dance on his hands, stretching his legs perpendicularly into the air. At such times, his uncle would take him to one side, give him a little serious advice, and draw his cravat tighter round his neck, whereupon he would resume immediately a tranquil and gentlemanly demeanor.

Such was the behavior adopted by the nephew at balls and parties in Grunwiesel. As is too often the

case in other matters, bad habits come into vogue much easier than good ones, and a new and striking fashion, especially if it be ridiculous, has ever something in it highly attractive for the young, who have not yet formed an accurate or sensible judgment of themselves and the world. So it was in Grunwiesel with the nephew and his extraordinary manners. For, when the younger world perceived that the young stranger won more admiration than he incurred rebuke for his awkward habits, his loud laughter, and his insolent answers to his seniors, and that these passed merely as evidences of his spiritual nature, they thought to themselves: "Nothing is easier than to make myself exactly such another spiritual brute." They had formerly been industrious, clever youths; but now they thought: "Of what use is learning, when ignorance carries a man so much further?" So, abandoning their books, they spent their time in dissipation on the streets. In former times, they had been polite and courteous; waiting till spoken to, and answering modestly; now they forced their way into the society of men, talking loudly, and stating their opinions, laughing in the face of the burgomaster himself, and boasting that they knew everything better than he.

Till now, the Grunwiesel young men had entertained a proper dislike to a rough and vulgar demeanor; now they sang all sorts of vile songs, smoked huge pipes of tobacco, and spent much time in low pot-houses. They bought also big spectacles, notwithstanding the excellence of their eyesight, and, mounting them on their noses, believed themselves at once to be finished gentlemen, for with them they resembled the young Englishmen. At home, or on a visit, they lay down in boots and spurs on the ottomans; at assemblies they tilted their

chairs, or put both elbows on the table. In vain their older friends represented to them how foolish, how disgraceful this behavior was; they referred to the shining example of the nephew. It was said to them, in vain, that a certain degree of rudeness must be forgiven in the nephew, in consideration of his English birth; the young Grunwieselonians declared that they had as good a right as the best Englishman in the world to be vulgar in a spiritual way. In short, it was a general complaint that gentlemanly breeding and behavior had been entirely eradicated from Grunwiesel by the evil example of the young stranger.

But the pleasure of the young men, in their rude and reckless life, was of short duration, for the following incident changed the whole aspect of affairs. A great concert was resolved upon, to close the winter amusements, to be given partly by the regular city musicians, partly by skilful amateurs of Grunwiesel. The burgomaster played the violoncello, the doctor the bassoon with great skill, the apothecary, though he had no ear, blew the flute, several young ladies of the city had studied arias, and every preliminary had been carefully arranged. The old stranger expressed the opinion, that, though doubtless the concert would be admirable as it was, he noticed that no duet was included in the programme, and that a duet was, as every one knew, a necessary element of every concert. This opinion occasioned a good deal of embarrassment. The burgomaster's daughter, to be sure, sang like a nightingale; but where was the gentleman who could sing a duet with her? They thought, at last, of falling back on the old organist, who had sung an excellent bass in former days; but the stranger announced that all this anxiety was needless, for his nephew had a voice

of surprising cultivation and power. No little astonishment was felt at this new accomplishment of the young man ; nothing would do but he must give an exhibition of his skill, and, with the exception of a few eccentricities of style, which his audience took to be English, the general opinion was that he sang like an angel. The duet, therefore, was studied with all haste, and the evening at length arrived, on which the ears of the people of Grunwiesel were to be enraptured by the concert.

The old stranger was unable to be present at his nephew's triumph, in consequence of illness, but he gave to the burgomaster, who visited him during the day, some rules for the guidance of his eccentric relative. "He is a good soul," said he ; "but now and then he is seized with some strange notions, and breaks out into the wildest freaks. I regret, extremely, my inability to be present at the concert this evening, for his demeanor is perfectly decorous while I am by. He well knows why, the scamp ! Let me assure your excellency that this vivacity of his is not a mental vice, but merely a bodily infirmity. Whenever, therefore, any such humor seizes him, so that he seats himself on a music-stand, or attempts to knock down the contra-bass, or the like, if your excellency would take the trouble to loosen his cravat a little, or if nothing better can be done, take it off altogether, you will see how quiet and well-bred he will at once become."

The burgomaster thanked the sick man for his confidence, and promised, in case the necessity arose, to follow his directions to the letter.

The concert-room was filled to suffocation, for all Grunwiesel and the neighborhood had taken tickets.

All the huntsmen, pastors, officers, farmers, and the like, within a radius of three leagues from the city, had streamed in with their families, to share with the Grunwieselonians in the rare entertainment. The city musicians came out in great strength, followed by the burgomaster on the violoncello in a duet with the apothecary on the flute; after these the organist played a voluntary with prodigious applause; and even the doctor was clapped immensely on the occasion of his exquisite solo on the bassoon.

Part first of the concert was over, and everybody was on the tenter-hooks of expectation for the ^{next} Lord, in which the young Englishman was to perform a duet with the burgomaster's daughter. The nephew had made his appearance in gorgeous costume, and had long ago drawn upon himself the attention of all present. He had thrown himself down, without the slightest ceremony, in the elegant arm-chair provided for a countess of the vicinity, and, stretching his legs to their full length, had stared the audience out of countenance through a huge opera-glass which he had provided in addition to his ordinary spectacles; playing incessantly, meanwhile, with a large mastiff which he had persisted in introducing in spite of the regulations prohibiting all such animals. The countess, for whom the arm-chair had been provided, soon appeared; but the young Englishman made no movement to resign his seat. On the contrary, he only assumed a more comfortable attitude, and no one present ventured to rebuke his insolence. The distinguished lady was consequently obliged to take her seat in an ordinary cane chair among the other ladies of the city, in a state of intense and natural indignation.

All through the elegant performance of the burgo-

master, all through the organist's exquisite voluntary, nay, all the time that the doctor was improvising on his bassoon, and while every one else was holding his breath to listen, the nephew was sending his dog after his handkerchief, or talking in a loud tone to his neighbor : so that all who were unacquainted with his habits were filled with anger at the extraordinary indecency of the young gentleman's behavior.

No wonder, therefore, that everybody was curious to see how he would succeed with his duet. The ~~second~~ part began ; the city musicians played the introductory bars, and now the burgomaster led up his daughter to the young Englishman, and, handing him a sheet of music, said to him, " My dear sir, are you disposed to begin the duet ? " The stranger laughed, showed his teeth, and, springing up, preceded the two others to the music-stand, while the audience was filled with excitement and anticipation. The organist beat the time, and nodded to the Englishman to begin. The latter looked at the music through his spectacles a moment, and gave utterance to some hideous and melancholy howls ; whereupon, the organist shouted to him : " Two notes lower, your honor ; C, — you must sing C."

Instead of singing C, the stranger pulled off one of his shoes, and flung it at the organist's head, making the powder fly in clouds. Seeing this, the burgomaster thought to himself : " Ha ! his bodily infirmity has got hold of him again ; " and, seizing him by the neck, he loosened the buckle of his cravat. But, at this, the young man's conduct became only the more outrageous. He dropped the use of German, and confined himself to an extraordinary and unintelligible language, taking all the while the most tremendous leaps. The

burgomaster was in despair at this unpleasant interruption to the entertainment, and instantly resolved to take off entirely the cravat of the young Englishman, whom some unusually violent paroxysm must have suddenly seized. But no sooner had he done this, than he started back aghast. Instead of a human skin and complexion, a dark brown fur enveloped the neck of the youthful stranger, who instantly proceeded upon still higher and more marvellous leaps; and, twisting his white gloves into his hair, he pulled it entirely off, and, wonder of wonders! this beautiful hair was only a wig, which he threw into the burgomaster's face, and his head made its appearance clothed in the same brown fur as his neck.

He overturned tables and benches, threw down music-stands, smashed the fiddles and clarinets, and in short behaved like a lunatic. "Seize him! seize him!" shouted the burgomaster beside himself; "he is raving, — seize him!" This, however, was a difficult matter, for he had pulled off his gloves, and showed his brown hands, armed with frightful nails, with which he assaulted the faces of the company. A courageous huntsman at length succeeded in taking him prisoner. He pressed his long arms down to his sides, so that he could do nothing except struggle fiercely with his feet, and laugh and shriek in a piercing voice. The audience gathered round to look at the eccentric young gentleman, who by this time had lost every semblance of a human being. Among them, a learned gentleman of the environs, who possessed a large collection of stuffed animals, approached him, and after a close examination, suddenly exclaimed: "Good God, ladies and gentlemen! why do you admit this beast into good society? This is an ape, the *homo triglodites Linnæi*,

and I will give you six dollars for him, if you like, and stuff him for my cabinet."

Fancy the astonishment of the citizens of Grunwiesel, when they heard this! "What! an ape, an orang-outang in our best society! The young Englishman nothing but a filthy ape!" They stared at each other in dumb bewilderment. They could not believe it! They would not trust their eyes, and they examined the animal more narrowly; but, gaze as they pleased, a vulgar ape he was, and a vulgar ape he remained.

"But how is this possible?" cried the burgomaster's lady. "Has n't he frequently read me his poems? Has n't he often dined with me?"

"What!" shrieked the doctor's wife. "Has n't he drank tea with me over and over again? and smoked and talked literature with my husband?"

"It's impossible!" cried the gentlemen. "Has n't he often played ninepins with us at the cave, and discussed politics as well as the rest of us?"

"And, besides," exclaimed everybody, "has n't he danced ever so many times at our balls? An ape? An ape? It's a miracle! It's sorcery!"

"Yes, it must be sorcery, devilish sorcery!" said the burgomaster, bringing the ape's cravat. "Look! here in this cravat lies the witchcraft which has blinded our eyes. Here is a broad strip of parchment, inscribed with strange characters. It is Latin, I believe; can anybody read it?"

The pastor, a man of extensive learning, who had often lost a game of chess to the young Englishman, stepped up, and, looking at the parchment, said: "Certainly, this is Latin, and means:

'This ape is a very ridiculous creature,

And to see through and shun false pretences will teach you.'"

“Ay, ay ; it is an infernal swindle ; in itself a species of witchcraft,” he continued, “and should meet with exemplary punishment.”

The burgomaster was of the same opinion, and started forthwith to arrest the stranger, who could be nothing but a magician. Six soldiers carried the ape, for they were determined to bring the old scoundrel to instant trial.

They reached the desolate house, followed by a crowd of people, for every one wanted to see how the affair would end. They knocked at the door, they pulled the bell ; but all in vain — no one showed himself in answer to their appeals. The burgomaster finally caused the door to be beaten in, and mounted to the sick man’s chamber. Nothing was to be seen but old, worthless household rubbish. The stranger had vanished. On his writing-table, however, lay a large, sealed letter, addressed to the burgomaster, which the latter opened. He read :

“MY DEAR GRUNWIESELONIANS : When you read this I shall be no longer in your village, and you will have discovered the rank and nation of my darling nephew. Take the joke which I have ventured to play upon you as a good lesson not to insist on inflicting your society upon a stranger, when he wishes to live in retirement. I felt myself too well-bred to be involved in your eternal tattle, your bad manners, and your ridiculous customs. I procured, therefore, the young orang-outang, whom you have caressed so affectionately, to act as my substitute. Farewell, my friends, and lay this lesson to heart.”

The citizens of Grunwiesel were the laughing-stock of the whole country, and felt intensely mortified. Their consolation was, that all this must have been brought about by supernatural means. But the greatest con-

fusion was felt by the young men of the city, for they had made the bad manners of a beastly ape the object of their approval and imitation. Henceforth they ceased to lean their elbows on the table; they balanced themselves no longer on their chairs; they were silent till addressed, and became modest and civil as of old; and it became a byword with the Grunwieselonians, when any one showed signs of relapsing into such vulgar and ridiculous practices, to call him "the old gentleman's ape."

The orang-outang, who had played so long the part of a gentleman of fashion, was handed over to the proprietor of the cabinet of natural history. This gentleman feeds him, gives him the run of his yard, and shows him to every stranger as a great rarity; and there he is to be seen to the present day.

A burst of laughter, in which the young men joined, filled the hall when the slave had ended his story.

"They must be singular people, those Franks," said one of them: "and I should much prefer living here in Alexandria with sheik and mufti, to the society of the priest and the burgomaster and the silly women of Grunwiesel."

"I agree with you," said the young merchant. "I should choose to die anywhere else than in Frankistan. The Franks are a rude, barbarous nation, and, for a polished Turk or Persian, it must be torture to be obliged to live among them."

"You will soon hear about that," answered the old man. "From what the superintendent told me, the handsome young slave yonder is about to tell us a good

deal about Frankistan. For, though a Mussulman by birth, he has spent a number of years there."

"What! that one sitting at the end of the row? Upon my honor, it is a sin in the sheik to give him his freedom! He is the handsomest slave in the country. Only look at that spirited face, those bold eyes, that graceful figure! He should give him some easy occupation. He might make him his fly-flapper, or his pipe-bearer. Such duties are a mere trifle, and a slave like that is an ornament to the whole house. And he has had him only three days, you say, and now lets him go? It is atrocious! shameful!"

"Blame not one who is wiser than all Egypt!" said the old stranger. "Have I not told you that he releases him because he thinks thereby to obtain the blessing of Allah? You call him handsome and graceful, and you say truth. But the son of the sheik—whom the Prophet restore to his father's arms!—was a handsome lad, and must be now a large and well-grown man. Shall he, then, spare his gold and dismiss some cheap and worn-out slave, in the hope of recovering his son?"

"And see! the eyes of the sheik are constantly fastened on this slave. I have noticed it the whole evening. All through the other stories he was perpetually turning his gaze upon him, and lingering on the noble features of the youth. I am sure he regrets to let him go."

"Do not so judge his excellency!" said the old man. "Think you he grudges a thousand tomauns, whose daily income exceeds that sum three-fold? While his glance rests sadly on the young slave's face, believe me, he is thinking of his son grieving among strangers, and wondering whether some compassionate man

dwells there, who will send him home to his bereaved father."

"You are right," answered the young merchant; "and I feel shame, honored sir, that I always ascribe to people common and vulgar sensations, while to your eyes some beautiful emotion lies visible beneath the surface. And yet, sir, has not your experience taught you that the generality of men are bad?"

"Precisely because experience has taught me the contrary, do I take pleasure in thinking well of men," answered the other. "It was once with me exactly as with you. In my younger days I heard many base things of men, witnessed myself much evil, and ended by believing all mankind to be vile. But I reflected that Allah, who is as just as wise, would not suffer so fair a spot as Earth to be peopled by such degraded beings. I thought more rationally on what I had seen and heard, and, behold! I had retained the evil in my memory, and had dismissed the good! I had passed it by unnoticed when a fellow-being performed some deed of charity; I had been indifferent when men lived virtuous and moral lives: but when I had heard of a bad deed, or fearful crime, these I had imprinted indelibly on my recollection. I began, henceforth, to see with other eyes. I saw that virtue was not so sparingly distributed as I had fancied: I noticed evil less, or it found in me more charity; and thus I learned to love my fellow-men, and to value more justly their good qualities; and throughout my long life I have ever erred more rarely in believing in the existence of virtue, than in holding men, without reflection, to be covetous, selfish, and wicked."

The venerable stranger was interrupted, at this moment, by the approach of the superintendent, who said:

"Sir, my lord, the Sheik of Alexandria, Ali Banu, has noticed with pleasure your presence in his house, and invites you to draw nearer and take your seat by his side."

The young people were not a little surprised at the honor which had befallen their unknown friend, whom they had taken for a beggar; and after he had left them to take his seat with the sheik, the scribe stopped the superintendent and inquired: "I entreat you, by the beard of the Prophet, tell us, who is this old man, to whom the sheik shows so much honor?"

"What!" cried the superintendent, lifting his hands in wonder; "do you not know him?"

"No; we have no idea who he is."

"But I have seen you conversing with him several times in the street; and my lord the sheik, who has noticed it also, said lately: 'Those must be excellent young men whom this man holds worthy of his friendship.'"

"Tell us, for Heaven's sake, who it is!" cried the young merchant, in great impatience.

"You are jesting," answered the superintendent. "No one ever enters this hall without a special invitation; and this morning this aged man sent word to the sheik that he would with his permission bring with him several young friends; and Ali Banu replied, at once, that in his house his word was supreme law."

"We beseech you, keep us no longer in ignorance. As we live, we know not who he is, and we made his acquaintance by the merest accident."

"Then, gentlemen, you may consider yourselves fortunate: for you have been conversing with a learned and celebrated man, and all present are envying you on

his account. He is no other than Mustapha, the wise dervish."

"Mustapha! the wise Mustapha! the tutor of the sheik's son! who has written so many learned books! who has visited all parts of the world! Have we been talking with Mustapha?—and talking to him as if he were one of ourselves, without the slightest tokens of respect!"

The young men were still in conversation over the dervish Mustapha. They felt themselves much honored that so old and famous a man should have so often talked and argued with them, or considered them worthy of his notice. The superintendent suddenly approached, and invited them to follow him into the presence of the sheik. Their hearts throbbed loudly. Never yet had they conversed with a man of such exalted station. But, bracing their courage, they followed the superintendent. Ali Banu was sitting on a rich pillow, sipping sherbet. The aged stranger was sitting at his right: his tattered cloak was resting on superb cushions, and his worn-out sandals reposed on a Persian carpet: but his apostolic head, and his expression of dignity and wisdom, showed him to be worthy to sit near even a man of the sheik's high rank and fame.

The sheik was very sad, and the youths suspected their summons to be an artifice of the old dervish, to relieve the sorrowing father's oppression by leading him into conversation with other men.

"Welcome, young friends," said Ali Banu; "welcome to my house. My aged friend here deserves my thanks for having brought you hither; but I am somewhat vexed with him, too, for not having given me your friendship earlier. Which of you is the young scribe?"

•

"I, my lord, and the humblest of your servants," said the clerk, crossing his arms on his breast, and making a low obeisance.

"So you are fond of listening to good stories, and like to read books of poems, you say?"

The young man answered, blushing deeply: "My lord, I know no more delightful occupation than to spend the day in such enjoyments. But each man has his own tastes. And I blame no one who —"

"Very good! very good!" interrupted the sheik, laughing, and signing to the second. "And who are you?"

"My lord, I am a physician's pupil, and have cured several sick persons already myself."

"Good!" replied the sheik. "And you it is who love a merry life. You would like to dine occasionally with a few choice friends? Have I guessed your wishes?"

The young man was abashed. He felt he had been betrayed, and that the old stranger had reported to the sheik what he had said. Plucking up courage, however, he replied: "Yes, my lord; I count it one of the felicities of life to be able to make merry now and then with a few tried friends. My purse goes no further now than to entertain them with watermelons and such cheap luxuries. We are happy even with these; but, had I more money, I doubt not we should be far more so."

The sheik was delighted with this frank reply, and laughed heartily. "Which of you is the merchant?" he continued.

The young merchant bowed with an air of good-breeding before the sheik, and the latter said:

"So you take pleasure in music and the dance? You

enjoy hearing good musicians play and sing, and like to witness the performances of skilful dancers ? ”

The young merchant replied : “ I see clearly, my lord sheik, that yonder venerable dervish has been describing our follies for your amusement. If he has thereby succeeded in lightening your sorrows I am well content. As regards music and dancing, I confess that there is something in them which delights my heart. But think not, my lord, that I find fault, because you too do not — ”

“ Enough, no more ! ” cried the sheik, laughing, and stopping him with a motion of his hand. “ Every one to his tastes, you would say. But there stands still another ; this must be he who is so fond of travelling. And who are you, young gentleman ? ”

“ I am a painter, my lord,” answered the young man addressed : “ a landscape painter. To visit foreign countries is the fondest wish of my heart : for what an artist sketches from nature is in general far more beautiful than the scenes of his own invention.”

The sheik gazed at the handsome youths, and his glance was grave and sad. “ I had once a dear son,” he said, “ and he would now have been of your age. Had he remained with me, you should have been his comrades, and each one’s wish should have been satisfied by him. With you he would have read, with you heard music, with this young man he would have made merry with his friends, and with the artist here I would have sent him to visit scenes of beauty, certain of his return. But Allah has willed otherwise, and I submit without a murmur. It still lies in my power to fulfil your wishes, and you shall go from Ali Banu with joyful hearts. You, my honored friend,” he continued, turning to the clerk, “ shall reside henceforward in my house, in charge of my library. You can procure for

it what books you wish and value, and your only duty shall be to describe to me the beauties which you meet with in your reading. You, my young friend, who love a good table and the society of friends, shall be the superintendent of my pleasures. I myself lead a joyless life ; but my office brings with it the necessity of entertaining guests. You shall have charge of all such matters in my place, and can invite what friends of yours you please : let it be to something better than watermelons. I must not," he continued, turning to the young tradesman, " draw away the merchant from his business ; but every evening, my young friend, shall dancers and musicians be at your command, as many as you will. Enjoy music and dancing to your heart's desire. And you," he said to the painter, " shall visit strange lands, and cultivate your taste by foreign travel. My treasurer shall furnish you a thousand pieces of gold, two horses, and a slave, to equip you for your departure. Travel whither your wishes lead, and when you see some lovely landscape, paint it for me."

The young men were speechless with gratitude and joy. They attempted to kiss the ground at the feet of their benefactor, but he prevented them. " If you have any one to thank," said he, " it is this wise old man, who told me concerning you. He has been the means of bringing pleasure to me also, in making me acquainted with four such excellent young men."

The dervish Mustapha checked their thanks. " See," said he, " how unwise are hasty judgments ! Did I say too much of this noble man — "

" Let us listen now to another of the slaves who are released to-day," interrupted Ali Banu ; and the young men retired to their seats.

The young slave, whose beauty and courageous

glance had attracted such general admiration, now stood up, and bowing before the sheik, began in a musical voice the following tale.

THE HISTORY OF ALMANSOR.

MY Lord Sheik, the men who have preceded me have told you many wonderful tales learned in foreign countries. I confess with shame that I have no story worthy your attention. Let me describe, unless I tire you, the strange fate of one of my friends.

On board the Algerian corsair, from which your generous hand released me, was a young man of my own age, who seemed to me born to a better destiny than a life of servitude. The other prisoners on board the vessel were either ferocious wretches with whom I could not sympathize, or people whose language I could not understand. In consequence, at every leisure moment, I gladly sought the society of the young captive. He called himself Almansor, and his language showed him to be an Egyptian. We conceived a warm friendship for one another, and went so far one day as to tell each other our adventures: and of these my friend's were far more remarkable than mine.

Almansor's father was a distinguished man in one of the cities of Egypt, the name of which he did not tell me. His childhood passed happily away in the midst of every luxury and comfort: yet was he not brought up effeminately, for his soul had been trained from his infancy to manly thoughts. His wise and prudent father had early taught him the necessity of virtue, and he had had besides a learned and famous dervish for his



ALMANSOR.

instructor, who had imparted to him all the accomplishments which a youth of family and fortune ought to be familiar with. Almansor was ten years of age when the Franks invaded his country from beyond the sea, and made war upon the people of his nation.

The father of the boy must have been ill-affected towards the Franks, for one day, when about to go to morning prayers, they came to his house and demanded his wife as a hostage for his sincerity ; and on his refusal they carried his son by force into their camp —

At this point of the slave's recital the sheik covered his face with his hands, and a murmur of indignant disapproval ran through the hall. The superintendent, full of anger, ordered the slave to cease. The young man was of course much surprised, and inquired of Ali Banu whether any part of his story had been the occasion of this excitement. The sheik regained his firmness at the question, and said : " Be calm, my friends. How can this youth know aught of my unhappy fate ? May it not be that, among the horrors perpetrated by these Franks, some wretched father met a like misfortune to myself ? May it not be that this Almansor—— Continue, continue, my young friend."

The slave bowed and proceeded :

Almansor was carried to the Frankish camp. His life there was not a painful one, for one of the officers caused him to be brought to his tent, and was delighted with the intelligence of the lad's answers, which a dragoman translated to him. He took care that he should not want for food and clothing ; but a yearning to return to his father made the child extremely unhappy. He spent several days in constant weeping ; but his tears had no effect upon his stern captors. The camp was broken up, and Almansor now believed they would permit him to

depart ; but it was not so. The army moved about the country, warring with the Mamelukes, and Almansor was compelled to accompany it. When he implored the generals to suffer him to go back, they sternly refused, telling him he must remain as a hostage for his father's faith. Thus was he kept on the incessant march for many days.

All at once rumors circulated through the camp, which did not escape the boy's attention. They spoke of retreating, of reëmbarking, and Almansor was crazy with delight ; for now, if the Franks retired to their own country, he would be released. Cavalry and infantry retired toward the coast, and at length, after traversing a great extent of country, they could see their ships lying at anchor in the bay. The soldiers proceeded to embark ; but night surprised them before many had left the shore. Anxiously as Almansor strove to remain awake, thinking every moment to be set at liberty, he fell at last into a profound sleep ; and it was his belief, he said, that the Franks had mingled some soporific with his food. When he again awoke, the light of day was shining brightly into a little chamber, in which he was sure he had not fallen asleep. He sprang up, but fell on reaching the floor, for the floor was rocking to and fro, and everything seemed to be dancing in a circle around him. He gathered himself up, and was obliged to hold fast by the wall, to be able to quit the chamber in which he had been lying.

A strange roaring and whistling fell upon his ear, unlike any sounds he had ever heard before. He came at length to a little flight of stairs, and, mounting them with difficulty, what was his horror to find himself on board a ship, and in every direction nothing to be seen but sky and sea ! He began to weep bitterly, and

demanded to be taken back. He attempted to leap overboard and swim ashore ; but the Franks held him fast, and one of the officers calling him before him, promised to restore him before long to his native country, and represented to him how impossible it was to send him back by land ; saying that, had they abandoned him on shore, he would assuredly have perished.

But the Franks did not fulfil their word, for the ship continued to sail for many days, and when it at last came to an anchor, he found himself not on the coast of Egypt, but in France ! Almansor had learned, during his long voyage and his residence in the camp, perfectly to understand and speak the French tongue ; an acquisition which stood him in excellent stead in this foreign country. He was carried, for many days, into the interior, and everywhere the people assembled in crowds to see him ; for his captors gave it out that he was the son of the King of Egypt, who had sent him to France to complete his education.

But the soldiers merely said this to lead the people to believe that they had conquered Egypt, and stood on terms of peace and friendship with that nation. After a journey through the country of several days, they arrived at a vast city, the terminus of their march, where Almansor was entrusted to the care of a physician, to be instructed by him in the customs and manners of the French nation.

He was first of all compelled to adopt the Frankish dress, which is very narrow and straight, and far less graceful than the Egyptian costume. He was taught to discontinue bowing with folded arms, and instructed, when he wished to show respect, to lift from his head with one hand the huge black hat, universally worn there, bring his other hand down close to

his side, and scrape with the right foot. He was forbidden to sit with crossed legs, — that graceful habit of Eastern lands, — and was instructed to perch himself on high chairs, and leave his legs to dangle to the ground. The French mode of eating gave him much trouble; for everything he wished to carry to his mouth he was compelled first to transfix with an iron fork.

The doctor with whom he lived was a harsh, stern man, and treated the boy unkindly. If he ever happened to forget himself, and, for example, addressed a visitor with "*Schalem Aleikum*," instead of "*Votre Serviteur*," his master would beat him with a stick. He forbade him to think or speak in his native tongue, and Almansor would probably have soon forgotten his own language, had it not been for a man who lived in the same city, and who, in some particulars, was of the greatest service to him.

This was an old and very learned man, acquainted with many Eastern languages, — Arabic, Persian, Coptic, and Chinese. He passed in France for a miracle of learning, and earned a handsome income by instructing people in these tongues. This person invited Almansor to his house several times each week, entertaining him on such occasions with rare fruits and sweetmeats. The lad, while here, could almost believe he was at home; for the old gentleman was of singularly eccentric habits. He had clothes made for Almansor like those worn by men of distinction in Egypt, and kept them laid away in a private room. As often as Almansor came, he sent him with a servant to this chamber, and caused him to be dressed from head to foot in the fashion of his country; he was then taken to a large apartment in the wise man's house, which went by the name of "Lesser Araby."

This room or hall was decorated with all sorts of artificial trees, such as palms, bamboos, cedars, and the like, and flowers native only to Eastern lands. Persian carpets covered the floor, and, in place of French tables or chairs, handsome cushions were laid against the walls. The professor sat on one of these cushions totally disguised. He wore on his head a Turkish shawl folded as a turban; and fastened to his chin was a gray, artificial beard, reaching to his girdle, and resembling the natural beard of some venerable Eastern magnate. In addition to these he wore a *talar* cut from a brocaded bed-gown, wide Turkish trousers, and yellow slippers; and, peaceable as was his disposition, girded himself, on these occasions, with a huge scimitar, and thrust into his girdle a dagger studded with mock jewels. Here he would smoke a pipe two yards long, and was waited on in Oriental style by servants whom he thrust into Persian clothes, and whose hands and faces he dyed of a jet black.

Naturally enough all this seemed absurd to the young Egyptian; but he soon perceived that, by accommodating himself to the old man's humor, he might make these visits of extreme advantage to himself. While with the doctor no Egyptian word was permitted; here, on the contrary, the French language was entirely prohibited. Almansor was expected, on entering, to give the Oriental salutation of peace, which the professor responded to with great solemnity. He would then motion to the young man to seat himself by his side, and begin a mixture of Persian, Arabic, Coptic, and other languages, under the belief that it was a learned Oriental conversation. Near him would be standing one of his servants, holding a large book. This was a dictionary, and when the old gentleman

was at a loss for a word, he would make a sign to his slave, hastily open the volume, find what he wanted, and continue his conversation.

The slaves brought also sherbet and such articles, in Turkish cups, and Almansor had only to say that everything was conducted precisely as in Eastern lands, to occasion the old gentleman the supremest satisfaction. His greatest recommendation in the eyes of the old professor, however, was the fluency with which he read Persian. The latter had in his possession numerous Persian manuscripts, which he would direct Almansor to read aloud, while he read carefully after him, in order to acquire the correct pronunciation.

Such days were festivals to poor Almansor; for the professor never allowed him to retire without a present, and he often carried away with him costly gifts in money, linen, or other useful articles. Almansor lived in this way several years in the capital of France, and the intensity of his homesickness was never so much moderated. But, about his fifteenth year, an event happened which exerted much influence over his subsequent fate.

The Franks had chosen their greatest general — the same one who had so often talked with Almansor in Egypt — to be their king. Almansor knew by the universal festivities that some great event had taken place; but still he could not believe that the new king was the same person whom he had known in Egypt, for that general had been a man of extreme youth. But one day Almansor was crossing one of the many bridges which span the broad river encircling the city, and, while doing so, became aware of a man in a plain military uniform, leaning on the parapet, and gazing down upon the water. The soldier's features

struck him as familiar. He traversed rapidly all the chambers of his memory, and, on recalling Egypt, suddenly became conscious that this man was the same French general whom he had often talked with in the camp, and who had interested himself so often in his well-being. He had never known his real name, but, plucking up courage, he approached him, and, calling him by the title by which he had been known among the soldiers of his army, crossed his arms upon his breast in the manner of his nation, and said : "*Schalem Aleikum, petit caporal.*"

The man looked round astonished, and, turning a sharp glance upon the young man, reflected a moment, and exclaimed : "Heavens ! Is it possible ? You here, Almansor ? Where is your father ? How go affairs in Egypt ? What brings you here ?"

Almansor could no longer restrain himself, but said, bursting into tears : "Then you do not know, *petit caporal*, how the hounds, your countrymen, have used me ? You did not know that I have not seen the land of my fathers for many years ?"

"I cannot believe," said the man, and his brow grew dark, "that they stole you away with them when they left your country."

"Alas ! it is true !" answered Almansor "On the day when your army embarked, I saw my country for the last time. They brought me away with them, and an officer, who pitied my miserable condition, paid money for my support to an accursed doctor, who beats me, and leaves me to die of hunger. But listen, *petit caporal*," he continued ; "I am fortunate in meeting you here, for you must help me."

The man laughed, and inquired how he should serve him.

"Look, *petit caporal*," said Almansor, "it would be dishonor to beg of you. You were always good to me; but I know you are a poor man, and, though you were the general, you were never so well dressed as the others. And even now, to judge from your coat and hat, you are far from being in easy circumstances. But the Franks have lately chosen a sultan, and without doubt you are acquainted with people who may sometimes approach him, — perhaps the aga of his janissaries, or his reis effendi, or his capudan pasha. Is it not so?"

"Yes," answered the man; "what then?"

"You might put in a good word for me with these officers, *petit caporal*, so that they may beg the sultan of the Franks to let me go home. I need a little money, besides, for a journey across the sea; but you must promise, above all, to say nothing about it to the doctor or the Arabic professor."

"Who is the Arabic professor?" inquired the stranger.

"Ah, *petit caporal*, he is a strange being, and I will tell you about him another time. If those two were to hear of this, I should never get away from Frankistan. But will you speak to the aga for me? Answer me frankly."

"Come with me," said the officer; "perhaps I can be of service to you."

"Now?" cried the lad with dismay. "By no means, *petit caporal*; the doctor would cudgel me. I must hurry home this moment."

"What are you carrying in your basket?" asked the other, taking him by the arm.

Almansor blushed, and at first refused to show it.

"Look, *petit caporal*, I am compelled to serve here

like my father's meanest slave. The doctor is an avaricious man, and sends me every day a walk of several miles to the fish-market, because things are a trifle cheaper there than in our quarter of the city. See! for the sake of this wretched herring, for the sake of this handful of lettuce and this scrap of butter, I am obliged to walk two leagues. Ah, if my father did but know it!"

The soldier seemed to sympathize with the boy's misery, and answered: "Come with me, and be of good courage. The doctor shall not harm you, even if he loses to-day both herring and lettuce. Take heart, and come with me."

Saying this, he took Almansor by the arm, and led him away; and, though his heart throbbed when he thought of the doctor, yet so much encouragement lay in the words and manner of his new-found friend, that he resolved to follow him. He went on through many streets by the side of the soldier, his basket on his arm, and wondered greatly that everybody they met took off his hat as they approached. He mentioned this to his guide, but the latter laughed and made no reply.

They came at length to a splendid palace, when his friend halted.

"Do you live here, *petit caporal*?" asked Almansor.

"This is my home," replied the unknown. "I must present you to my wife."

"Is it possible?" continued Almansor. "Surely the sultan must have given you this palace?"

"You are right; I received this house from the sultan," answered the stranger, leading him into the palace. They mounted a flight of stairs, and, directing him to set down his basket, his guide led him into a superb apartment, where sat a lady on a high divan.

The man said something in a foreign language, at which both laughed heartily, and the lady made several inquiries of Almansor in the French tongue concerning Egypt. Finally, *petit caporal* said to the lad :

“I will tell you the best course for you to follow. I will take you to the emperor himself, and speak to him in your favor.”

Almansor was terribly startled ; but he thought of his misery and of his native land, and said :

“Allah gives courage to the unfortunate in the hour of need, and he will not abandon a poor, sorrowing boy. I will go to the emperor. But tell me, *caporal*, must I fall at his feet? Must I touch the floor with my head? What must I do?”

Both laughed again at this, and assured him that all such ceremonies were unnecessary.

“Has he a terrible and majestic aspect?” he then asked. “Has he a long beard? Are his eyes flames? Tell me, how does he look?”

His guide laughed still more heartily, and answered :

“I will not describe him, Almansor ; you shall judge for yourself. But I will give you this sign by which to know him. Every one in the hall will take off his hat respectfully when the emperor enters. He who continues to wear it will be the man you seek.”

Saying this, he took him by the hand, and went with him into the emperor's hall. The nearer he came, the louder beat his heart, and by the time they reached the door his knees knocked together. A servant opened the door, and there stood, in a half circle, at least thirty men, superbly dressed, and covered with gold and stars, as is the custom in the land of the Franks with the royal agas and pashas ; and Almansor thought to himself that his guide, plainly clothed as he was, must be the

humblest of them all. All stood with heads uncovered, and Almansor began to search about for him who continued to wear his hat; but he sought in vain. All had their hats in their hands, and the emperor could not be among them. Suddenly his eye fell on his new protector, and see—his hat retained its place upon his head!

The boy was amazed—bewildered. He gazed long at his companion, and said at last, taking off his hat:

“*Schalem Aleikum, petit caporal!* To the best of my knowledge, I am not the Frankish sultan, and it belongs not to me to cover my head. Yet you are the one who wears his hat. *Petit caporal*, can you be the sultan?”

“You have guessed my secret,” answered the emperor, “and henceforward I am your friend. Ascribe your misfortunes not to me, but to the direful confusion of the times, and rest assured that you shall be restored by the first ship which sails for your father’s land. Go now back to my wife, and tell her of the professor of Arabic, and whatever else you know. I will send the herrings and the lettuce to the doctor, but you must dwell for the future in my palace.”

Thus spoke the emperor. Almansor fell at his feet, and, kissing his hand, implored his forgiveness for not having recognized his rank, and protested, with tears, his innocence of all intentional disrespect.

“You are right,” replied his majesty, laughing. “A man who has been emperor only a day or two, cannot expect to have his rank blazoned on his forehead.” Saying this, he motioned him to retire.

Henceforth Almansor lived happy and unmolested. The Arabic professor, of whom he had spoken, he still occasionally visited; but the doctor he never saw again. Some weeks after these events, the emperor

summoned him into his presence, and informed him that the ship in which he had designed to send him to Egypt, was lying at anchor, and about to sail. Almansor was beside himself with joy. A few days sufficed to equip him for the voyage, and richly laden with valuable gifts, and with a heart swelling with gratitude, he bade farewell to the good emperor, and embarked.

But Allah designed to prove him still longer, still longer strengthen his courage by disaster, and forbade him yet to see his native shores. Another Frankish nation, called English, was waging war at this time with the emperor, on the sea. They seized every ship which they could conquer; and it came about that on the sixth day of their voyage the ship which carried Amansor was attacked and captured by an English frigate. It was compelled to surrender, and all its passengers and crew were placed on board a smaller vessel which accompanied the larger. But, at sea, life is not less insecure than in our deserts, where robbers fall suddenly on the unsuspecting caravan, and murder and rob its merchants. A corsair from Tunis attacked the tender, which had been separated from the frigate by a storm, captured it, and its whole crew were carried to Algiers and sold.

Almansor, being a true believer, found his servitude less rigorous than that of the Christian dogs, his fellows, but still all hopes of seeing again his father and his home were for the second time overthrown. He lived here five years in the service of a rich lord, and was made to water his flowers and tend his garden. This rich man dying without heirs, his property was divided, and Almansor fell into the hands of a slave-dealer. This person fitted out a ship, about this time,

to carry his slaves to a better market. Chance willed that I myself was one of these slaves, and I was put on board the same ship which held Almansor. Here we became acquainted with each other, and here he described to me his remarkable adventures. When we landed I was a witness of Allah's wonderful providence. It was the shore of his native country on which we disembarked, — it was the market of his native city where we were exposed for sale, — and, my lord, let me say it briefly, it was his own dear father who purchased him from the dealer!

The Sheik Ali Banu was plunged by this story into deep thought. It had interested him deeply, and his breast heaved, his eyes glowed, and he had been frequently on the point of interrupting the narrator; but the end of the tale seemed not to satisfy him.

“He was about one-and-twenty years of age, you say?” he began.

“My lord, he was of my age — two-and-twenty years.”

“And what city did he call his birthplace? You have not yet told us.”

“If I am not wrong,” answered the slave, “it was Alexandria.”

“Alexandria!” exclaimed the sheik. “It is my son! Whither did he go? Said you not his name was Kairam? Had he dark eyes and brown hair?”

“He had, my lord sheik, and in his hours of melancholy called himself Kairam, and not Almansor.”

“But, Allah! Allah! said you his father bought him before your eyes? Did he say he was his father? Alas, he cannot, then, be my son!”

“He said to me, ‘Allah be praised, after such long

misfortune ! This is the market-place of the city of my birth.' Soon after, a distinguished-looking man came to our corner, and he cried, 'I see my dear father once again !' The nobleman approached us, and, looking at one after another, at length bought him of whom this tale is told. He uttered a devout prayer of thanks to Allah, and whispered to me, 'I return once more to the scene of my former happiness. It is my own father who has bought me.' "

"It cannot be my son, my long-lost Kairam !" said the sheik, overpowered with emotion.

The youth could restrain himself no longer. With tears of joy streaming from his eyes, he threw himself at the sheik's feet, and cried, "And yet it is your son, Kairam Almansor, for it was you who bought him !"

"Allah ! Allah ! A wonder ! a miracle !" shouted the audience, pressing around father and son. The sheik stood speechless, gazing at the youth, who raised his beautiful face towards his. "My friend Mustapha," he said to the aged dervish, "before my eyes hangs a veil of tears, so that I cannot see whether the features of the mother who bore my Kairam are here imprinted on this young man's face. Step hither and look for me."

The old man drew near, gazed on him a long while, and, laying his hand on the youth's brow, said, "Kairam ! what was the saying which I gave you in the Frankish camp, in the days of your misfortune ?"

"My darling teacher," answered the young slave, pressing the old man's hand to his lips, "it was this : *'So that one loves Allah, and keeps his conscience pure, in the desert of misery, he is not alone ; for he has two consolars ever at his side.'* "

Raising his eyes gratefully to heaven, the aged dervish

drew the youth upon his breast, and gave him to the sheik, saying, "Take him to your heart; as surely as you have mourned for him ten long years, so surely has your son Kairam returned to you at last."

The sheik was beside himself with joy and rapture. He gazed again and again at the features of the returned wanderer, and found unmistakably the image of the son whom he had lost. All present shared his delight; for they all loved the good sheik, and every person there felt as if he had this day regained a son himself.

Song and revelry again filled the halls. The young man was made to tell his story over again, more minutely than before, and all praised the Arabic professor, and the emperor, and every one who had been kind to Kairam. The rejoicings lasted far into the night, and when they separated the sheik made a costly present to each of his friends, to remind them pleasantly of his day of joy.

The four young men he presented to his son, and invited them to pay him frequent visits; and it was arranged that he should read with the clerk, make short excursions with the painter, the merchant should enjoy with him the song and dance, and the fourth should superintend all the enjoyments and pleasures of the others. Each was then presented with a handsome gift; and they left the sheik's house in a state of perfect contentment.

"To whom are we indebted for all this," said they among themselves, "if not to the old stranger? Who would have expected this result, when we were standing opposite this house, and criticizing the sheik?"

"And how easy it would have been for us to neglect the old man!" said another of them, "or to have

despised and repulsed him ! He looked very ragged and poor. Who could have suspected him to be the wise Mustapha ? ”

“ Strange ! — was it not here that we expressed our wishes ? ” said the scribe. “ One preferred travel, another singing and dancing, a third agreeable society, and I to read and listen to stories : and are not all our wishes fully accomplished ? Can I not read or buy all the books I want ? ”

“ And can I not regulate the sheik's table, and superintend his choicest pleasures, as well as be at them myself ? ” said the second.

“ And as often as I feel inclined to hear singing and music, or see dancing, can I not come hither, and ask for his slaves to entertain me ? ”

“ And I ! ” cried the painter : “ yesterday, I was a poor artist, unable to set foot beyond the city ; now I can travel where I will.”

“ Yes,” said they all ; “ it was a good thing that we listened to the old stranger. Who knows what might otherwise have become of us ? ”

Thus, they talked together, and went home happy and fortunate.



THE TAVERN OF SPESSART.

THE TAVERN IN SPESSART.

MANY years ago, when the roads in Spessart were much less frequented than they are now, two young men were wending their way through the forest. One of them, about eighteen years of age, followed the trade of compass-maker; while the other, a goldsmith, could scarcely have exceeded his sixteenth year, and was evidently making his first journey into the world. The evening was far advanced, and the narrow path which the two friends followed was darkened by the shadows of gigantic pines and beeches. The compass-maker strode boldly on, whistling an air and playing occasionally with his dog Pluck, and seemed little affected by the knowledge that night was close at hand, and that the nearest inn was far distant. But Felix, the goldsmith, often looked round uneasily. When the wind muttered through the trees, he believed he heard footsteps coming behind him. When the shrubs along the path waved, or opened for a moment, he could not help thinking he saw faces lurking behind them.

The young goldsmith was usually neither superstitious nor timid. In Wurzburg, where he had learned his trade, he passed with his comrades for an intrepid lad whose heart was in the right place; but to-day a strange depression affected his spirits. He had been told so much of the dangers of Spessart; — that a numerous band

of robbers plied their trade in the forest; that many travellers had been plundered within the last few weeks; nay, that dreadful deeds of blood had been committed there at no distant time:—that he could not banish the thought that he and his friend were only two defenceless men, and could offer little resistance to a gang of armed marauders. He regretted that he had been persuaded by the compass-maker to go on another stage, instead of remaining over night at the entrance of the forest.

“If I am murdered to-night, and robbed of everything I have, it is your fault, compass-maker, for you have brought me into this frightful wood.”

“Don’t be a coward!” replied the other. “A travelling journeyman should never be afraid. What is it you dread? Do you think that the gentlemen robbers in Spessart will do us the honor to attack and murder *us*? Why should they take the trouble? For the sake of my Sunday-coat in the knapsack, or the dollar we have for expenses? Men must travel in companies, and be dressed in silk and gold, to make it worth these robbers’ while to murder them for booty.”

“Stop! did you hear a whistle in the forest?” cried Felix, in agony.

“It was only the wind whistling through the trees. Step out bravely; this road cannot be much longer.”

“It’s very well for you to talk as you do about being murdered,” continued the goldsmith. “They ask you what you have, and at most take away your Sunday-coat, and a few kreutzers. But me they will murder on the spot, for the sake of the jewels and trinkets I have about me.”

“Bah! why should they murder you for that? Suppose four or five men came out of that bush, with

loaded guns, and should say very politely, 'Gentlemen, what have you in your pockets?' or, 'Give yourselves no uneasiness, gentlemen, we will help you carry your burdens.' You would not behave like a fool; you would open your knapsack, lay your yellow vest, and your blue coat, your two shirts, and your necklaces, bracelets, combs, and what not, politely on the ground, and consider yourself a lucky fellow for saving your life so easily."

"And do you think," answered Felix, "I would surrender so easily, the jewels I am carrying to my god-mother, the countess? My life sooner!—sooner be cut into little pieces! Has she not always been a mother to me, and brought me up since I was ten years old? Has she not paid for my education, my clothes, my everything? And now, when I can visit her, and carry her some of my own work which she ordered of my master,—when I can show her some specimens of the beautiful trade I have learned,—am I to give up everything? And the yellow vest, which she gave me, besides? No, I will die before I will give my god-mother's jewels to these rascals."

"Don't be a fool!" cried the compass-maker. "If they murder you, the countess will not get her jewels any sooner. So it is better for you to give them up, and save your life."

Felix made no reply. The night was by this time upon them, and by the dim light of the moon they could scarcely see three paces in advance. Felix grew more uneasy every moment, kept closer by his friend's side, and hesitated whether to assent to his arguments or not. After advancing for nearly a league, they perceived a light in the distance. The young goldsmith suggested that they should not trust it, for it might be the house of

the robbers; but the compass-maker answered that robbers had their houses, or rather their holes, underground, and that this must be the tavern to which they had been directed by a man who met them at the entrance of the wood.

The house was long and low, and before it stood a cart, the horses of which they could hear neighing in the stable. The compass-maker beckoned his companion to a window, the shutters of which stood open. By standing on tiptoe, they could overlook the whole room. A man was sleeping in a chair by the fireplace, who, judging by his dress, was probably a carrier, and doubtless the owner of the cart before the door. On the opposite side, a woman and her maid sat spinning. Beyond the table, and against the wall, sat a man with a glass of wine before him, his head resting in his hands, so that his features could not be seen. The compass-maker inferred from his dress, however, that he was a man of considerable rank.

While they were still peering in, a dog barked inside the house. Pluck answered, and a maid-servant appeared at the door, and looked out at the strangers.

On the promise of obtaining supper and beds, they entered the house, and, laying down their heavy bundles and their hats and sticks in a corner, seated themselves at the table near the gentleman. The latter, raising his head at their salute, proved to be a handsome young man, who thanked them courteously for their greeting.

"You are late on the road," said he. "Were you not afraid to travel through Spessart so dark a night? For my own part, I preferred to put up my horse at this tavern, to riding a single league further."

"You were perfectly right, sir," answered the com-

pass-maker. "The footsteps of a fine horse are music to the ears of robbers. They will hear it a league distant ; but when a couple of poor lads like us creep on foot through the forest, people whom the robbers would be obliged to help instead of plundering, they never stir a foot !"

"That is so," said the carrier, who had been waked by the entrance of the new-comers. "They cannot make much in the shape of money out of a poor man. But there *are* instances where they have cut down poor people from a mere lust for murder, or else compelled them to enter their gang and serve as robbers themselves."

"Nay, if that is the kind of people in this forest," said the young goldsmith, "this house will be little protection to us. We are only four, or, with the hostler, five ; and, suppose a dozen of them saw fit to attack us, what resistance could we make ? And, besides," he added, in a whisper, "what reason have we for thinking that the people of this house are honest ?"

"No fear of that," answered the carrier. "I have known this tavern for ten years, and have never noticed anything suspicious. The master is seldom at home ; they say he deals in wine. The woman is a very quiet person, and will harm nobody. No ; you do her injustice, young man."

"And yet," broke in the gentleman, "I cannot easily forget what people say about them. You remember the rumor of those persons who disappeared some time ago, in this forest, and left no trace of their whereabouts. Several people said they had spent the night in this tavern : and yet, when weeks elapsed, and nothing was heard of their fate, and their path had been traced as far as this house, the reply to every inquiry

was that they had never been here. It is certainly suspicious."

"God knows it is!" cried the compass-maker. "It would have been safer for us to have passed the night under the nearest tree, than within these four walls, where escape is impossible; for the windows are grated."

The turn the conversation had taken made them all thoughtful. It seemed far from improbable that this road-side inn was, either by free will or compulsion, in alliance with the robbers. The night threatened therefore to be perilous, for they had heard many stories of travellers attacked and murdered in their sleep: and, even if their lives were not in danger, yet some of the guests of the tavern were of such narrow means that the loss of even a part of their property would have been extremely embarrassing. The four companions looked moodily into their glasses. The young gentleman wished he was travelling on his trusty horse through a safe, open valley; the compass-maker, that he had a dozen of his comrades, armed with cudgels, as a body-guard. Felix, the goldsmith, was unhappy, more for the sake of his benefactress' jewels, than himself; but the carrier, who sat blowing the smoke of his pipe from his lips with a thoughtful air, said, after a pause: "Gentlemen, we ought not to permit them to surprise us in our sleep. I, for one, will keep guard all night, if one of you will back me."

"I am ready," — "So am I," — "And so am I," cried the other three. "I should find it impossible to sleep," added the young gentleman.

"Well, what shall we do to keep ourselves awake?" said the carrier. "As there are just four of us, I think

a game of cards would be a good thing. It will keep us awake, and help the time along too."

"I never play cards," answered the gentleman; "so I, at least, cannot join you in it."

"And I know nothing of cards," added Felix.

"What can we do, then?" said the compass-maker. "Sing? That would only attract the robbers, besides being stupid. Propose riddles and conundrums? That would not last long. Gentlemen, what do you say to telling stories? Amusing or serious, true or false, they will keep us awake, and pass the time as well as card-playing."

"I'm agreed, if you will begin," said the young gentleman, laughing. "You men of business travel into all countries, and, no doubt, have plenty of excellent stories at your tongues' ends. Every city has its own tales and traditions."

"Ay, ay, we hear a good many things," answered the compass-maker. "But gentlemen like you study books, and read a great many wonderful things. Of course you can tell much finer and stranger tales than poor journeymen travellers like us. I am very much mistaken, if you are not a scholar."

"No scholar," replied the gentleman, with a laugh; "merely a student, returning home for my vacation. But what we find in our books resembles stories much less than what you pick up here and there in your wanderings. So begin, friend, if the others are ready."

"When a man tells me a good story," said the carrier, "I prefer it to playing cards. I often travel these country roads for leagues and leagues at a snail's pace, listening to some person walking alongside, and telling me a story. In bad weather I have taken up many a man in my cart, on condition he would tell me some

tale : and I never like a companion so well, I believe, as when he can describe his own or other people's adventures for seven or eight hours together."

"So it is with me," said the young goldsmith. "I could listen to stories all my life, I believe : and my master in Wurzburg was obliged to forbid me to look at books, lest I should read too many novels and neglect my work. So, give us something good, compass-maker, for I know you can tell stories from now till to-morrow morning before your stock is exhausted."

The compass-maker took a long draught to improve his elocution, and began.

THE PROPHECY OF THE SILVER FLORIN.

IN Upper Suabia stand to this day the ruins of a castle, once the noblest in all that region. It was called Hohenzollern, and rose from the summit of a steep, round hill, from whose rugged heights one could see a prodigious distance in every direction. Further than this castle could be seen from the country round was the valiant race of Zollern feared and respected, and their names were known and honored in every German land. Many centuries ago, I believe when gunpowder was just invented, a Zollern lived in this castle, whom nature had made a singular being. It could not be alleged against him that he oppressed his vassals, or, that he had ever lived in feud with his neighbors : but, on account of his gloomy eye, his frowning brows, and his monosyllabic, surly manners, no one liked or trusted him. Few persons outside the castle walls had ever heard him speak civilly, like other men : for, when he rode through the valley, and any one met him and said,



THE PROPHECY OF THE SILVER FLORIN.

with a respectful bow, "Good day, your lordship : this is fine weather !" or some similar remark, he would always retort gruffly, with "Stuff and nonsense !" or, "I knew that before." And if anything occurred to excite his anger, — if a peasant's cart chanced to stand in the road, so as to prevent his horse from passing as quickly as he liked, — his fury would break forth in a volley of frightful oaths and curses. In all the region round about, he went among the people by the name of "Thunder-storm Von Zollern."

Thunder-storm Von Zollern had a wife, who was his direct opposite, and as mild and gentle as a summer's day. Often had persons, who had been offended by her husband's ferocity, been reconciled to him again through her soft glances and gracious words. Her tenderness to the poor was proverbial, and she never hesitated, in the fiercest heats of summer or the wildest winter snows, to leave the rugged hill, and visit poor peasants and sick children in the valley. When the count met her on such errands of mercy, he would say, sulkily : "Stuff and nonsense !" and ride on.

These savage manners would have intimidated or deterred most women. One would have thought : "What business is it of mine to attend to these poor people, when my husband considers it stupid nonsense ?" Another, perhaps, through pride or indignation, would have cooled in her love towards so savage a husband. But not so Lady Hedwig Von Zollern. She loved him as deeply as ever, sought to smooth the wrinkles of his dark brow with her soft, white hand, and adored him with all the strength of her nature. When, after the lapse of a year, Heaven sent them a little heir, she loved her husband not the less, but lavished on her darling offspring all the tender duties of a mother. Three

years passed, during which time the Count Von Zollern saw his son only on Sundays after dinner, when he was brought to him by the nurse. He looked at him on these occasions perfectly unmoved, growled something in his beard, and gave him back to his nurse. When the little fellow first lisped "father," the count gave the nurse a florin. Towards the child his expression remained unaltered.

On his third birthday the count caused his son to be breeched for the first time, and dressed him richly in velvet and silk. He then gave orders for his own horse and another to be made ready, and, taking his little son in his arm, descended the winding stairs with ringing spurs. Lady Hedwig was aghast at the sight. She was accustomed to make no such inquiry as "Whither out?" or "When home?" on his leaving the castle; but anxiety for her child now opened her lips. "Are you going for a ride, count?" said she. He made no answer. "Where are you taking the child?" she continued; "Euno is to take a walk with me."

"I knew that before," answered Thunder-storm Von Zollern, without stopping. When he reached the court-yard, he took his little son by one foot, raised him into the saddle, and, binding him firmly on with his handkerchief, mounted his own steed, and trotted out of the gate, holding the bridle of Euno's horse in his hand. The little fellow seemed at first to consider it great fun. He clapped his hands, and shook his horse's mane to make him go faster, so that the count was greatly pleased, and said, several times, he was a plucky lad.

But when they reached the plain, and the count changed his pace to a canter, the little boy lost heart. He begged his father, very imploringly, to ride slower;

but, as their speed increased, and the high wind almost deprived little Euno of breath, he began to cry, at first silently, but, growing rapidly more terrified, finally burst out with all the strength of his lungs.

"I knew so. Stuff and nonsense!" began his father. "The young one howls on his first ride. Hush! or ————" Just as he was about to reassure his son with a curse, his horse reared, and the bridle of the other steed slipped from his hand. He strove frantically to reduce his horse to subjection, and succeeding at last, and looking round with anguish to find his son, saw the horse running up the mountain, his saddle empty, and the tiny rider nowhere to be seen.

Stern and calm as the Count Von Zollern usually was, this was a moment of torture to his heart. He looked for nothing but to see his son lying shattered in the road, and he tore his beard and howled in agony. He could find no trace of his child far as he retraced his course; and he already felt a foreboding that the maddened horse must have hurled him into a lake which edged the road, when he suddenly heard behind him a childish voice calling him by name, and, turning about like lightning — look! an old woman sat under a tree not far from the path, fondling the infant on her knees.

"How came you by the child, old witch?" cried the count in great anger. "Bring him to me instantly!"

"Not so fast, not so fast, excellency!" laughed the old creature. "How came I by the child, say you? Why, his horse ran by here, and he was hanging to the saddle by one foot with his hair trailing on the ground, so I caught him in my apron."

"I knew it!" snarled the Count Von Zollern. "Give him to me. I cannot dismount, for my horse is wild, and might strike him."

"Give me a silver florin first," said the woman, in a humble tone.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the count, throwing a few pennies under the tree.

"No; I must have a florin!" she insisted.

"A florin! you don't deserve it!" yelled the count. "Quick with the child here, or I set my dogs on you!"

"So! I don't deserve a florin!" answered the hag, with a scornful laugh. "*Ha! See, before many years, how much of your inheritance sells for a silver florin. Here, take back your pennies.*" Saying this, she threw the bits of copper to the count with so much skill that each fell exactly into the small leathern purse which he still held in his hand.

The count was silent for several minutes with astonishment at her dexterity; but at length his amazement changed to wrath. He seized his gun, and, cocking it, took aim at the old woman. She fondled and kissed the little count with great composure, holding him carefully before her, so that the bullet must have first struck him. "You are a good, pious child," said she; "remain so, and you will never suffer." Then setting him down, she shook her finger at the count: "Zollern, Zollern, you owe me a silver florin!" she shrieked, and, untroubled by his curses, she crept into the wood, leaning for support on her staff. Conrad, the count's squire, dismounted, trembling, from his horse, and, placing the little noble on his saddle, mounted behind him, and rode after his master to the castle.

This was the first and only time that Thunder-storm Von Zollern ever took his son to ride. Because he had wept and cried when the horse broke into a trot, he

held him to be a cowardly lad, of whom no good could be expected. He never saw him but with displeasure, and as often as the boy, who loved his father from his heart, came fondly to his knees, he would push him away, crying: "I knew so! Stuff and nonsense!" Lady Hedwig had borne submissively all her husband's ill-humor and ferocity, but this cruel treatment of her innocent child undermined her health. She sickened from terror several times when the gloomy count punished the boy severely for some trifling fault, and died at last, in the prime of life, mourned by her household and the whole neighborhood, and most deeply of all by her infant son.

From this time the count's feelings became more and more alienated from his little heir. He committed him to the nurse and the chaplain to be brought up; and for the future saw little of him, especially after marrying a rich lady, shortly subsequent to the countess' death, who, after the lapse of a year, presented him with twins.

Euno's favorite walk was to the old woman who had saved his life. She told him many anecdotes of his dead mother, and how much kindness she had always received from her. The maids and grooms warned him frequently against going so often to see the old woman of Feldheim, as they called her, as she was neither more nor less than a witch; but the child felt no fears, for the chaplain told him that witches had never existed; and that the traditions of old women being able to bewitch people, and to ride on broomsticks through the air to the Brocken, were totally false. To be sure, he saw several things about the beldame which he could not quite comprehend. Her adroitness with the three pennies, which she had thrown so skilfully into his father's purse, he still remembered perfectly; and she under-

stood the composition of all kinds of draughts and ointments with which to heal the illnesses of men and cattle ; but he was certain there was no truth in the story people told that she had a weather-pan, as they called it, which, when hung over her fire, brought on frightful thunder-storms. She taught the little count many things very useful to him ; for example, several cures for horse-maladies, a remedy against hydrophobia, an irresistible bait for fish, and many other valuable bits of information. This old creature was soon his only intimate, for his nurse died, and his stepmother never concerned herself about him.

As his brothers grew up, Euno led a more unhappy life than before, for they had the good fortune not to fall from the horse on their first ride with their father ; and Thunder-storm Von Zollern held them therefore for intelligent lads, loved them exclusively, and rode every day with them, teaching them everything he knew himself. They learned little that was good, however. Their father could neither read nor write, and he was resolved that his precious sons should not waste their time over such useless studies : and, when only ten years old, they could curse and swear as frightfully as their father, pick a quarrel with any one they saw fit, and fight with each other as savagely as cat and dog, becoming friends again only when they waged war with Euno.

Their mother was perfectly indifferent to this, for she considered the children's quarrelling to be wholesome and useful : but, on a servant's mentioning it one day to the old count, though he answered, " I knew it before ; stuff and nonsense ! " he resolved to devise some means to prevent his sons from striking each other dead in their furious quarrels. The threat of the old woman of Feldheim, whom he firmly believed to be a desperate

witch, had sunk deep into his mind. One day he was hunting in the neighborhood of his castle, when two mountains, which seemed to have been expressly made for castles, attracted his attention, and he resolved to build on them. On one he built the castle of Roguesburg, so named after the smaller of the two twins, who had received from his father the title of "little rogue," from the variety of malicious tricks he was incessantly playing. The other he at first designed to name Silverflorinburg, in ridicule of the old witch; but he settled at length on the more concise title of Silverburg; and by these names the two mountains go to the present day; and whoever travels among the mountains, can have them pointed out to him without difficulty.

Thunder-storm Von Zollern had intended to bequeath the castle of Roguesburg to the older twin, and Silverburg to the younger; but his wife gave him no rest till he had changed his plans. "That stupid blockhead Euno," so she called the poor boy, "that blockhead Euno is rich enough by what he inherits from his mother; and shall he have this costly, beautiful Zollern too? Shall my sons inherit nothing but a couple of castles with no appurtenances but useless forests?"

In vain did the count represent to her that it would be doing great injustice to rob Euno of his birthright; she teased him so much, that Thunder-storm, usually immovable, yielded for the sake of peace, and left by his will Roguesburg to the little rogue, Zollern to the elder of the twins, and Silverburg and the village of Balingen to Euno. Soon after thus devising his estate, he was prostrated by a dangerous illness. To the physician, who told him he was about to die, he said, "I knew it before." To the chaplain, who urged him to prepare himself for a future world, his answer was,

“Stuff and nonsense!” and he continued to curse and swear till he died.

Scarcely was his body in the ground, when the countess came with the will in her hand, and said scornfully to Euno, her step-son, that he could now give a proof of his erudition by reading with his own eyes the contents of the will, namely, that he had no further claim to Zollern; and she and her sons congratulated themselves over the beautiful property and the two castles out of which they had defrauded the first-born.

Euno submitted without a murmur, but took leave with tears of the castle in which he had been born, under which his mother lay buried, and near to which his only friend, the woman of Feldheim, had her cottage. The castle of Silverburg was a handsome, stately structure, but he found it lonely and desolate, and soon grew ill from home-sickness for Hohenzollern.

The countess, and the two brothers now eighteen years old, were sitting one evening on the balcony, and looking down the mountain-side, when their eyes rested on a knight, approaching on horseback, followed by a sumptuous litter and several attendants. They made numberless surmises as to who it could be, and “Little Rogue” exclaimed at last:

“By Jove, it’s no other than our most honorable brother of Silverburg!”

“Who? that stupid Euno?” said the countess, surprised. “No doubt he means to do us the honor to invite us to visit him, and has brought that handsome litter to carry me to Silverburg. Come, so much politeness I never expected from the blockhead. One civility deserves another; so let us go down to the castle gate to receive him. Put on your most friendly looks, sons, and perhaps he will give you something from Silver-

burg; you a horse, perhaps, and the other a coat of armor. I have been wishing a great while for his mother's jewelry."

"I want no presents from Euno," answered Wolf, "and I will put on no friendly looks. As far as I am concerned, he may follow my excellent progenitor to the grave as soon as he likes; for then we should inherit Silverburg, and we would let you have the jewels, mother, cheap."

"So, you profligate," answered his mother angrily, "must I *buy* the jewels of you? Is this your gratitude for my having secured Zollern for you? Rogue, you will give me the jewels for nothing, I am sure?"

"Only death can be had for nothing, mother!" answered her son, laughing; "and if it is true that his mother's jewels are worth as much as many a castle, as folks say they are, we are not such fools as to hang them round your neck for nothing. As soon as Euno dies, we will ride over there and divide these jewels, and I shall sell my share for what they will bring. If you offer more than the Jews, mother dear, you shall have them, I promise you."

They had by this time reached the castle gate, and it was with difficulty that madam the countess repressed her anger sufficiently to receive Count Euno civilly, as he rode over the drawbridge. Seeing his step-mother and his brothers, he checked his steed, and, dismounting, greeted them courteously. For though they had done him great wrong, yet he kept it in mind that the two young men were his brothers, and that his father had once loved this wicked woman.

"Now, this is delightful, that the oldest son should come to see us in this way," said the countess, with a heavenly smile and melodious voice. "How do you

enjoy Silverburg? Do you grow accustomed to the place? I see you have a litter, too! Ay, and how handsome it is! An empress need not be ashamed of it! I suppose it will not be long before you have a countess to ride about the country in it?"

"I have not yet thought of that matter, madam," answered Euno; "for which reason I desire to take a friend to my house, and have therefore brought hither this litter."

"Indeed, sir, you are extremely polite," interrupted the lady, with a bow.

"You know he finds horseback riding difficult at his years," continued Euno calmly; "I refer, of course, to Father Joseph, your chaplain. I desire to take him with me for a while, as he was my tutor in my boyhood, you know, madam, and he agreed to pay me a visit when I left Zollern. I design also taking with me the old woman of Feldheim. She saved my life once, when I rode out for the first time with my lamented father. I have room enough for her in Silverburg, and there she shall breathe her last."

Saying this, he passed through the court-yard in search of the reverend chaplain.

Wolf bit his lips with rage, and his mother the countess turned yellow with fury, but Rogue burst into a fit of laughter. "What will you give me for the horse he is going to present me with?" said he. "Brother Wolf, give me your coat of mail in exchange? Ha, ha, ha! So he means to take the chaplain and the old witch with him, does he? A lovely couple, upon my word! In the forenoons he can study Greek with the reverend, and take lessons in witchcraft in the afternoons of the old woman! What will stupid Euno do next, I wonder?"

"He is a very vulgar fellow," answered the count-

ess, "and you ought not to laugh, Rogue. It is a disgrace to the whole family, and we shall blush to look our neighbors in the face when it becomes known that Count Von Zollern has carried that old witch to his castle, and lets her live there. He got his low tastes from his mother, who had the same vulgar fondness for sick beggars and such base animals. O, his father would turn in his coffin, if he knew this!"

"Yes," added Rogue, "father would say in the tomb, 'I knew so; stuff and nonsense!'"

"Upon my word! here he comes with the old man, and not ashamed to walk with him arm-in-arm!" cried the countess with horror. "Come away, my sons; I will see him no more."

They disappeared, and Euno accompanied his old teacher to the drawbridge, and helped him into the litter with his own hands. At the foot of the mountain, he stopped before the cottage of the woman of Feldheim, and found her ready and waiting for his arrival.

The result was otherwise than the countess' wicked imagination had anticipated. No one in the neighborhood felt the slightest surprise at what Count Euno had done. On the contrary, they considered it a praiseworthy action in him to desire to render happy the old age of the venerable woman, and they praised him as a pious Christian for having taken Father Joseph into his castle. The only persons incensed with him were his brothers and the countess; but solely to their own disgrace; for the whole neighborhood were indignant at the conduct of the unnatural brothers, and in retribution the rumor was circulated that they lived on ill terms with their mother, and were incessantly wrangling and injuring each other.

Count Euno of Zollern-Silverbург made many efforts

to effect a reconciliation between his brothers and himself; for he found it insupportable to have them riding by his castle, and never addressing or visiting him: or meeting him often in the wood or plain, and greeting him distantly, like a total stranger. But all his attempts were fruitless, and responded to only by additional insults. One day, a method suggested itself by which he might possibly win their regard, knowing, as he did, their natural selfishness and greed. A pond lay between, and almost equi-distant from the three castles, and just within the borders of Euno's domains. It was peopled by the finest carps and pike in the whole neighborhood, and the brothers, who loved to fish, found it an intense source of regret that their father had forgotten to include this pond within their limits. They were too haughty to fish there without their brother's knowledge, and yet unwilling, by civilities, to obtain his consent. Count Euno knew, however, that this pond lay near their hearts, and one day he invited them to meet him there.

It was a charming spring morning when the three brothers, almost at the same moment, reached the pond from their respective castles.

"Well," cried Rogue, "this is remarkable! I left Roguesburg as the clock struck seven."

"And I Zollern" — "and I Silverburg" — answered his two brothers.

"This pond must be exactly in the centre," continued Rogue: "it is a beautiful bit of water."

"Yes, and I have invited you here for that very reason. I know that both of you are fond of fishing, and though I am inclined sometimes to throw a fly myself, yet the pond has fish enough to supply us all, and there is room enough on its shores even if we all fish at the

same time. So I am willing that from this day the water shall be common property, and each of you shall have equal rights in it with myself."

"Hollo! our noble brother is uncommonly gracious to-day," said Rogue, with a scornful laugh. "He has positively given us a few hogsheads of water and a couple of hundred fish! Bah! what must we give in return? For only death is gratis in this world."

"You shall have it for nothing," said Euno. "Ah! I only wish to see and speak with you sometimes at this pond. Are we not all sons of one father?"

"No!" answered Rogue. "This arrangement is absurd, for nothing is more foolish than to fish in company. Each one frightens away the others' fish. But divide the days: Monday and Thursday you, Euno; Tuesday and Friday Wolf; and I Wednesday and Saturday, and it will suit us exactly."

"I will have nothing of the sort," cried the savage Wolf; "I will take no present, and will share with no one. You are right, Euno, to offer us this pond, for we have properly all three an equal right in it. But let us throw dice to decide who shall own it for the future. If I am more lucky than you, and win it, you may always ask my permission to fish here."

"I never throw dice," answered Euno, mourning over the obduracy of his brothers.

"Of course not," sneered Rogue. "He is very religious, this noble brother of ours, and considers dice-playing a mortal sin. But I propose another plan, at which the most God-fearing monk could have no scruples. Let us get our fishing-tackle out, and he who has taken the most fish when the clock at Zollern strikes twelve shall own the pond."

"I am a fool indeed," said Euno, "to risk on a wager

that which belongs to me already. But, to prove to you that I was sincere in my proposal of division, I will bring my fishing-tackle here and make the trial."

They rode away, each to his castle. The twins sent out their servants in all haste to turn over every stone to find bait. Euno, however, took his ordinary tackle, and the bait which the woman of Feldheim had taught him to prepare, and was the first to appear at the place of meeting. When the twins arrived he permitted them to select the most convenient places, and then threw in his line. It seemed as if the fish recognized him as their master. The carp and pike rushed and played round his hook in shoals. The oldest and biggest pushed the smaller ones away, and every moment he drew one out; and when he threw his line again into the water twenty or thirty opened their mouths above the surface to snap at the hook. Two hours had not passed before the ground around him was covered with the finest fish. He stopped fishing, and went to his brothers to see what progress they had made. Rogue had caught two wretched cuttle-fish and a carp: Wolf, three barbel and two little groundlings; and both were gazing disconsolately into the pond, for from where they stood they could see plainly the shoals of fish which Euno had taken. When Euno came up to Wolf, the latter sprang up in a fury, and, tearing off the line, broke his pole in pieces, and threw the whole into the water. "I wish it was a thousand hooks instead of one which I throw in, and one of your creatures here would bite at every one of them!" he shouted. "But it can never have happened thus by fair means: it is jugglery and witchcraft, or how, blockhead Euno, could you catch more fish in an hour than I can in a year?"

"Ay, ay, I remember now," said Rogue: "he has

learned to fish of the woman of Feldheim, that horrible witch, and we were fools to fish with him. He will be a wizard himself before long."

"You wicked men," answered Euno, in anger; "I have had abundant time in this short morning to see your greediness, your impudence, and your ferocity. Leave this place and never return to it; and, believe me, it were better for your souls if you were half as pious and good as the woman you call a witch."

"No, on second thoughts, she can't be a real witch," said Rogue, laughing scornfully. "Witches can foretell future events; but this woman of Feldheim can no more foretell events than a goose can turn into a swan. She told father that a good part of his property would be worth less than a silver florin. She meant, of course, he would lose it all; and yet, when he died, every acre one can see from the turrets of Zollern belonged to him. Bah! the old woman of Feldheim is nothing but a silly old idiot, and you are a stupid blockhead, Euno!"

Saying this, Rogue retired in a great hurry, for he feared his brother's strong arm, and Wolf followed him, yelling all the curses which he had learned from his father.

Euno returned to his castle, grieved to the depths of his soul, for he saw that his brothers and himself would never more be friends. He took their brutal language so much to heart that the next day he was ill, and only the pious consolations of Father Joseph, and the efficacious liquids of the old woman of Feldheim saved him from death.

When the two brothers heard that Euno was lying ill at home, they held at once a great feast; and, flushed with wine, promised each other that when blockhead Euno should die, he who learned it first would fire all

his cannon to communicate the fact to the other, and he who first fired should be entitled to carry off the best cask of wine in Euno's cellar. Wolf, from this time, had one of his servants always waiting in the neighborhood of Castle Silverburg; and Rogue bribed one of Euno's servants, with large sums of money, to let him know the instant his master lay at the point of death.

This servant however was more attached to his pious and gentle master than to the wicked Count of Roguesburg; he inquired therefore one evening, secretly, of the old woman of Feldheim, as to his master's condition; and, on her telling him that he was nearly recovered, he informed her of the agreement of the two brothers, and that they intended to discharge cannon in celebration of Count Euno's death. The old lady was excessively angry. She speedily reported it to the count; and on his refusing to believe in such utter heartlessness, advised him to put the matter to the proof, and cause it to be given out that he was dead: whereupon he would soon hear whether they fired their cannon or not.

The count summoned the servant whom his brother had bribed, questioned him further, and ordered him to ride to Roguesburg and announce his immediate death.

While the groom was riding rapidly down the mountain-side, he was stopped by the servant of Count Wolf, who inquired why he was riding so hastily. "Ah!" said the other, "my poor master will never live through the night: they have all given him over."

"So, it's come at last!" cried the first: and, running to his horse, he mounted, and galloped so rapidly to Zollern that his horse fell at the gate, and he himself could only gasp the words, "Count Euno is dying," before he dropped senseless. The cannon of Hohenzollern at once thundered forth the information, and Count

Wolf and his mother congratulated each other over the cask of wine, the inheritance, the pond, the jewels, and the glorious echo of the cannon. But what they took for an echo were the cannon of Roguesburg, and Wolf said, with a laugh, to his mother: "So Rogue has had his spies out as well as myself, and we shall have to divide the wine like the rest of the inheritance." He then mounted his horse, for he suspected his brother Rogue might attempt to get before him, and perhaps take away some of the treasures of the deceased before he came.

The two brothers encountered one another at the fishpond, and each blushed as he met the other's gaze, for each had intended to arrive at Silverburg first. They spoke not a syllable of Euno as they rode on, but discussed in a friendly way how the property should be divided, and which should take Silverburg. But, as they crossed the drawbridge, and rode into the court, whom should they see but their brother Euno looking from the window, to all appearance perfectly well! The brothers were greatly startled, and, taking him for a spectre, crossed themselves devoutly. But, soon seeing that he was good flesh and blood, Wolf cried, "Hollo! this is strange. Stuff and nonsense! I thought you were dead."

"Well, better luck next time!" said Rogue, looking up at Euno with poisonous glances.

Euno answered in a voice of thunder: "From this hour all bonds of relationship are broken between us. I well understood your salvoes of artillery; but mark, I have also five field-pieces in the court, and have loaded them to the muzzle in your honor. Away with you beyond the range of my bullets, or you shall be taught how we aim in Silverburg!"

The twins gave no time for this warning to be repeated, for they saw from his manner that he was thoroughly in earnest; so, putting spurs to their steeds, they hurried down the mountain, while their brother sent a cannon-ball after them so close to their heads that both made a courteous bow to avoid it. His object, however, was more to terrify than to injure them.

"Why did you fire your cannon?" asked Rogue, angrily. "I only fired because I heard yours, you fool!"

"On the contrary, ask mother how it was," answered Wolf. "It was you who fired first, and you have brought this disgrace on us, you puppy!"

Rogue was not sparing of epithets; and when they reached the fish-pond, they mutually lavished on each other the curses they had inherited from old "Thunder-storm Von Zollern," and parted in hate and enmity.

The next day Euno made his will, and the woman of Feldheim said to Father Joseph: "I would wager something he speaks of that cannon-firing as it deserves." But, spite of her curiosity, the count refused to tell her what he had written, and she never learned; for, a year afterwards, the good lady departed, her salves and medicines rendering her no service; she died of a trifling illness, but in the ninety-eighth year of her age; a period of life at which a strong and healthy man need not be ashamed to render up the ghost. Count Euno caused her obsequies to be celebrated as if she had been his own mother, and his castle became more and more lonesome and distasteful to him, especially as Father Joseph soon after followed the old lady of Feldheim to the grave.

But this loneliness afflicted him not much longer. Count Euno died in his eight and twentieth year, sus-

pected by many to have been poisoned through the instrumentality of Rogue.

However this may have been, not many hours elapsed after his death, before the thunder of the cannon again echoed through the valley; and in Zollern and Roguesburg five and twenty salvoes of artillery were let off.

"This time, he is really dead, and there is no mistake about it," said Rogue, when they met on their way to Silverburg.

"Yes," answered Wolf, "and if he rises again and comes to the window, as he did before, I have a gun here which shall make him civil, I promise you."

As they rode up to Silverburg, they were joined by a knight and his suite, whom they did not recognize. They supposed him to be some friend of their brother, who had come to attend his funeral. They, therefore, assumed an air of intense grief, and, praising the character of the deceased, mourned his early death; while Rogue even succeeded in shedding a few crocodile-tears over their bereavement. The knight made no reply to these eulogies, but rode at their side up the mountain, silent and impassive. "So, now let us make ourselves comfortable," cried Wolf, dismounting. "Butler, some of your best wine here!"

They passed up the winding stairs, and entered the hall. Thither the silent horseman followed them, and, after the twins had seated themselves gayly at the table, he drew from his doublet a piece of silver, and, throwing it on the stone table, where it rolled and tinkled, said: "There is your inheritance, gentlemen, *exactly one silver florin.*" The two brothers looked at the knight with surprise, and inquired with a sneer what he meant.

The knight drew forth a sheet of parchment, with

numerous seals; in it the "blockhead" Euno had recited all the wrongs which his brothers had done him during his life, and at the end of it he had ordered and directed that his whole property, goods and chattels, should, in case of his death, be sold to Wurtemberg, and for the price of — a paltry silver florin! His mother's jewels, he directed, should be devoted to the erection of a house for the poor in the village of Balingen!

The brothers' faces were pictures of astonishment, but their laughter suddenly ceased, and they bit their lips in fury at their inability to resist the city of Wurtemberg. And thus they had forfeited lands, forests, fields, the village of Balingen, and even the fish-pond, and inherited nothing but a contemptible florin! This, Wolf thrust insolently into his doublet, and, dashing his cap on his head, left the castle without a word of salutation to the commissioner from Wurtemberg, and, throwing himself on his horse, rode home to Zollern.

Tormented by the complaints of his mother that they had forfeited estates and jewels at once, he rode over the next morning to Rogue, at Roguesburg. "Shall we spend our inheritance in gambling or drinking?" he inquired.

"Drinking is the best," said Rogue, "for then we both get the benefit of it. Let us ride to Balingen, and show ourselves to the rabble, to prove our indifference to the loss of their dirty village."

"And they sell red wine there, at the Lamb, fit for an emperor," added Wolf.

So they rode to Balingen, and, dismounting at the Lamb, demanded a measure of red wine, and continued to drink till their florin was fully due. Wolf then rose, and drawing out the silver coin, threw it on the table

and said, "There is a florin for your reckoning, landlord."

The landlord took up the florin, and, turning it over in his hand, said with a laugh: "Yes, gentlemen, very true; but yesterday evening a messenger came from Stuttgart, and this morning it has been published here, in the name of the city of Wurtemberg, to whom this village belongs now, that these are declared uncurrent; so you must give me other money."

The two brothers looked at each other with pallid faces. "Pay, Wolf," said one. "Have you no change?" said the other; and, in short, they were obliged to owe the money to the landlord. They returned home silent and thoughtful. When they reached the cross-road, which led on the right to Zollern, and left to Roguesburg, Rogue said: "Well, Wolf, it seems we have inherited actually less than nothing, and the wine was abominable besides."

"True enough," answered his brother; "what the old woman of Feldheim foretold has come to pass. We have not been able to buy even a measure of wine with our inheritance."

"I know it already!" retorted Rogue, sulkily.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Zollern, and rode to his castle, furious against himself and all the world.

"This is the story of the prophecy of the silver florin," said the compass-maker, "and there is no doubt of its truth. The landlord in Durrwangen, which lies not far from the three castles, told it to a friend of mine, who frequently travels over the Swabian Alps, and who always puts up at that tavern."

The guests expressed their approval. "What things one *does* hear in this world!" cried the carrier.

"Really, I am very glad we did not spend our time playing cards, for this is so much better; and I have paid so much attention to the story, that I can tell it to my comrades to-morrow, without missing a word."

"A clever story occurred to me, while you were telling yours," said the student.

"O, tell it! tell it!" cried the compass-maker and Felix in one breath.

"Very well," answered the other; "it is immaterial whether my turn comes now or later; you must understand that what I am about to tell you actually took place."

He assumed an easy posture, and was on the point of beginning his story, when the landlady set her spinning-wheel aside, and came towards the guests at the table. "Gentlemen, it is time to go to bed," said she. "It has struck nine, and you can have all day to-morrow."

"What! go to bed now!" exclaimed the student; "my dear madam, set a bottle of wine before us, and we will keep you up no longer."

"Out of the question," replied she, surlily; "as long as the guests remain in the kitchen, the landlady and servants never go to bed. In short, gentlemen, be off to your rooms. I am tired, and nobody tipples in my house after nine o'clock."

"What are you thinking of, landlady?" asked the compass-maker in amazement. "What objection can you have to our sitting here, if you are not kept up by us? We are honest people, and shall carry nothing away, nor leave your house without paying our bills. Such treatment as this I never met with in a tavern in all my life."

The woman's eyes flashed with anger. "Do you

think," said she, "that I am going to change all my rules for the sake of every fool of a journeyman, or every loafer who owes me a dozen kreutzers? I tell you once for all, I'll do no such thing."

The young man was about to make some reply to this tirade, when the student gave him a meaning glance, and made a sign to the rest. "Well," said he, "if the landlady insists on it, we will go to our rooms. Of course you will give us lights to find our way with?"

"It cannot be done," replied the woman angrily. "The others must find their way in the dark, and this bit of candle is big enough for your purposes. I have nothing else in the house."

The young gentleman made no answer, but silently took up the candle, and rose from his seat. The others followed his example, and the two journeymen took up their bundles to carry them to their chamber. They then followed the student, who lighted them up stairs.

When they came to the top, the student requested them to walk softly, and, opening his chamber door, invited them by a gesture to enter. "There can be no doubt," said he, "that they mean to betray us. Did you notice how earnestly she tried to send us to bed, and how she deprived us of all means of keeping together and remaining awake? She thinks, probably, we shall soon go to sleep, and her game will be all the easier."

"But do you think we cannot escape?" said Felix. "In the wood we might defend ourselves more easily than in this room."

"The windows are all barred, like those below," said the student, trying in vain to loosen one of the iron cross-bars. "But one way of escape is left to us,

and that is by the front door ; but I do not believe they would let us go out."

"We can but try it," said the carrier. "I will try whether I can go out into the court-yard. If it can be done, I will come back and show you the way."

The rest approving of this proposition, the carrier slipped off his shoes and crept on tiptoe down stairs. His comrades listened in intense anxiety from their chamber above. Already had half the flight been descended without mishap, when, as the carrier turned a corner round a pillar, a huge dog suddenly rose on his hind legs before him, and, resting his paws on his shoulders, showed a double row of long, sharp teeth, directly before his eyes. He was afraid either to advance or retreat, for, at his slightest movement, the horrible creature snapped fiercely at his throat. He began, therefore, a fearful howling and bellowing, and the hostler and the landlady speedily made their appearance with lights in their hands.

"Where are you going? What do you want?" cried the mistress of the house.

"I want to get something from my cart," answered the carrier, trembling for his life, for, as the door opened he had caught sight of several dark, suspicious-looking men with guns in their hands, sitting in the kitchen.

"You should have got all you wanted before," said the landlady gruffly. "Grip, come here. Jacob, open the front door, and light the gentleman to his cart."

The dog withdrew his frightful muzzle from the carrier's face, and lay down again on the stairs: the hostler meanwhile had thrown open the door, and held a light for the carrier. While thinking what he should select from the articles in his cart, he called to mind a pound of wax candles which he was to carry to the neighbor-

ing city on the following day. "That little candle-end will hardly last a quarter of an hour," said he to himself, "and lights we must have." So, taking a couple of wax candles and concealing them in his sleeve, he took for the sake of appearance a thick cloak from the cart, which he told the groom he wanted to cover himself with during the night.

He returned to the chamber of the student without accident. Here he told his comrades of the large dog keeping watch on the stairs, of the men of whom he had caught a momentary glimpse, and of all the precautions the robbers had taken to insure success, and ended with a sigh, saying, "We shall never live through this night."

"I do not think so," answered the student. "I cannot believe these robbers so reckless as to sacrifice the lives of four men for the sake of the trifling gain they can expect to make out of us. But we had better offer no resistance I think. I, for my part, am willing to abandon all I have. My horse is already in their hands; it cost me fifty ducats only four weeks ago; and my purse and clothes I will surrender willingly, for I confess I value my life more than all these put together."

"You have spoken sensibly," said the carrier, "as far as you yourself are concerned, for such things as you can lose can put you to little inconvenience. But I am the carrier from Aschaffenburg, and have all sorts of valuable articles in my cart, to say nothing of two fine horses in the stable here, which are all I own in the world."

"I hardly believe they will do you any injury," interposed the compass-maker. "The robbery of a carrier would make too great an excitement through the coun-

try. I am of the opinion of this gentleman. I would rather surrender everything I have in the world, and take an oath to say nothing about it, than venture my life against men with pistols and guns in their hands."

In the course of these observations the carrier had produced his wax candles, and, lighting one of them, set it on the table. "Then let us trust in God," said he, "and await what happens. Let us sit down again together, and keep ourselves awake by story-telling."

"Good; so we will," answered the student; "and, as the turn came to me, I will tell you my story now."

THE COLD HEART.

PART FIRST.

WHOEVER journeys through Swabia should, on no account, neglect to pay a visit to the Black Forest; not so much to see the forest itself, — although such countless numbers of vast pines are not to be found in all countries, — as to study the inhabitants, between whom and the people in the neighborhood there exists a striking difference. They are of larger stature than the generality of men, with broad shoulders and strong limbs, and seem as if the invigorating air, which at morning blows through the pine trees, had imparted to them from their youth up a freer breath, a clearer eye, and a ruder courage, than to the inhabitants of the valleys and the plains. And not only in height and bearing, but in their habits and manners also, they differ strikingly from the people outside. The residents in the Black Forest dress themselves with much taste; the men allow the beard, which nature has planted on the chin, to grow to



THE COLD HEART. Part 1.

its full length, and their black doublets, huge, loose trousers, red stockings, and pointed hats encircled by a wide flapping brim, give them a peculiar but dignified appearance. Their occupation is principally glass-making; but they also manufacture watches, and carry them over half the world.

On the opposite side of the forest dwell a branch of the same people, whose mode of life has given them habits and customs differing from those of their glass-making brethren. They deal with their forest; they fell and hew the pine trees, and float them down the Magold to the Neckar, from the Neckar to the Rhine, till the people of the Black Forest and their huge rafts are known as far as Holland. They halt at all the cities on the streams down which they pass, and wait till men come to buy their timbers and boards; and their strongest and longest timbers they sell to the *mynheers* to build ships with. These men are accustomed to a wild and wandering existence; their chief enjoyment is to descend their rivers on their rafts, their sole regret to return again to shore. Their dress differs much from that of the glass-blowers in the other part of the forest. Their doublets are of dark-colored linen, with suspenders of green material, the width of the hand, crossing on their breasts, and their trousers are of black leather, from whose pockets project brass foot-rules. But their chief pride is in their boots, which are longer than those worn anywhere else in the world, for their wide legs reach high above the knee, and the wearers can walk for hours dry-shod through three feet of water.

Till within a recent period the dwellers of the forest firmly believed in wood-demons, and only very lately has this degrading superstition been at all diminished in strength. It is a singular fact, moreover, that these

demons, who are reputed to dwell in the Black Forest, wear the same distinctive garments as the human inhabitants. Thus, it is said that the Glass Manikin, a benevolent spirit about four feet in height, never appears but in a peaked hat with a wide brim, a doublet, trousers, and red stockings. Hollander Michael, on the other hand, who resides on the other side of the forest, is described as a huge, broad-shouldered fellow, in the dress of a woodman; and several persons who have seen him have solemnly declared that their purses were not deep enough to buy the calves whose skins would be required to make his boots. "They would take in a common man up to his neck," they asserted, and never would confess to the least exaggeration in their statement.

A young native of the Black Forest was in the habit of describing, not long ago, a strange adventure with these wood-demons, which I will now tell you.

There was a certain widow, Mistress Barbara Munk, who lived in the Black Forest, whose husband had been a charcoal-burner; and, after his death, she had brought up her son, a lad of sixteen years, to the same business. Young Peter Munk, a sharp-witted youth, was for a time satisfied with his lot, for during his father's life he had never looked at the matter otherwise than as sitting the whole week near the roaring kiln, or going down to the city, black and dirty, to sell the coal. But a charcoal-burner has much leisure for reflection; and when Peter sat at his kiln, the waving trees overhead, the profound silence of the forest, moved his heart to unwonted tears and longings. Something, he knew not what, inspired him with a mixed feeling of despondency and anger. At last, however, he discovered the cause of these emotions: it was his station in life. "A dirty, lonely charcoal-burner!" he said to himself. "It is a

miserable life. How respectable are glass-blowers, watch-makers, musicians! But when Peter Munk makes his appearance, washed and dressed, in his father's best doublet with silver buttons, and his brand-new red stockings, and any one comes behind him and says, 'Who can this slim lad be?' and secretly admires his stockings and his graceful walk, when he passes me and looks in my face, he is sure to say, 'Bah, it's only Peter Munk, the charcoal-burner!''

The woodmen on the other side of the forest were also objects of his envy. When these wood-giants came over, in their handsome dresses, and carrying on their person, in chains, buckles and buttons, half a hundred weight of silver, when they stood looking on at the dance with straddled legs and grinning faces, with their Dutch oaths, and their Cologne pipes a yard in length, like distinguished mynheers, Peter would hold them up to his imagination as perfect pictures of happy men. And when these fortunate beings thrust their hands into their pockets, and, pulling out handfuls of great dollars, squandered instead of a paltry sixpence, like Peter, six florins here and ten there, Peter's strength of mind gave way, and he would sneak home miserable to his hut. For many a holiday he had seen one or another of these "wood-masters" play away more money in five minutes than poor Peter could hope to earn in a year. There were three of these men especially of whom he could not determine which to admire the most. One of them was a thick, stout man, with a red face, who passed for the richest person in the neighborhood. They called him fat Ezekiel. He made two journeys every year to Amsterdam, and had the good fortune to sell his timber invariably so much dearer than his rivals that, while the others came home

on foot, he always travelled sumptuously on wheels. The second was the longest and leanest man in the whole forest, and was called "Long Slurker." His extreme impudence was the object of Peter's especial envy : for, though he contradicted the most respectable people, though he took up more room at the tavern than four of the stoutest men, — for he either sat with both elbows on the table, or stretched out his long, thin legs on the bench he was occupying, — yet none ventured to oppose his selfishness, as he was reputed to be possessed of untold gold. The third was a young, handsome man and the best dancer in the whole country, and was called by his companions, for that reason, "King Dance."

He had been a poor lad in former times, and had served his apprenticeship with a master-woodman ; but all of a sudden he had become immensely rich, and some people said he had found a pot of gold under an old pine-tree ; others, that he had fished up with his spear from the Rhine, not far from Bingen, a chest of gold pieces ; but, however that may have been, he had suddenly grown very wealthy, and was treated like a prince by young and old.

Peter Munk's thoughts often reverted to these three men, as he sat alone in the forest. To be sure, all three had one great defect, which made them hated by all the people, and this was their excessive avarice in dealing with debtors and poor men, for generally the people of the Black Forest are kind-hearted and generous. But everybody knows how it is in these matters : if they were hated for their avarice, they were honored for their wealth : for who like them could throw away his money as if it fell into his pockets from the trees ?

"I cannot stand this much longer," said Peter, one

day, sorrowfully ; for the day before had been a holiday, and everybody had met at the tavern ; “ if luck does n’t come to me soon, I shall do something I shall be sorry for. If I were only now as rich and distinguished as fat Ezekiel, or as bold and influential as Long Slurker, or could toss dollars to the musicians like King Dance ! Where can that fellow have got his money ? ” He went over in his mind every method of earning a fortune he could think of ; but none suited him. At last occurred to his mind the traditions he had heard, of people who had been made rich years ago by “ Hollander Michael ” and the “ Glass Manikin.” While his father was alive, a good many poor men had been to visit him, and they had talked of little else but men of wealth, and how they had got their money. In many of these stories the glass manikin had played an important part ; and, as Peter sat pondering, he could almost remember the verse of poetry which must be spoken at the great pine in the middle of the forest to make the manikin appear. It began thus, he was sure :

“ Treasurer in the forest green,
 Who so many hundred years hast seen,
 Thine is the land where the pine-trees stand,” —

But, rub up his memory as he pleased, he could not call to mind another line. He deliberated whether he should inquire of some old man what the rest of the verse was ; but a dislike to betray his thoughts repressed his impulse, and, besides, he decided that the tradition of the glass manikin could not be widely known, and very few persons must be acquainted with the poetry, for rich men were not numerous in the forest ; and why had not his father and the other poor men

tried their fortune? He once led his mother to speak of the demon, but she merely told him what he knew already, and could only remember the first line of the stanza; though at length she recollected, "that the manikin showed himself only to people who had been born between eleven and two on Sunday. Peter himself might pass very well as far as that went, if he could only recollect the verses, for he had been born on that day at twelve o'clock."

When the charcoal-burner heard this, he was almost beside himself with a desire to attempt the adventure. It appeared to him amply sufficient to know a part of the poetry, and to have been born on Sunday, to induce the glass manikin to show himself at once. So one day, when he had sold his charcoal, and lighted a new kiln, he put on his father's best doublet and red stockings, donned his Sunday hat, and, grasping in his hand his blackthorn stick, took leave of his mother.

"I must go to the city on business," said he. "We draw for the conscription before long, and I must remind the bailiff once more that you are a widow, and I your only son."

His mother praised him for his thoughtfulness; but no sooner was he out of her sight than he betook himself straight to the old pine-tree. It stood on the top of the highest elevation in the Black Forest, and not a single village, not even a cottage, stood within a radius of two leagues around, for the superstitious inhabitants believed the neighborhood unsafe. Lofty and valuable as were the trees, men cut wood in this locality with great reluctance; for often had the wood-cutters, when working in the neighborhood, had their axes fly from the handle and sink into their foot, or the trees had fallen unexpectedly, and wounded or killed the men at work

about their roots. Besides, the finest trees could only have been used for firewood, for the raftsmen never admitted a tree from this dangerous group among their other timber, from respect for the tradition that both man and timber would surely be unlucky if one of these pine-trees was with them afloat; and hence it came, that in the pine group here the trees stood so lofty and crowded, that even at mid-day it seemed almost night. Peter Munk's heart was in a fearful state of agitation; for he heard no voice, no footstep but his own, and even the birds seemed to avoid this scene of gloom.

The charcoal-burner had now reached the highest point of the pine grove, and took his stand before a tree of prodigious girth, which a Dutch shipwright would have given many hundred florins for as it stood. "Here," thought he, "must the treasurer surely dwell," and, removing his large hat and making a humble reverence to the tree, he cleared his throat, and said, in a trembling voice: "I wish you a pleasant evening, Mr. Glass-blower!" No answer came, and everything was silent as before. "Perhaps I must repeat the verses," thought he; and he muttered, in a low tone:

"Treasurer in the forest green,
Who so many hundred years hast seen,
Thine is the land where the pine-trees stand,—"

As he said these words, he saw, to his intense alarm, a little singular apparition, peering out from behind the vast tree. He saw the glass manikin precisely as he had heard him described; the little black doublet, the red stockings, the tiny hat, all, even to the pale, shrewd, handsome face of which he had heard so much, he now believed he had this instant caught a glimpse

of. But, unluckily, rapidly as the manikin had peeped out, he had darted back again as rapidly.

"Mr. Glass-blower," cried Peter, after a pause, "be reasonable, if you please, and don't take me for a fool. Mr. Glass-blower, if you think I did n't see you, you are very much mistaken; for I distinctly saw you peep out from behind that tree." Still no answer, though he thought occasionally he could distinguish a faint giggle behind the trunk. At last his impatience overcame the terror which had hitherto restrained him. "Wait, you little chap!" cried he; "I'll catch you in a twinkling!" and he sprang, with one bound, behind the tree; but no treasurer could he find in the green thicket, and he saw nothing but an active little squirrel darting up the trunk.

Peter Munk shook his head. He saw that he had succeeded perfectly with the exorcism to a certain point, and that perhaps a single rhyme only was wanted to enable him to entice the manikin wholly out. He rubbed his ear; he scratched his pate; but all in vain. The squirrel took its seat on the lowest branch, and seemed to be laughing at him. It dressed its fur, whisked its pretty tail, and looked at Peter with its cunning eyes, so that at last the lad began to be afraid to be alone with the creature: for now it seemed to him the squirrel had a man's head, and wore a three-cornered hat; now again it had on its hind legs red stockings and black shoes. In short, the merry little animal alarmed Peter a good deal, for he could not but think there was a great deal of mystery about it.

Peter left the place much more rapidly than he had come to it. The gloomy shades of the pine forest seemed to increase in depth, the trees to stand more compactly together, and he began to be so much terri-

fied that he retreated on the full run ; and not till he heard in the distance the barking of a dog, and saw the smoke of a cottage through the trees, did he become more easy and relieved in mind. But as he drew nearer, and could distinguish the costume of the people in the hut, he found that in his excitement he had taken a wrong direction, and, instead of the glass-blowers, had come among the raftsmen. The occupants of the hut he saw were wood-cutters ; they were an aged man, his son, the proprietor of the house, and several well-grown grand-children. They received Peter, who begged lodging for the night, with great hospitality, making no inquiry into his name or residence, gave him plenty of cider to drink, and, in the evening, sat before him a roasted heathcock, the choicest delicacy of the Black Forest.

After supper the mistress of the house and her daughters seated themselves with their distaffs round a large torch supplied by the children with the finest resin ; the grandfather, the guest, and the husband, sat smoking and looking at the women ; and the boys busied themselves in making wooden spoons and forks. Outside, the storm howled and roared through the pines ; the crash of falling trees was heard at frequent intervals, and the whole forest seemed to be breaking over their heads. The fearless boys wanted to run out into the wood to witness the terrible scene, but their grandfather checked them with a stern look and word. " I recommend no one," said he, " to leave the house to-night, for by Heaven he will never come back. Hollander Michael is felling a raft to-night."

The boys looked at him in amazement ; they had heard before of Hollander Michael, but they begged their grandfather to tell them, once for all, his whole

history. Peter Munk, also, who had heard indistinct rumors of Hollander Michael on the other side of the forest, chimed in with their entreaties, and inquired of the old man who and where he was.

"He is the lord of this forest," answered the gray-beard; "and that at your age you have never yet heard about him shows that you do not live nearer than the pine grove on the hill yonder, and probably a good way further. I will tell you what little I know of Hollander Michael and the various traditions concerning him. A century ago, so my grandfather used to say, there were no more respectable, honorable people in the whole world than the dwellers in the Black Forest. Now, since money has grown to be so plenty, men have become dishonest and wicked. The young fellows dance and revel on Sundays, and swear enough to make your blood run cold. It was very different formerly; and, if Hollander Michael were to look into that window this moment, I would say, as I have often said before, that he is solely to blame for all this corruption. There lived a hundred years ago a rich timber-master hereabouts, who had many servants. He traded far down the Rhine; and, being a pious man, his business prospered. One evening a man came to his door whose equal he had never seen before. His dress was that of the lads of the Black Forest, but he was a head taller than any one else, and no man could have believed that such a giant existed. The stranger begged for employment with the wood-cutters, and the wood-master, seeing his great strength and how much work he could do, settled the amount of wages he should pay him, and the bargain was struck. Such a workman the master had never before had in his employ. At felling trees he was equal to three men; and when six were drag-

ging at one end of a log, he carried the other without apparent exertion. After felling timber for six months he went to his master. "I have hewed wood long enough," said he, "and would like to see where my trees go. What do you say to letting me take down your rafts one of these days."

The wood-master answered: "I will not stand in your way, Michael, if you wish to see a little of the world. To be sure, I need for tree-felling strong, able-bodied men like you; but still, your dexterity won't be wasted with my rafts; so, if you wish to go, I agree for once."

So the thing was settled. The raft which he was to manage had eight sections, the last one composed of the largest ship-timbers. But what happened? The evening before he was to start Michael brought down to the river eight beams, far longer and bigger than any ever seen before, and yet carried so easily on his shoulder that all who saw him were aghast. Where he had felled them, nobody knows to this day. The wood-master's heart laughed for joy on seeing them, for he saw at a glance what a monstrous price they would fetch; and Michael said: "These are for me to travel on; I should never get along on those wretched little joists there." His master, in the height of his gratitude, gave him a handsome pair of river-boots; but he threw them aside, and produced a pair of unheard-of dimensions; my grandfather used to say that they weighed a hundred pounds, and stood at least five feet high.

The raft set off; and if Michael had hitherto astonished the wood-cutters, he now filled the raftsmen with utter amazement, for, instead of the raft's floating slowly down the stream, as people had expected from the vast

size of the timber, no sooner had it reached the Neckar than it flew along like an arrow. At every bend in the Neckar, where the raftsmen usually had great trouble in keeping the raft in the middle and preventing it from striking on the gravel or sand, Michael invariably sprang into the water and with one shove pushed the timber right or left, so that it slipped by without danger ; and when he came to a straight part of the river, he ran forward on to the front division and, thrusting his huge weaver's beam into the gravel, with one mighty push would send the raft along so that shores and trees and villages seemed to be all racing in the contrary direction. In this way, in half the time they usually required, they reached the city of Cologne, where they were wont to dispose of their timber ; but here Michael said : " You are fine merchants, are you not, and understand your business ! Do you suppose the people of Cologne use all the timber which comes from the Black Forest ? No, they buy it of you for half its value, and sell it in Holland again at double price. Let us sell the small timbers here, and go ourselves with the larger ones to Holland. Whatever we get beyond the usual price is our own profit."

Thus spoke the crafty Michael, and the others assented at once, some because they were anxious to visit Holland, and others for the sake of the expected profit. One only of the gang was honest, and warned them against exposing their master's property to danger, or cheating him out of the higher price ; but the others would not listen, and forgot his words, though Hollander Michael did not. They descended the Rhine with the raft, under Michael's guidance, and soon arrived at Rotterdam. Here they obtained fourfold the usual price for their goods, and Michael's huge timbers especially

fetches a monstrous sum of money. Seeing so much gold within their reach, the Black Foresters lost all self-control. Michael divided the purchase-money, one-fourth to his master and three to the raftsmen, and they squandered and gambled it away in all sorts of debauchery, frequenting the low pot-houses and taverns with sailors and other dissipated people; while the brave man who had attempted to dissuade them from their purpose was sold, it is thought, by Michael to the devil, for he was never seen again. From this time Holland was a paradise to the lads of the Black Forest, and Hollander Michael their king. Their masters heard nothing of the proceeding for a long time; and money, swearing, bad manners, drunkenness, and gambling, came insensibly from Holland to these once happy regions.

When the story came out at last, Hollander Michael was nowhere to be found. But dead he certainly is not; for these hundred years past he has been playing his pranks in this forest, and they say he has helped a great many persons to grow rich, but—at the price of their poor souls, and I say no more of that. But this much is certain, that on just such stormy nights as this he tears down the largest pines in the pine grove yonder where no one works; and my father saw him once snap off one, four feet in diameter, like a reed. These he gives to those men who turn aside from virtue and follow him. At midnight they carry them down to the river, and he steers them down to Holland. But if I were King of Holland I would have him blown from the cannon's mouth, for every ship will surely sink which has in her one of Hollander Michael's timbers. This is why we hear of so many shipwrecks; for what else should make a handsome, strong ship, as big as a church, sink to

the bottom of the ocean? I tell you, just so often as Hollander Michael fells a pine in the Black Forest, one of his old timbers springs out from the bottom of some ship: the water of course pours in, and the vessel is lost with crew and cargo.

This is the story of Hollander Michael; and true it is that every evil in these woods must be ascribed to him. O, he can make a man rich!" added the old grandfather mysteriously; "but not for worlds would I take anything from him. I would n't be in the skin of Fat Ezekiel or Long Slurker for all the Indies! King Dance has sold himself to him, too, or I am much mistaken."

The storm had gone down while the old man was speaking; the girls, trembling with fear, lighted their lamps and went away to bed, and the men laid a bag of leaves on the stove-bench as a pillow for Peter Munk, and bade him good-night.

Peter had never had such fearful dreams as on this night. Now, he imagined that he saw the gigantic Hollander Michael tear open the cottage window, and hold in with his prodigiously long arm a purse full of gold pieces, which he shook together with a sweet metallic ring; *now*, on the other hand, he thought he saw the little, good-natured glass manikin riding round the room on a huge green bottle, and he thought he could again distinguish the faint giggle he had heard in the pine-grove. Soon his left ear caught a murmur:

"In Holland is gold,
In sums untold,
At a low price sold,
Gold, gold."

Then he heard, in his right ear, the song of the treas-

urer in the leafy pine forest, and a soft voice whispered :
“Stupid coal-burner, stupid Peter Munk, cannot find a word to rhyme with *stand*, and yet was born at noon on Sunday ! Rhyme, stupid Peter, rhyme ! ”

He groaned and grunted in his sleep, trying to find a rhyme, but as he had never made one in his life, all the efforts of his dream were fruitless. Waking with the earliest beams of morning, his memory still retained the marvels of the previous night, and, sitting near the table with folded arms, he pondered over the whispered words which still lingered in his ear. “Rhyme, stupid Peter, rhyme,” said he to himself, knocking at his forehead with his finger ; but no rhyme came. As he was sitting staring at the floor and thinking of a rhyme for *stand*, three lads passed the house in the direction of the wood, and one of them sang :

“ On the mountain I did stand,
And I gazed across the dell,
And I saw her wave her hand
In eternal farewell.”

It went into Peter’s ear like a flash of lightning, and starting up hastily, in fear lest he had heard incorrectly, he rushed from the house and seized the singer roughly by the arm. “Halt, friend !” he cried, “what was your rhyme to *stand* ? Do me the favor to repeat what you sang just now.”

“What business is it of yours, man ?” answered the youth, “I will sing just what I please ; and let go my arm this moment, or — ”

“You must and shall tell me what you were singing !” shouted Peter, almost crazy with anxiety, and tightening his grasp ; whereupon, the two others, without an instant’s delay, seized him in their powerful grip, and

handled him so roughly that he was forced by mere pain to release the sleeve of the third, and sank exhausted on his knees. "There!" said they, laughing, "you 've got your gruel; and remember, you fool, never to attack people of our sort again on the high road."

"Alas! I shall be sure to remember," answered Peter, with a deep sigh. "But if you beat me for it, please tell me distinctly what you were singing."

At this they all laughed again, and poked fun at him to their heart's content; but the singer repeated his song at last, and, laughing and singing, the three merry companions went on their way.

"Aha! *hand*," said battered Peter, rising painfully from the ground. "*Stand and hand*—of course! Now, glass manikin, we will have a word or two together." He entered the hut, and, taking his hat and staff, bade good-by to the occupants of the cottage, and set off on his return to the pine grove. Slowly and thoughtfully he trudged along, for he had to compose a line for his verse; at last, however, after he had come within the borders of the grove, and the pines grew tall and thick, he succeeded in his essay at poetical composition, and, in his delight, gave a high leap into the air.

At this moment a man of gigantic height, dressed like a raftsman, and with a staff like a ship's mast in his hand, stepped forth from behind the pines. Peter Munk almost dropped on his knees when he saw this figure approaching; for he felt it could be no other than Hollander Michael. The spectre preserved a profound silence, and Peter gazed at him with eyes of terror. He stood at least a head taller than the tallest man Peter had ever seen; his face was neither old nor young, but full of furrows and wrinkles; he wore a doublet of dark

linen cloth, and the huge boots drawn up over his leather breeches Peter recognized at once as those described by tradition.

"Peter Munk, what brings you to the pine grove?" asked the forest king at length in a deep and threatening voice.

"Good-morning, Mr. Countryman," answered Peter, seeking to conceal his fear, but trembling violently; "I was only going home through this pine grove."

"Peter Munk," said the giant, turning on him a penetrating glance, "your road goes not through this grove."

"No, sir, not exactly," replied Peter, "but the day is warm, and I thought it would be cooler here."

"No lies, charcoal-burner!" shouted Hollander Michael, in a voice of thunder, "or I will strike you dead with this staff! Think you I did not see you begging of the manikin?" he added more softly. "Pooh, pooh, Peter! that was a stupid business, and you were lucky in not remembering the poetry. He is a niggard, that little wretch, and never gives much, and those who receive from him are never happy. Peter, you are a poor simpleton, and I pity you from my soul; such a high-spirited, handsome lad, who could do so much in the great world, and yet only a charcoal-burner! Only able to bring out sixpence, when other men shake out big dollars from their pockets! It's a wretched life!"

"So it is, sir; you are right; it is a wretched life indeed!"

"Well, well," continued the frightful Michael; "you will not be the first brave lad I have helped out of his difficulties. Say, Peter, how many hundred dollars do you want for your first instalment?"

Saying this, he rattled the gold in his big pockets, and a sound came to Peter's ears like that he had heard in his dream. But his heart throbbed with terror at these words of the spectre, for Hollander Michael did not look like one who gave money for charity's sake alone. The old man's mysterious remarks about rich men recurred to his memory, and, filled with an inexpressible alarm, he cried : " Much obliged, sir ! but I wish to have nothing to do with you ; I know you of old," and ran, as he had never run before. The demon came after him with prodigious strides, muttering in a hollow and menacing voice : " You will regret this, Peter. It is written on your forehead, I can read it in your eyes, that you will not escape me. Do not run so fast ; listen to one sensible word, Peter, before you cross my boundary." Hearing these words, and seeing before him at no great distance a narrow trench, Peter redoubled his efforts to reach the limits, Michael pursuing him with threats and curses. The young man leaped across the trench with a desperate spring, just as he saw the spectre raise his staff to deal a fatal blow upon his head. He crossed the trench without mishap, and the staff splintered in the air as if it had struck an invisible wall, and a long fragment fell at Peter's feet.

He picked the piece up triumphantly to throw it back at Hollander Michael ; but the moment he did so he felt the stick move in his hand, and he saw to his horror that he held in his grasp a monstrous serpent, which was already ascending his arm with dripping tongue and gleaming eyes, to assail his throat. He relaxed his hold, but the reptile had wound itself round his arm, and its darting head drew nearer and nearer to his face. Suddenly a gigantic heathcock flew down, and, seizing the serpent's head in his beak, flew

with the reptile into the air ; while Hollander Michael, who had seen the whole affair from the further side of the trench, howled, yelled and raved, as the snake was carried off by a superior power.

Peter went his way, trembling and exhausted ; the path grew steeper, the scene became more savage, and he soon found himself at the huge pine. He made, as he had done the day before, a low reverence to the invisible manikin, and said :

“ Treasurer in the forest green,
Who so many hundred years hast seen,
Thine is the land where the pine-trees stand,
And Sabbath-born children bless thy hand.”

“ You have n’t exactly hit it, charcoal Peter ; but since it is *you*, let it pass,” said a soft, melodious voice close by. He looked round amazed, and under a handsome pine he saw sitting a little man, in a black doublet and red stockings, with a huge hat on his head. He had a pleasant, kindly face, and a long beard as fine as cob-web. He was smoking a pipe of blue glass, and, as Peter drew nearer, he saw to his astonishment that the clothes, shoes and hat of the pigmy were also made of colored glass ; but it was as flexible as if it were still hot, for it adapted itself like cloth to every motion of his body.

“ You have met that scoundrel, Hollander Michael,” said the dwarf, coughing oddly between every word. “ He has served you a shameful trick ; but I have taken away his magic staff, and he will never get it again.”

“ Yes, my lord treasurer,” replied Peter, with a low bow, “ it was an anxious moment. You are the honorable heathcock, no doubt, who killed the snake. Accept my sincerest thanks. I came to obtain your advice and aid. My affairs are in a very bad condition,

indeed, sir. A charcoal-burner can never do much, and I thought that, as I was young, I might make something better of myself: especially when I see other men who have gone ahead so far in a very short time, like Ezekiel, for instance, and King Dance, who have money as plenty as grass in summer."

"Peter," said the pigmy, solemnly, blowing the smoke from the bowl of his pipe; "Peter, say nothing to me of *those* men. What does it profit them to seem happy here for a few years, if they are all the more miserable afterwards? You must not despise your trade: your father and your grandfather were respectable men, and carried on the same business, Peter Munk! I earnestly hope it is no love of idleness which brings you to me."

Peter was startled by the little man's solemnity, and blushed scarlet. "No," said he; "I well know, my lord treasurer, that idleness is the root of all evil: but you will not think the worse of me if I confess that a different position from what I occupy would please me better. A charcoal-burner is looked on as contemptible all the world over, and the glass-blowers and raftsmen and watch-makers are much more respectable."

"Pride often cometh before a fall," answered the little gentleman of the pine grove, more kindly. "You men are strange beings! Few of you are contented with the lot in which you are born and bred. If you were a glass-blower, you would wish to be a wood-master; if a wood-master, you would long for the place of the forester, or the bailiff. But, so be it; if you promise to work diligently, Peter, I will help you to a better lot. I am accustomed to grant to every Sabbath-born child, who knows how to find me, three wishes. The

first two are absolute ; but the third, if it is a foolish one, I am at liberty to refuse. So, state what you want. But, Peter, let it be something useful and good."

"Huzza! O! you are an excellent manikin, and properly called treasurer, for treasures are at home in your house! Let me see. If I may wish whatever I please, sir, let the first be that I may dance better than King Dance himself, and have always as much money in my pocket as Fat Ezekiel."

"You fool!" said the dwarf, angrily. "What a miserable wish is this, to dance well, and have money to squander! Are you not ashamed, stupid Peter, to cheat yourself of your good fortune in this way? What advantage is it to you and your poor mother, that you can dance? What benefit is all your money, which, according to your wish, is only for the tavern, and remains there like that of the worthless King Dance? I give you one more free wish; but mind you wish more sensibly."

Peter scratched his ears, and said, after some delay: "Well, I wish for the finest and richest glass-house in the Black Forest, and money to carry it on."

"Nothing else?" asked the dwarf, anxiously; "Peter, nothing else?"

"Well, sir, you might add a horse, and a little carriage —"

"O, you stupid charcoal-burner!" cried the pigmy, in a rage, throwing his glass pipe against a pine, where it broke into a thousand pieces. "Horses! carriages! Sense, I tell you, good common sense you ought to have wished for, and not horses and carriages! Come, don't be so downcast; it is not so disgraceful, after all. Your second wish was not so *very* absurd.

A good glass-house keeps master and man ; but if you had taken prudence and common sense with it, the horse and carriage would have come of themselves."

"But, lord treasurer," said Peter, "I have still one wish left. I can wish for common sense, if you think it so necessary."

"No, no. You will get into many a difficulty, Peter, where you will be happy to think that you have a wish on hand. Here," said the manikin, drawing a little purse from his pocket, "here are two thousand florins, and enough for you, too ; and never come here again to ask for money. If you do, I shall hang you up on the highest pine in the forest. I have always done so since I lived in this wood. Old Winkfritz, who owned the great glass-house in the lower forest, died three days ago. Go there to-morrow morning early, and make a fair offer for the property as it stands. Live honestly, be industrious, and I will visit you occasionally to assist you with advice, since you failed to ask for common sense. But — I say it earnestly — your first wish was bad. Beware of going to the tavern, Peter. It never benefited anybody yet !"

While he spoke, the little man had pulled out a fresh pipe of glass, and, stuffing it with dry rosin, thrust it into his tiny, toothless mouth. Then drawing forth a huge burning-glass, he stepped into the sunshine and lighted his pipe. When everything was ready, he held out his hand graciously to Peter, and, giving him some good counsel as they went along, smoked and blew **faster and faster**, till he vanished at length in a cloud of smoke, which, slowly curling, floated away among the pines.

When Peter reached home, he found his mother in great anxiety on his account ; for, from his staying

away so long, the good lady was persuaded that her son had been drawn for a soldier. He made his appearance, however, joyous and cheerful, and told her at great length how he had met a good friend in the forest, who had advanced him some money to aid him in commencing a different business. Although his mother had lived in charcoal thirty years, and had become as much accustomed to smutty-faced people as a miller's wife is to the mealy visage of her husband, she was foolish enough, as soon as her Peter entered on a more brilliant career, to despise her former condition, and used to say: "Ay, ay, as the mother of a glass-house owner, I am of a different sort from neighbors Gretchen and Betty; and in future I mean to sit in church in the front seats, where the rich folks go."

Her son soon struck a bargain with the heirs of the glass-maker. He hired all the workmen he could find, and went to work making glass night and day. At first the business delighted him. He would go leisurely down to the glass-house with a consequential strut, his hands deep in his trousers' pockets, and his eyes staring insolently in all directions, and there make a variety of sententious and absurd remarks, to the intense amusement of his workmen, and the total destruction of their respect. His greatest pleasure consisted in watching the operation of glass-blowing; and he often took hold himself and formed odd figures from the plastic mass. But the business rapidly grew tedious, and his visits to the factory soon occupied but one hour in the day; soon after, one in two days; and at last he fell into the easy habit of coming only once a week, leaving his workmen in the interval to do precisely as they pleased. All this was the necessary consequence of his devotion to the tavern.

The Sunday after his return from the pine grove he repaired to the pot-house, and who should spring on to the dancing-floor, as he entered, but King Dance himself, while Fat Ezekiel sat behind his tankard, dicing for dollars. Peter felt hastily in his pockets, to see if the glass manikin had kept his promise ; and, see ! they were crammed to bursting with silver and gold ! His legs, too, were jerking and quivering, as if they yearned to be dancing, and, as soon as the first dance was ended, he placed himself with his partner opposite King Dance. When the latter jumped three feet into the air, Peter jumped four ; and when his rival made the most rare and delicate figurings, Peter so played and twisted his feet that the spectators went nearly crazy with admiration. But when it was known in the dancing-room that Peter had purchased a glass-house, when people saw that as often as he came near the musicians he threw them a crown, there was no end to their astonishment. Some believed he had found a treasure in the woods ; others thought he must have received a legacy ; but all honored him immensely, and looked upon him as a perfect gentleman, only because he had plenty of money. Though he gambled away twenty florins during the evening, yet his money still jingled in his pocket, as if there were at least a hundred dollars there.

When Peter perceived how important he had grown, he lost all self-restraint from joy and pride. He threw about his money with open hands, and shared it lavishly among the poor, remembering how heavily poverty had once weighed upon himself. The arts of King Dance were now cast into the shade by the supernatural skill of his new competitor, and Peter received the name of Emperor Dance. The most desperate gamblers never bet so much on Sundays as he ; nor, on the other hand, did

they lose so much. Still, the more he lost, the more he seemed to have. This resulted from the form of his wish to the glass manikin. He had wished for just as much money in his pocket as fat Ezekiel had, and he it was to whom he lost his gold. So, when he lost twenty or thirty guilders on one bet, he had them back in his pocket as soon as Ezekiel had bagged his gains. Very soon he had gone further in gluttony and gambling than the vilest debauchees in the Black Forest; and people now oftener called him Gambling Peter than Emperor Dance; for he played now almost every week-day. Hence his glass-house gradually fell into complete disorder, by reason of Peter's utter want of sense. He made all the glass he could possibly manufacture; but he had not bought, with the house, the secret of selling it to the best advantage. He was at a loss at last how to dispose of the vast quantity on hand, and sold it finally piecemeal to travelling merchants for half its value, solely for means to pay his workmen.

One evening he was going home from the tavern, and thinking with dismay, spite of the wine he had drunk, of the ruin of his property. Noticing suddenly that some one was walking near him, he looked round, and saw the glass manikin. He boiled over directly with anger and fury, and, assuming a haughty tone, swore that the pigmy was responsible for all his misfortunes.

"What can I do now with a horse and carriage?" he cried. "What good do I get from my glass-house and all my glass? When I was a miserable charcoal-burner, I lived happier and freer from care than I do now. I expect every day the bailiff will come and seize my goods for my debts."

"So!" answered the manikin, "I am to blame if you are unlucky? Is this your gratitude for my benev-

olence? Who taught you to make such foolish wishes? You chose to be a glass-blower, and did n't know where to sell your glass! Did I not tell you you should have wished more prudently? Common sense, Peter: you wanted common sense."

"What good is there in common sense?" cried Peter. "I have as much of it as anybody else, as I'll show you, you manikin!" and with these words he seized the dwarf by the collar, shouting: "Have I got you now, treasurer? Ha! ha! I'll make my third wish now, and you shall grant it to me, whether or no! I will have, this instant, two hundred thousand hard dollars, and a house, and — O, horror!" he cried, shaking his hand in agony; for the manikin had suddenly changed into liquid glass, and burned his hand like jets of fire. Nothing was to be seen of the pigmy.

His swollen hand reminded him, for many days, of his folly and ingratitude. But he stifled the voice of conscience, and said to himself, "Well, if they sell up my glass-house, and everything else, at any rate they can't take Fat Ezekiel. As long as he has money on Sundays, I shall never want."

Yes, Peter. But suppose he has none? And one day so it happened in the most striking manner. One Sunday Peter drove up to the tavern at full speed, and the people inside thrust their heads out of the window to see him, one saying: "Here comes Gambling Peter!" and another, "Ay, Emperor Dance, the rich glass-maker!" while a third shook his head, saying softly: "His riches are all very well; but people say all sorts of things of his debts; and I heard somebody say in the city that the bailiff was intending to attach his property before long." Peter saluted the people at the

window with politeness, and, descending from his carriage, called out: "Good-evening, landlord. Has Fat Ezekiel come yet?" He heard a deep voice answer: "Ay, ay, Peter, come in. Your place is kept for you, and we are at it already." Peter Munk entered the tavern on this invitation; and, feeling in his pockets, knew at once that Ezekiel must be well supplied with funds, for his own pockets were crammed to overflowing.

He sat down with the others at the table, and won and lost alternately, till the more respectable people went home; then they played by lamplight, till at length two of the gamblers left their seats, saying, "Well, we have had enough for to-night, and it is time to go home to our wives and children." But Gambling Peter insisted on Ezekiel's remaining; and the latter, after many refusals, finally cried: "Well, let me count my money first, and then we'll shake dice for five guilders a throw; less than that is child's play." He drew out his purse and counted the contents—five hundred guilders in cash, and Peter knew at once of course how much he himself had, without counting. But, if Ezekiel had won before, he lost every stake now, and swore fearfully at his ill luck. If he threw doublets, Peter threw triplets immediately after, and generally something better. At last Ezekiel laid his last five guilders on the table, and said with an oath: "Here's at you again, Peter; but if I lose this we can still go on, for you must lend me some of your winnings; a decent fellow must help his friend."

"As much as you want, though you borrow a hundred," said Peter, delighted at his luck; and Fat Ezekiel shook the dice and threw fifteen. "Triplets! Good!" he cried; "beat that if you can." Peter threw eighteen,

and a well-known voice behind him said, "That is the last!"

He looked round, and the gigantic Hollander Michael stood behind his chair. In his terror he let the money which he had just won, fall to the ground. But Fat Ezekiel saw nothing, and requested Gambling Peter to lend him ten guilders. Peter thrust his hand into his pocket, in a half-dreaming state; but no money was there. He felt in his other pocket; still the same. He turned his coat inside out, but not a farthing fell. And now for the first time he remembered his first wish, which was that he might always have as much money as Fat Ezekiel. Every guilder had vanished.

As he continued to feel for his money, Ezekiel and the landlord looked at him in amazement. They could not believe that he had none left; but at last, after feeling in his pockets themselves, they became furious, and swore that Gambling Peter must be a wicked magician, and had wished all his winnings away to his own house. Peter denied it manfully, but appearances were against him. Ezekiel declared he would tell the frightful story to every person in the Black Forest, and the landlord vowed he would go to the city the first thing in the morning and denounce Peter Munk as a wizard, and he would live, he added, to see the rascal burned at the stake. At last they both fell upon him in a fury, and, tearing his coat from his back, threw him out of the door.

Not a star was shining in heaven as Peter slunk sadly homewards; but he could perceive a dark figure striding by his side, which said at length: "It is all up with you, Peter; all your splendor is gone now, and I could have told you it would be so when you

refused to listen to my offers, and ran away to that stupid glass dwarf. See what a man gets by despising my advice. But try your chance with me once, for I feel compassion for your bad luck. No one ever repented coming to me; and, if you are not afraid, I can be spoken with all day to-morrow at the pine-grove, whenever you call me." Peter knew very well who the speaker was; but his presence filled him with terror, and he ran home without making any answer.

A noise in front of the tavern interrupted the speaker at this point. They heard a carriage drive up, several voices call for lights, a loud knocking at the front door, and several dogs howling and barking outside. The chamber assigned to the carrier and the journeyman looked out on the road, and the four companions ran into it to see what had taken place. From what they could see by the faint light of the lanterns, a large travelling-carriage was standing before the inn; a tall man was helping a couple of ladies to alight, and they could see a coachman in livery taking out the horses, and another servant busy unbuckling the trunks. "God help them!" sighed the carrier. "If these people escape with whole skins from this horrible tavern, I need feel no anxiety for my poor cart."

"Hush!" whispered the student. "I suspect the robbers have been lying in wait for these persons, and not for us. Probably they were informed of their route. If we could only put them on their guard! Stop. In the whole tavern there is not a decent chamber for the ladies except that next to mine. They will put them there. Stay quietly in this room, and I will try to warn the servant."

The young man crept back to his chamber and extin-

guished the candles, leaving the lamp burning which the landlady had given him, and then listened at the door. He soon heard the landlady coming up stairs with the ladies, and showing them into the neighboring room with many compliments. After urging her guests to go to sleep without delay, as they must be much fatigued by their long journey, she went down stairs. The student soon heard heavy footsteps ascending. He opened the door cautiously, and saw through the crack the tall man who had helped the ladies out of the carriage. He wore a hunting-suit, had a cutlass by his side, and was apparently the courier or equerry of the lady travellers. The student seeing that he was alone, opened his door rapidly and beckoned him in. The stranger approached with some surprise, and, before he could inquire what was wanted of him, the student whispered: "Sir, you have fallen to-night into a den of robbers!"

The man started back. The student now drew him wholly into the room, and told him all the circumstances which had excited his suspicions.

The stranger was much alarmed. He told the young man that the ladies, a countess and her waiting-woman, had at first intended to travel all night; but that about half a league's distance from this tavern they had met a horseman, who had inquired of them where they were going, and on being told that they were intending to travel all night through Spessart, he warned them that now-a-days the roads were very insecure. "If you set any value on an honest man's advice," he added, "give up your intention. There is a tavern not far off; bad and uncomfortable as it is, you would do better to pass the night there than run any unnecessary danger this dark night." The man who had given this advice had

an honest look ; and, in her fear of an attack of robbers, the countess had ordered her carriage to be stopped at the inn.

The courier held it to be his duty to inform the ladies of the threatened danger. He went into the next room, and soon after opened the door leading from the countess's chamber into the student's. The countess, a lady of about forty years, came towards the student, pale with fear, and made him repeat the whole story. They then consulted what to do in this painful state of affairs, and decided at last to collect together as cautiously as possible the two servants, the carrier, and the travelling journeymen, in order to make, in case of an attack, at least a decent resistance.

When this had been done, the countess' chamber was locked towards the passage, and barricaded with chairs and sofas. She seated herself on the bed with her waiting-woman, and the two servants took their posts at her side. The earlier guests and the courier seated themselves round the table in the student's room, and resolved there to wait for the attack. It was now about ten o'clock ; everything in the house was perfectly quiet and still, and as yet not a movement had been made to disturb the guests. The compass-maker now said : " To keep ourselves awake, our best course is to do as we were doing before. That is, sir, we were telling each other all sorts of stories ; and if, Mr. Courier, you have no objection, we might go on."

The courier assented at once ; and, to show his willingness, promised to tell them a story himself. He thus began :

THE FORTUNES OF SAID.

IN the time of Haroun al Raschid, sovereign of Bagdad, there lived in Balsora a man named Benezar, who had sufficient property to enable him to live quietly and comfortably without engaging in business. Nor did the birth of a son induce him to make a change in his habits.

"Why should I take to buying and selling in my old age," said he to his neighbors, "to leave to my son Said, if things turn out well, a thousand pieces of gold, or so, more, after my death? 'A dinner for two is enough for three,' the proverb says; and, provided he grows up a good boy, he shall never come to want."

So spoke Benezar, and he kept his word. He educated his son to no trade or profession, but instructed him carefully in all the books of wisdom; and as, in his opinion, nothing adorned a young man more, with the exception of learning and reverence for age, than trained strength and courage, he caused him to be early taught the use of arms; and Said was soon regarded, by youths of his own age, and even by his elders, as a formidable opponent; while in riding and swimming he had no superior.

When he was eighteen years old his father sent him to Mecca, to visit the grave of the Prophet, that he might perform his religious duties at the fountain-head of all holiness. Before he set out, his father called him into his presence, and, having praised his past life, and given him much good advice, furnished him with money for his journey, and addressed him in the following words:

"One thing more, son Said. You know me, I sup-



THE FORTUNES OF SAID

pose, to be a man generally exempt from vulgar prejudices. I like, of course, to listen to stories of fairies and wizards as an agreeable means of passing one's leisure time; but I am far from believing, as so many ignorant persons do, that these fairies, or whatever other title they go by, exert any influence on the lives and actions of men. Your mother, however, now twelve years dead, had as firm a belief in them as in the Koran; and she once confided to me, after I had sworn to divulge it to no one but her son, that she had been, ever since her birth, in close friendship with a fairy. I laughed heartily at her credulity; and yet, Said, I am obliged to confess that several events took place at your birth which filled me with astonishment. It had been raining and thundering the whole day, and the sky was so black that it was impossible to read without a lamp. About four o'clock in the afternoon they told me of the birth of my son. I hurried to your mother's chamber to see and bless my first-born, and found all her maids standing outside her door. In reply to my questions, they answered that no one was allowed to enter the room at present, and that Zemira, your mother, had commanded every one to leave her. I knocked at the door to no purpose. It remained closed.

While I was standing half-angrily among the domestics, the sky cleared away more suddenly than I had ever seen it do before; but, strange to say, the blue arch of heaven was visible only over our dear city of Balsora, and around the opening lay the black masses of clouds heavily piled together, with the lightning flashing and playing round its circumference. As I was watching this spectacle with interest, my wife's door flew open, and, leaving the servants outside, I entered her chamber alone, to ask her why she had locked her-

self in. As I crossed the threshold, such a stupefying odor of roses, pinks and hyacinths, assailed my nostrils, that I came near fainting. Your mother gave you into my arms, and pointed at the same time to a tiny silver pipe attached to a chain of gold as fine as silk, which you were wearing round your neck. 'The kind fairy of whom I told you has been here,' said your mother, 'and gave this birthday-present to your son.' — 'The same person, I suppose, who brightened up the weather, and left this odor of pinks and roses behind her,' said I, laughing incredulously. 'She might have given something better than this pipe, really; a purse of gold, or a horse, or something of that sort.' Your mother implored me not to jest, lest the offended fairy should turn her blessings into maledictions.

"From respect for her illness, I obeyed her wishes, and we spoke no more of the singular incident till six years later, when she felt that she was about to die. She then gave me the pipe, and enjoined upon me to deliver it to you on your twentieth birthday, saying that I must not suffer you to leave me, even for an hour, till that time. She then died; and here is the present," continued Benezar, taking a little silver pipe and a fine gold chain from a box. "I give it to you in your eighteenth instead of your twentieth year, as you are about to take a long journey, and I may, perhaps, be gathered to my fathers before you return. I see no reasonable ground for your remaining here with me two years longer, notwithstanding the timid forebodings of your mother. You are a good and prudent lad, you handle your weapons as skilfully as many a man of four-and-twenty, and I can therefore as safely acknowledge you to be of age now as two years hence. And now depart in peace; and both in good and ill-fortune, —

against which last may God preserve you, — remember your father.”

Benezar of Balsora thus ended, and dismissed his son. Said took a tearful leave, and, hanging the chain round his neck, and thrusting the pipe into his girdle, mounted his horse and rode to the place where caravans for Mecca usually assembled. Eighty camels and many hundred men were there collected. The caravan took up its line of march, and Said rode from the gates of his native city Balsora, to see it again only after the lapse of many years.

The novelty of the journey, and the numberless strange objects presented to his attention, at first sustained his spirits and dissipated his sorrow ; but as they approached the desert, and the landscape grew more and more desolate, he began to think of the events of his past life, and, among others, recalled the words which his father Benezar had said to him at parting.

He drew forth the pipe to examine it, and at length set it to his lips to test the sweetness and purity of its tone ; but to his surprise it gave no sound. He puffed out his cheeks and blew with all his force, but not a note could he elicit, and, vexed with the uselessness of the present, he thrust it back into his girdle. But his thoughts soon reverted to his mother’s mysterious words. He had heard many stories of fairies, but had never found that any of his neighbors in Balsora had had dealings with one of these supernatural beings. His informants had always laid their traditions of these spirits in distant countries and remote periods of time, and he had thus been led to suppose that such agencies had long since ceased to exist, or that fairies had discontinued visiting mankind, or taking any interest in their destinies. In spite of this incredulity, however,

he found himself incessantly trying to believe in something mysterious and supernatural having happened to his mother; and the result was that he sat his horse like a dreamer almost the whole day, taking no part in the conversation of his fellow-travellers, and wholly inattentive to their joyous singing and laughter.

Said was a youth of extreme beauty. His eye was bold and frank, his mouth full of sweetness, and, young as he was, there was an air of dignity in his appearance such as one rarely finds in persons of his age; while the light and easy grace with which he sat his steed drew upon him the attention of many of the travellers. One old man, riding by his side, was greatly attracted by his appearance, and endeavored to sound his disposition by a variety of questions. Said, upon whom a reverence for age had been carefully impressed, answered so modestly, and with so much shrewdness and reserve, that the old man was delighted. But as the lad's mind had been occupied almost the whole day with a single subject, they soon came to talk of the mysterious influence of fairies; and Said inquired at last of the aged stranger whether he believed in the existence of spirits, good or bad, who protected or tormented mankind.

The old man stroked his beard, and, nodding his head, answered:

"It cannot be denied that stories are told of such beings, though to this day I myself have never seen either a spectral dwarf, or a gigantic genius, or even a plain magician."

He then went on to tell Said such extraordinary stories that his head absolutely reeled, and he felt persuaded at last that all which had happened at his birth, — the change in the weather and the odor of the roses

and hyacinths,—was of great significance; that he himself stood under the especial protection of some powerful and benevolent fairy; and that the pipe had been given him for no other purpose than to whistle for the fairy in case of need. He dreamed all night long of castles, magic steeds, genii, and the like, and lived for the time in a genuine fairy-realm.

But, on the following day, he was painfully shown how delusive were all his sleeping and waking dreams. The caravan had advanced at an easy pace for the greater part of the day, when dark shadows became visible on the extreme verge of the horizon. Some of the travellers took them to be hills of sand, others pronounced them clouds, others that they were another caravan; but the old man, who had crossed the desert many times, shouted to his companions to look out for themselves, for that it was a horde of Arab robbers on the march. The men seized their arms, the women and treasures were placed in the middle, and everything was made ready for an attack. The dark mass advanced across the plains with a rapidly-increasing pace, and the travellers had scarcely time to make out clearly men and lances, before the enemy rushed down with the speed of the wind, and made a furious charge upon the caravan.

Its owners made a valiant resistance, but the robbers were over four hundred strong. They attacked them on every side, killed many, and then charged them with the lance. Said, who had been all the time fighting boldly among the foremost, at this terrible moment called to mind his pipe. He drew it quickly out, set it to his lips, blew—and sadly let it fall again, for it emitted not the faintest sound. Furious at this disappointment, he took a steady aim, and shot through the

heart an Arab, conspicuous for the splendor of his dress, who at once dropped dead from his horse.

"Allah! what have you done?" cried the old man at his side. "We are all lost!" And so, indeed, it seemed; for the robbers no sooner saw their leader fall than they raised a frightful cry, and attacked the caravan with such fury that the few men yet unwounded were speedily despatched. Said saw himself in a moment attacked by five or six. He used his lance so skilfully that no one ventured to come within its reach. Finally, one of his assailants retired to a distance, and, drawing out an arrow, was about to let it fly, when another robber made a sign to him to refrain. The young man prepared himself for a fresh attack, but, before he was aware, an Arab had thrown a noose over his head; and, strive as he might to break the cord, the noose was drawn tighter and tighter about his neck, and Said was a prisoner.

The whole caravan was by this time either slain or taken captive, and the conquerors, who consisted of more than one tribe of Arabs, took their departure, — a portion to the south, the remainder to the east. Four armed men rode near Said, looking at him often with savage glances, and heaping curses on his head: and Said decided that the man he had killed must have been a person of great authority. Speedy death was, in his eyes, far less painful to contemplate than hopeless slavery: and he rejoiced over his good fortune, in having drawn upon himself the hatred of the whole tribe, for he firmly believed that he would be put to death as soon as they reached their camp. The armed riders watched his every movement, and threatened him with their spears as often as he turned his eyes. But once, as the horse of one of them stumbled, he turned his

head rapidly about, and to his joy caught sight of his aged companion, whom he had supposed to be among the slain.

Trees and tents were visible at last in the distance, and, as they came nearer, a stream of women and children rushed out to meet them; but they had scarcely exchanged three words with the returning band, when they broke out into a frightful howl, and followed Said, menacing him with threatening gestures, and heaping him with maledictions. "He is the hound," they shouted, "who has slain Almansor, the bravest of the brave! He must die! We will give his flesh to the jackal of the desert." Thereupon they assaulted Said so furiously with sticks, stones, and clods of earth, that the robbers were compelled to interpose.

"Away, you children! Women, away!" cried they, scattering the crowd with their lances. "He has slain the great Almansor in battle, and must die; but by the sword of a warrior, not by the hand of a woman."

The procession halted in an open space among the tents. The prisoners were tied together, two and two, and the booty carried to the tents; while Said was chained alone, and led into a large marquee. In this sat an aged, richly-dressed man, whose stern and haughty air showed him to be the chief of the tribe. The men in charge of Said took their stand before him with lowered heads.

"The women's wails have told me what has taken place," said the chieftain, looking at each of the robbers in turn; "and your looks confirm it, — Almansor has fallen!"

"Almansor has fallen," answered the men; "but here, Selim, sovereign of the desert, is his murderer, whom we bring for you to judge. What death shall he

die? Shall we make him a target for our arrows; or hunt him through an avenue of lances? Or is it your will that he be hanged in a halter, or torn to pieces by horses?"

"Who art thou?" asked Selim, looking darkly at the prisoner, who stood before him bravely and prepared for death.

Said answered his question briefly, and without reserve.

"Hast thou killed my son treacherously? Hast thou slain him from behind with an arrow or a lance?"

"Not so, my lord!" answered Said. "I slew him in front, in open battle, as he attacked our ranks, after he had killed eight of my comrades before my eyes."

"Is it as he says?" demanded Selim of the men who had captured Said.

"Yes, my lord," said one of the interrogated. "He killed Almansor in open fight."

"Then has he done no more than we also should have done," answered Selim. "He has slain the foe who would rob him of life and liberty. Remove his bonds!"

The men looked at their chief in astonishment, and obeyed his order with sullen reluctance. "And shall the murderer of the brave Almansor live?" inquired one of them, casting a furious glance on Said. "Why did we not slay him on the spot!"

"He shall live!" shouted Selim; "and I take him into my own tent, as my share of the booty. He shall be my servant."

Said could not find words to express his thanks. The men left the tent muttering curses; and, as soon as they had communicated Selim's resolve to the women

and children assembled outside and waiting for Said's condemnation, the latter raised a yell of disappointed rage, and cried that they would revenge Almansor's death on his murderer with their own hands.

The prisoners were divided among the tribe, a few of them being released to obtain the ransom-money for the rest, and others sent to the flocks as shepherds; and many unfortunate men, who had till now been waited on by a dozen slaves themselves, were now compelled to perform the humblest services for their captors. Not so, Said. Was it his courageous bearing, or the influence of some good fairy, which so inclined old Selim to the lad? This strange partiality of the old man drew on him the enmity of the other servants. Everywhere he met with looks of hate. Whenever he went alone through the camp, he heard insults and imprecations poured upon him, and more than once an arrow had flown before his breast, evidently intended for his heart, and whose failure to hit its mark he ascribed solely to his pipe. He often complained to Selim of these attempts, but the old chief in vain endeavored to discover the treacherous assassin, for the whole tribe seemed to be united as one man against his life.

One day old Selim said to him: "I had hoped that you would replace my son, who perished by your hand. It is the fault of neither of us that this cannot be done. All here are inflamed against you, and for the future even I cannot protect you. What benefit is it to you or me, if, after they have killed you, I bring your murderers to punishment? Therefore, Said, when my followers come home from their excursion, I will give out that your father has sent me your ransom, and will cause you to be conducted, by some trusty men, safely out of the desert."

“But can I put faith in any one but you?” asked Said. “Will they not kill me on the road?”

“The oath they shall swear to me, and which no one has ever broken, will protect you from violence,” answered Selim, calmly.

Some days after, the tribe returned to camp, and Selim kept his promise. He gave the young man weapons, and a horse, and, assembling his warriors and selecting five of them for Said's escort, bound them by a frightful oath to spare his life, and dismissed him with many tears.

Gloomy and silent the five men rode with Said through the desert. The youth saw how reluctantly they obeyed their chief; and it caused him no little uneasiness to recognize two of them as having been present at the battle in which he had slain Almansor. After riding about eight leagues, Said heard them whispering among themselves, and observed that their bearing had grown more menacing. He pricked his ears to listen, and perceived that they were conversing in a dialect peculiar to the tribe, and which was only spoken on important and secret occasions. Selim, who had designed to keep the lad constantly in his tent, had devoted many hours to teaching him this secret language; but what he now heard was anything but enlivening.

“Here is the place,” said one, “where we attacked the caravan; and here fell the bravest of our tribe by the hand of a boy.”

“And shall he who did the deed still live to our disgrace, and be free? When before did a father refuse to avenge the death of his son? But Selim is old and childish.”

“If a father renounces his rights,” said a third, “it

is a friend's duty to avenge a fallen friend. We should hew him to pieces on this spot ! ”

“ But we have sworn to the chief,” cried a fourth, “ that we would not kill him, and our oath must not be broken.”

“ It is true,” said the others, “ we have sworn, and the murderer goes unscathed from the hands of his enemies.”

“ Stay ! ” cried one, the fiercest of them all. “ Old Selim is crafty ; but not so crafty as men think. Have we sworn to him to carry this boy to any particular place ? No ! He took of us an oath to spare his life ; and *that* we will spare him. But the burning sun and the teeth of the jackals will accomplish our revenge. We will leave him bound upon the sands.”

Said had been for some minutes prepared for the worst, and, as the last words were spoken, turned his steed suddenly aside, and, giving him a vigorous cut, flew like a bird across the plain. The five men halted a moment in surprise ; but, familiar with such incidents, they instantly divided, and pursued him right and left ; and, being better acquainted with the ground and the mode of riding suited to the desert, two of them speedily overtook the fugitive and turned his flank, and, on his drawing his rein to avoid them, he found on his other side also two enemies, and at his back a fifth. Their oath to spare his life restrained them from making use of their weapons ; so, a second time throwing a lasso over his head, they dragged him from his horse, and, beating him unmercifully, tied his hands and feet together and laid him down on the glowing sands of the desert.

Said uttered heart-rending cries for mercy, and promised them a prodigious ransom if they would spare his

life ; but, laughing at his offers, they mounted their horses and rode away like the wind. For a few moments he listened to the light footsteps of their steeds, and then gave himself up for lost. He thought of his father, and of the old man's anguish should his son return no more ; he thought of his own hard fate to be obliged to die so young ; for nothing seemed more certain than that he was to suffer the agonies of a languishing death on the scorching sands, or be torn to pieces by the jackals.

The sun rose higher and higher, and beat fiercely on his face, and with inexpressible difficulty he succeeded in turning over ; but to find little relief. In consequence of his exertions the pipe had fallen from his girdle. He struggled till he succeeded in reaching it with his mouth, and tried to blow, but even in this frightful extremity it refused its aid. Despairing of escape his head fell, and, the burning sun soon deprived him of his senses ; he sank into a deep swoon.

After the lapse of many hours a sound in his vicinity recalled Said to himself ; he felt at the same time a grasp on his shoulder, and, believing it to be a jackal about to devour him, uttered a cry of horror. At the same moment he felt himself seized by the legs, but he perceived that they were no wild beast's teeth which held him, but the hands of a man busily occupied in releasing him from his bonds, and who was talking with two or three others, who stood looking on. " He lives," they whispered, " but he takes us for enemies."

Said now opened his eyes, and saw bending over him the face of a little, ugly man, with small eyes and a long beard. This stranger spoke to him kindly, helped him to rise to his feet, and, supplying him with food

and drink, told him, while he refreshed his exhausted strength, that he was a merchant from Bagdad, that his name was Kalum Beg, and that he dealt in shawls and costly veils for ladies' use. He had been making a journey on business, and was now on his return, and had found Said lying senseless on the ground. Said's rich dress and the jewels in his dagger had attracted the merchant's attention; he had made every effort to restore him to animation, and had fortunately succeeded. The young man thanked him for his life, for he saw clearly that but for the intervention of this stranger, he must have died a miserable, lingering death; and having neither means to extricate himself from his perils, nor inclination to travel through the desert alone and on foot, he accepted gratefully a seat on one of the merchant's camels, and resolved to go with him to Bagdad, in the hopes of finding there a caravan about to return to Balsora.

On the way the merchant told his newly-found companion many stories of the excellent Commander of the Faithful, Haroun al Raschid. He described his love of justice, and his marvellous acuteness, and how he could adjust the most complicated lawsuits in the simplest and most admirable way. Among others, he told him the story of the Ropemaker, and of the Pot of Olives; stories which every child is familiar with, but which excited in Said the deepest interest. "Our lord, the Commander of the Faithful," continued the merchant, "is a wonderful man. If you suppose he sleeps like ordinary men, you are greatly mistaken. Two or three hours' sleep in the early morning, is all the refreshment he obtains. My information is sure, for Messour, his first chamberlain, is my cousin, and although as silent as the grave on the secrets of his master's household,

yet now and then he gives a little hint of what goes on behind the scenes to a valued relation, when he sees him almost crazy from curiosity. Instead of sleeping like common men, the caliph walks in disguise through the streets of Bagdad, and, a week rarely passes in which he does not encounter some adventure : for you must know, as in fact is proved by the story of the Pot of Olives, which is as true as the Koran, that he does not go about with his guard, and on horseback, in full dress and with a hundred torch-bearers, as he might if he chose, but wanders round in disguise, sometimes as a merchant, sometimes a sailor, then again a soldier, or perhaps a mufti, and sees with his own eyes if everything is in good order in his dominions.

“Hence it comes that in no city in the world are men so polite to every rogue they meet at night, as in Bagdad ; for it may as likely as not prove to be the caliph himself disguised as a dirty Arab, and there is enough wood growing to give every man in Bagdad the bastinado, in case of impertinence.”

So spoke the merchant ; and Said, though torn by a desire to see his father, still rejoiced much at the prospect of seeing Bagdad and the famous Haroun al Raschid.

They reached Bagdad in about ten days, and Said was filled with admiration at the magnificence of the city, at that time at the acme of its splendor. The merchant invited him to take up his residence with him, and Said willingly accepted the offer : for in this torrent of human beings, it now occurred to him, for the first time, that, excepting the air, the waters of the Tigris, and a sleeping-place on the steps of some mosque, nothing here could be obtained without money.

The day after his arrival, while he was putting the

last touches to his costume, and was secretly assuring himself that in this handsome military dress he need feel no embarrassment in showing himself in the streets of Bagdad, the merchant entered his chamber, and, looking at the lad with an unpleasant laugh, stroked his head and said: "This is all very fine, young man! But what is to become of you now? You are an accomplished dreamer, it seems, and take no thought for the morrow; or have you so much money in your pockets, that you can live in a style corresponding with the handsome clothes you have on?"

"Excellent Kalum Beg," said the lad, embarrassed and blushing; "money indeed I have not, but perhaps you will be willing to lend me a little, to take me home; my father will pay it to the last piastre."

"Your father, boy!" cried the merchant with a harsh laugh. "I believe the sun has scorched your brains. Do you suppose I believe a word of the story you told me in the desert, about your father being a rich citizen of Balsora, and you his only son, and about the attack of the Arabs, and your residence with the tribe, and all that nonsense? Even while you told me these stories I grew angry at your impudence and audacity. I know that in Balsora all the rich people are merchants, for I have had many dealings with them, and I should have surely heard of Benezar, if he were worth a zechin. So it is either a falsehood that you belong to Balsora, or your father is some poor wretch to whose runaway son I will not lend an aspre. And then the attack in the desert! Since our wise caliph, Haroun, extended his protection to the merchant caravans, who ever heard of robbers daring to plunder a caravan and carry away men? If it were true, I should have heard of it on the road, to say nothing of

Bagdad here, where men meet from all quarters of the globe ; yet, I have never heard it mentioned. That is the second lie, impudent scoundrel ! ”

Said, pale with anger and surprise, would have interrupted his diminutive accuser, but the little man shouted louder than he, and gesticulated fiercely with his arms. “ And your third falsehood, you audacious liar, is your story of Selim’s camp. Selim’s name is well known to every one who has ever seen an Arab ; but he is known to be a frightful and bloodthirsty robber ; and yet you dare to say that you killed his son, and were not cut to pieces by him on the spot ! Ay, you carry your impudence too far, when you say that Selim protected you against his tribe, took you into his own tent, and let you go without a ransom, instead of hanging you on the nearest tree ; he, who has often hanged travellers merely to laugh at the faces they make while dying. O, you horrible liar ! ”

“ I can say nothing more,” cried the lad, “ but that I swear by my soul and by the beard of the Prophet, that the whole story is as true as the Koran.”

“ What ! do you swear by your soul ? ” cried the merchant, “ by your black, false soul ! Who will believe you ? And by the beard of the Prophet, you, who have no beard ? Who will trust you for that ? ”

“ It is true I have no witness,” said Said, “ but did you not yourself find me suffering and in bonds ? ”

“ That proves nothing,” shrieked the merchant ; “ you were dressed like a robber, and probably you had attacked some one who was stronger than you, and he vanquished and bound you.”

“ I should like to see any man, or any two men,” answered Said, “ who could bind me, unless they threw a noose over my head ; of course you know nothing

of what a man can do who is skilled in the use of arms. But you have saved my life, and I thank you. What do you think to do with me? If you refuse to feed me, I must beg; and I cannot ask favors of my equals. I will go to the caliph."

"So!" said the merchant, laughing contemptuously. "And will no other serve your turn but our most admirable caliph? That I call presumption indeed! Ha, ha! remember, young gentleman, that the road to the caliph is through my cousin Messour, and that it will cost me but one word to put him on his guard against your atrocious lying. But I feel compassion for your youth, Said. You can make something of yourself if you will. I will take you into my shop in the bazaar, and you shall serve with me for one year. When this is passed, if you do not choose to stay, I will pay you your wages, and let you go whither you please, to Aleppo, Medina, Stamboul, Balsora, to the infidels for all I care. I give you till noon to decide. If you agree to my terms, good; if not, I will calculate reasonably the expenses you have put me to, and the seat you filled on my camel, pay myself with your clothes, and throw you into the street; there you may beg as you please."

With these words the wicked fellow left the room, and Said looked after him in a state of stupor. He was bewildered by the baseness of this man, who had so evidently brought him to Bagdad and invited him into his house, merely to get him into his power. He looked about for some means of escape, but the windows were grated and the door locked. At last, after a long struggle with his repugnance, he decided to accept the merchant's offer, and take service in his shop. He felt, indeed, that no better course was left to him; for, supposing he escaped, still, without money,

he would be unable to reach Balsora. He resolved, however, as soon as it was in his power, to implore protection from the caliph himself.

The next day Kalum Beg took his new servant to his shop. He showed Said the shawls, veils, and other articles in which he dealt, and instructed him in his daily duties. These were, that Said, dressed like a merchant's clerk, and no longer in military costume, should stand at the shop-door, with a shawl in one hand and a veil in the other, call to those passing by, exhibit his wares, mention the price, and invite the people to buy; and Said could now see why Kalum Beg had selected him for this office. He was himself a small, ugly man, and when he stood at the door and called for customers, his neighbors or the passers-by cracked their jokes, the boys made fun of him, and the women called him scarecrow. But every one liked to look at the young, slim Said, who cried his wares with so much grace, and held his shawls and veils with so much skill and elegance.

Kalum Beg, seeing that his custom had much increased since Said stood at the shop-door, became more friendly to the unhappy boy, fed him better than before, and hoped to retain him for the rest of his life. But Said was little affected by these indications of his master's softening disposition, and pondered all day long, and even in his dreams, on the best way of effecting his escape to his native city.

One evening, when the sale during the day had been large, and the porters, who carried the goods to the purchasers' houses, had all been sent out on their respective errands, a lady entered the shop to make a purchase. Having made her selection, she inquired for a messenger to carry the articles to her house.

"I can send your package in half an hour," answered Kalum Beg; "but for that short time I beg you to have patience, or take some other porter."

"You a merchant, and give your customers strange porters?" cried the lady. "What is there to prevent such a fellow from running away with my property in the crowd? And who is there I can employ? No; it is your duty, by the laws of the market, to send my articles home for me, and I insist on your doing so."

"But, excellent madam, please be patient for half an hour," said the merchant, with growing distress. "All my porters have been sent out —"

"A pretty shop this, without porters enough to run its errands!" said the angry lady. "But there stands just such an idler as I want. Come, young man, take my bundle and bring it after me."

"Stop! stop!" cried Kalum Beg. "That is my sign-board, my crier, my magnet! He mustn't quit the shop on any account!"

"Pooh, pooh!" answered the old lady, putting her bundle into Said's hands without further ado; "they are miserable goods which must have a lazy clown like this to advertise them. Go along, child, you shall earn a little pocket-money to-day."

"Run, then, in the name of Ariman and all the devils!" muttered Kalum Beg to his magnet; "and see you come back soon. The old witch will make an uproar through the whole bazaar if I refuse any longer."

Said followed the lady, who hurried through the various streets with a lighter step than he would have thought possible in a woman of her age. She halted at length before a handsome house, the doors of which flew open at her knock, and, beckoning Said to follow, she ascended the marble steps. They soon reached a

lofty, spacious hall, of greater splendor than Said had ever seen before. There the old lady seated herself exhausted on a cushion; and, motioning the boy to lay down his bundle, handed him a bit of silver, and bade him go.

He had already reached the door, when a clear, sweet voice called, "Said!" Surprised at being known here, he looked round, and, in place of the old woman, a beautiful lady, surrounded by scores of slaves and women-servants, was sitting on the cushion. Said, dumb with astonishment, crossed his arms and made a respectful inclination.

"Said, my dear child," said the lady, "much as I regret the accident which brought you to Bagdad, this was the only place decreed by fate where, in case you left your father's house before your twentieth year, you could release yourself from your destiny. Said, have you your pipe still?"

"I have, indeed," answered the lad joyously, drawing out the golden chain; "and you are, perhaps, the good fairy who gave me it the day I was born?"

"I was your mother's friend," answered the fairy, "and am yours also. Ah! if your father, foolish man, had but followed my advice, you would have escaped much suffering."

"Nay, it was my destiny!" answered Said. "But, darling fairy, give orders to have a strong east wind harnessed to your chariot, and carry me to Balsora in a couple of minutes. I will pass there in patience the six months to elapse before my twentieth year."

The fairy laughed. "You have a taking way of asking a favor," she answered; "but, poor Said, it is impossible! I can do nothing wonderful for you so long as you are under twenty years of age. I cannot even

release you from the power of the miserable Kalum Beg! He stands under the protection of your greatest enemy."

"Then I have an enemy as well as a friend," exclaimed Said. "I believe I have often felt her influence. But at least you can aid me with your advice? Shall I not go to the caliph and implore his protection? He is a wise man, and will protect me against Kalum Beg."

"Yes, Haroun is a wise man," replied the fairy; "but, alas, he is still but a man. He trusts Messour, his head chamberlain, as freely as himself; and he is right, for he has proved him and found him true. Messour, however, trusts your friend Kalum Beg as freely as himself, and herein he is wrong, for Kalum is a bad man, though he is Messour's relation. Kalum is a cunning knave, and as soon as he came to Bagdad reported a story about you to his cousin the chamberlain, which the chamberlain straightway carried to the caliph; so that you would find yourself inhospitably received if you entered the palace of Haroun, for he has no faith in you. But there are other ways of approaching him, and it stands written in the stars that you shall yet win his favor."

"This is a bad prospect, indeed," groaned Said. "I must serve some time longer, then, as an advertisement with that scoundrel Kalum. But, charming fairy, there is one favor which it is in your power to grant me. I was early taught a knowledge of arms, and a mock-fight is my highest enjoyment. The young nobles of this city hold every week a tournament. But only gentlemen are permitted to ride inside the barriers, excluding, of course, every servant in the bazaar. If you could so bring it about that I could obtain every

week a horse, a suit of armor, and weapons, and alter my expression so as to disguise me completely — ”

“ ’Tis a wish which a gentleman may utter without shame,” said the fairy. “ Your mother’s father was the bravest man in all Syria, and his spirit seems to be inherited by you. Observe this house. You shall find here every week a horse and two mounted esquires, suitable arms and clothes, and a magic wash for your face, which shall render your disguise impenetrable to all eyes. And now, Said, farewell! Persevere, be cautious and honest! In six months your pipe will sound, and Zulima’s ear will be open to receive its music.”

The youth took leave of his protectress with gratitude and reverence, and, taking accurate notice of the street and the house, went back to the bazaar.

Said arrived precisely in time to support and rescue his lord and master, Kalum Beg. A great throng had gathered round the shop, boys were dancing and jeering round the old merchant, and the older portion of the crowd were shaking with noisy laughter. Kalum was standing before the shop, trembling with anger, and holding in one hand a shawl, in the other a rich veil. This singular scene was the result of an incident which had taken place after Said’s departure. Kalum had taken his stand before his door in place of his handsome servant, and had been proclaiming his goods; but no one would buy of the old, hideous creature. Two men had passed through the bazaar in search of a present for their wives. They had already passed several times up and down before the shops, and had lately been seen by Kalum approaching his open door on their way through the market.

Kalum Beg, desirous to turn this circumstance to his advantage, called out to them :

“Here, gentlemen, here ! What are you looking for ? Beautiful veils, beautiful shawls ! ”

“Old fellow,” answered one of them, “no doubt your wares are extremely good, but our wives are whimsical, and it is the fashion in the city to buy veils of the handsome shopman, Said. We have wandered up and down here now a good half hour in search of him. If you can tell us where he is to be found, we will buy of you some other time.”

“Allah il Allah ! ” cried Kalum Beg, grinning invitingly. “The Prophet has brought you to the right shop. You would buy a veil of the handsome shopman, you say ? Come in, then, gentlemen ; this is his establishment.”

One of the gentlemen laughed heartily at Kalum’s diminutive figure, and his supposed impudence in claiming to be the handsome shopman. The other, however, thought that Kalum was cracking his jokes on them, and rated him soundly. Kalum Beg was almost beside himself ; he called his neighbors to bear witness that no other establishment than his own was called the shop of the handsome shopman ; but the neighbors, who envied him the extensive custom he had for some time enjoyed, pretended to know nothing about it, and the two men treated the old liar, as they called him, to a severe flogging. Kalum defended himself more with shrieks and outcries than with his fists, and a crowd was soon collected before the door. Half the city knowing him for a stingy, close-fisted niggard, the thumps and blows he was receiving excited no sympathy ; and already one of the two assailants had the old man fast by the beard, when he felt himself seized by

the arm, and with one vigorous shove thrown to the ground, so that by the force of the fall his turban fell off, and his slippers flew to some distance.

The crowd, who enjoyed mightily seeing Kalum Beg abused, murmured audibly, and the companion of the man knocked down looked round to see who had dared to assault his friend ; but, seeing a tall, vigorous youth with gleaming eyes and angry bearing, he did not venture to retaliate, especially when Kalum, whose rescue seemed to him a miracle, pointed at the lad, crying : " Now ! what more do you want ? There he stands, gentlemen ! That is Said, the handsome shopman ! "

The people around laughed tremendously, while the prostrate foe rose from the ground in great mortification, and hobbled away with his comrade, without buying either shawl or veil.

" O, thou star of shopmen ! thou glory of the bazaar ! " cried Kalum, when his magnet had carried him into the shop ; " truly, this I call being punctual ! That scoundrel lay on the ground, as if he never meant to get up again ; and I — I should never more have needed a barber to comb my beard, if you had come two minutes later ! How shall I ever recompense you ? "

It had been a spontaneous feeling of compassion which had nerved Said's hand and heart ; and, as this feeling subsided, he regretted deeply that he had saved the old rascal from his deserved flogging : a dozen hairs less in his beard, he thought to himself, would have made him, for as many days, less harsh and exacting. He availed himself, however, of the merchant's transitory generosity, and begged of him, as a token of his gratitude, one afternoon of each week for his own pleasures ; which request Kalum granted, for he was perfectly aware that his unwilling servant was too

sensible a fellow to attempt to escape without money or clothes.

Thus speedily had Said obtained the object of his desires. The next week, on the day when the young nobles of Bagdad assembled in the open square to practise their military exercises, he told Kalum that he would take this afternoon for his own purposes ; and, having obtained his permission, went to the street where the fairy dwelt, and knocked at the door, which flew open without an instant's delay.

The servants seemed forewarned of his arrival, for, without demanding his business, they led him up the steps into a beautiful chamber, and there handed him the wash which was to prevent his recognition. He rubbed his face with the liquid, and, looking in the mirror, could scarcely recognize himself ; for he was now deeply sun-burnt, wore a handsome black beard, and looked at least ten years older than he really was.

From here they led him into a second apartment, where he found a complete suit of armor, of which the caliph himself would have had no reason to feel ashamed. Besides a turban of the finest texture, with an agraffe of diamonds and heron's feathers, and a cloak of crimson silk, embroidered with silver flowers, Said found a breastplate of silver rings, so finely wrought that it adapted itself to every movement of his body, yet impenetrable to lance or sword. A Damascus blade, with a hilt whose jewels seemed to Said of inestimable value, completed his military outfit. As he left the room after equipping himself in these garments, one of the servants handed him a silken cloth, and told him that the mistress of the house sent it him ; and that the beard and brown hue of his complexion would vanish as soon as he wiped his face with it.

Three horses were standing in the court-yard. Said mounted the finest, his servants the two others, and they trotted to the scene of combat. The brilliancy of his dress and the beauty of his arms and horse, attracted universal attention, and a murmur of admiration passed through the multitude when he rode inside the ring. It was a gorgeous assemblage of the bravest and noblest youths of Bagdad, and even the caliph's brothers were there, managing their steeds and brandishing their glittering lances.

When Said rode in, apparently a stranger, the son of the grand vizier approached him, and, saluting him gracefully, invited him to take part in their sports, and inquired his name and country. Said replied that his name was Almansor, that he came from Cairo, and that he had heard so much of the courage and dexterity of the young gentlemen of Bagdad, that he had allowed himself no rest till he had seen and known them. His manly bearing pleased the young men so much, that they handed him a lance, and permitted him to choose his side ; for the combatants had divided themselves into two parties.

If Said's external appearance had hitherto drawn so much attention, his extraordinary dexterity now excited increased admiration and amazement. His horse was fleeter than a bird, and his sword flew round his head like lightning. He threw his lance as truly to its target as though it were an arrow sent from an unerring bow. He vanquished the most skilful of his antagonists, and, at the conclusion of the combat, was so unanimously pronounced the victor, that one of the brothers of the caliph and the son of the grand vizier, who had fought on Said's side, begged him to give them also an opportunity to test his skill. Ali, the caliph's

brother, was defeated by him ; but the son of the grand vizier resisted him so successfully, that, after a long contest, they thought it better to postpone the decision till the next engagement.

The day after this entertainment, nothing was talked of in all Bagdad but the handsome, rich, and valiant stranger. All who had seen him, nay, those whom he had defeated, were in raptures at his noble bearing, and they talked of him, in his own hearing, in Kalum Beg's shop. The only regret of the people was that no one knew where he lived.

The next time, he found in the fairy's house a still handsomer suit and still more costly weapons. This time half Bagdad had assembled, and the caliph himself was witnessing the spectacle from a balcony. He too expressed his admiration for Almansor, and, at the termination of the games, hung a medal round his neck, by a chain of gold, in token of his gratification. The natural consequence of this second and more glorious victory was, to excite the jealousy of the young men of Bagdad. "Shall a stranger," they said, "come here to Bagdad, and rob us of glory and victory? It will disgrace us to have other cities boasting that there is no one among all the noble youths of Bagdad able to compete with this unknown champion." And they resolved that at the next spectacle, as if by accident, five or six should attack him at the same time.

This jealousy did not escape Said's penetrating eye. He saw them clustering together in the corners, and whispering and pointing at him with angry gestures, and he felt that, except the caliph's brother and the son of the grand vizier, there was no one of all his rivals but hated him deeply ; and he had been lately much annoyed by the pointed questions addressed to him,

such as, where he might be visited ; how he spent his time ; what things had pleased him in Bagdad ; and the like.

It was a strange coincidence, that the noble who showed towards Said-Almansor the greatest hostility, was no other than the man whom, some time previously, he had knocked down in front of Kalum Beg's shop. Though Said had twice vanquished him in the tournament, still this was no good ground for the excess of his antipathy, and Said began to fear he might have recognized him by his figure or his voice as the dauntless shopman, — a discovery which would have exposed him to the scorn and fury of the whole city. The conspiracy which his antagonists had devised was wrecked by his own sagacity and courage, and by the friendship which the brother of the caliph and the grand vizier's son had conceived for him. When these two young nobles saw their friend attacked by five or six assailants who were striving either to unhorse or disarm him, they rushed to the rescue, and, scattering the crowd, threatened the young men, who had behaved so treacherously, with instant expulsion from the tournament ground.

For more than four months had Said thus astonished Bagdad by his skill in the use of arms, when one evening, as he was returning home, he overheard voices which struck him as familiar. Four men were walking before him with slow steps, apparently in deep consultation. As Said came nearer, he recognized the dialect of the tribe of Selim, his desert protector, and at once suspected them to be plotting some robbery. His first impulse was to withdraw from their neighborhood ; but, believing, on second thoughts, that he might be

the means of preventing some crime, he crept closer, to overhear their conversation.

“The porter said expressly, the street to the right of the bazaar,” said one of the robbers. “He will go through there to-night with the grand vizier.”

“Good!” said a second. “I have no fears of the grand vizier; he is old, and no hero; but the caliph plays a good sword, and I will not trust him. Ten or twelve of his body-guard follow him, of course.”

“Not a soul,” said a third. “Whenever he is seen in the streets at night he is always alone with his vizier or his head chamberlain. He must be ours this night; but no harm must befall him.”

“I think our best plan is,” said the first, “to throw a noose over his head. We must not kill him, of course, for they would give small ransom for his body, and it would be a dangerous business getting even that.”

“Then an hour before midnight!” said the robbers with one voice, and separated in various directions.

Said was much startled by this atrocious project. He resolved instantly to hasten to the caliph's palace, and warn him of his threatened danger. But, after running through several streets, the statement of the fairy occurred to his mind, in which she had told him how cruelly he had been misrepresented to his majesty; and reflecting that people would probably laugh his announcement to scorn, or hold it simply as an attempt to ingratiate himself with the caliph, he slackened his pace, and came to the conclusion to trust to his good sword, and rescue the caliph, himself, from the hands of the robbers.

In consequence of this resolution, he did not return to Kalum Beg's house, but seated himself on the steps of a mosque, to wait till dark. He then went past the

bazaar to the street which the robbers had designated, and concealed himself behind a projecting corner. He had been standing there, perhaps an hour, when he heard two men coming slowly down the street. He took them at first for the caliph and his grand vizier, but was quickly undeceived ; for one of them clapped his hands, and instantly two others hurried noiselessly up the street from the bazaar. They whispered together a few moments, and then separated again. Three concealed themselves not far from Said, and the fourth walked up and down the street. The night being very still and dark, Said was compelled to depend almost wholly on his sharp sense of hearing.

A half hour had scarcely elapsed when footsteps were again heard coming from the bazaar. The robber must also have heard them, for he crept past Said in their direction. The steps came nearer, and already Said could distinguish two dark figures in the gloom, when the robber clapped his hands, and the three others rushed from their concealment. The men assaulted must also have been armed, for he could hear distinctly the clash of swords. He drew forth his Damascus blade, and, rushing out upon the robbers with the cry of "Down with the enemies of the great Haroun!" struck one of them to the ground with the first blow, and pressed vigorously upon two others, who were just on the point of disarming a man round whose body they had thrown a noose. He struck blindly at the cord to cut it asunder, but in so doing inflicted so severe a blow on the arm of one of the assailants that he cut off his hand at the wrist, and the wounded man fell on his knees with a cry of agony. The fourth, who had been hitherto fighting with another man, now turned upon Said ; but the man around whom the cord had

been thrown no sooner saw himself at liberty than he drew his dagger and plunged it into the breast of one of the assassins. Seeing the fate of his comrades, the remaining robber threw away his sabre and fled from the spot into the darkness.

Said was not long in uncertainty of the individual he had saved, for the taller of the two stepped up to him, and said :

“ One of these events is as extraordinary as the other ; this attack upon my life, and your unexpected aid and rescue. How knew you who I am ? Were you acquainted with the purpose of these men ? ”

“ Commander of the Faithful,” answered Said, “ I was going this evening through the street El Malek, and came behind some men whose strange and mysterious dialect I had once learned. They were talking of a project to take you prisoner, and to kill your worthy vizier. As it was too late to give you warning, I resolved to go at once to the place of rendezvous to render you all the assistance I could afford.”

“ Thank you,” said Haroun al Raschid. “ This is no place to linger in ; but take this ring, and bring it to-morrow morning to my palace. There we will talk further on your opportune assistance, and consider in what manner we can best reward you. Come, vizier, let us be off, for the rest of the gang may come.”

Placing a ring on the youth's finger, he tried to draw away the grand vizier ; but the latter begged him to stay a moment longer, and, turning, handed a purse to the astonished lad, with these words :

“ Young man, my lord the caliph can raise you to any rank he pleases, while I have little power to aid you ; therefore, what little I can do is better done now than to-morrow morning. Take this purse. It is

no equivalent to the gratitude I feel, and, therefore, my preserver, as often as you have a wish ungratified, come to me without hesitation."

Said ran home intoxicated with joy, but here his reception was far from cordial. Kalum Beg had been at first displeased, and then anxious, on account of his long absence; for he thought how easily he might lose his handsome advertisement. He received him with bitter reproaches, and swore and raved like a madman. Said, who had caught a glimpse of the contents of his purse, and found it filled with broad gold pieces, and seeing, also, that he could now travel home, even without the caliph's assistance, returned his master as good as he sent, and gave him to understand bluntly that he would not remain with him another hour. Kalum Beg was at first a good deal startled, but he soon broke out into a laugh of contempt, and said:

"What! you dolt! you vagrant! you wretched scamp! Where will you find a shelter, if I withdraw my protection from you? Where will you get so much as a dinner, or a bed?"

"You need not trouble yourself about that," answered Said proudly. "Take care of yourself, for you will never see me again."

He ran out of the house, and Kalum stared after him, speechless with astonishment. The next morning, after considering the matter carefully, he sent his porters out to seek everywhere for the fugitive. They hunted long to no purpose, but at length one of them came back and reported that he had seen Said the shopman come out of a mosque and enter a caravansary; but that he was totally altered in appearance, and had on a handsome cloak, a dagger and sabre, and a sumptuous turban.

When Kalum Beg heard this, he exclaimed, with many oaths: "He has robbed me and dressed himself in his spoils. O, wretched man that I am!" He ran instantly to the head of the police, and, on his stating that he was a relation of Messour, the head chamberlain, found no difficulty in obtaining police officers to arrest Said. Said was sitting in front of the caravan-sary, talking composedly with a merchant he had found there, about the journey to Balsora, when suddenly several men fell upon him, and, in spite of his resistance, bound his hands behind his back. He demanded their authority for this violence, and was told that it was done in the name of the police department and by his lawful master, Kalum Beg. At this moment, the little, hideous man stepped forward, and, heaping insults and abuse on him, felt in his pockets, and, with a yell of delight, drew out a large purse of gold.

"Look! He has robbed me of all this money, the scoundrel!" he cried; and the people, looking with horror at the prisoner, exclaimed:

"What! so young, so handsome, and yet so wicked! To the judge! to the judge! Let him have the bastinado!"

They hurried him along, a prodigious crowd closing around him, shouting:

"Look! This is the handsome shopman of the bazaar! He has robbed his master and run away! He has stolen two hundred pieces of gold!"

The judge received the prisoner with a menacing air. Said tried to speak, but the official commanded silence, and listened only to the little merchant. He showed him the purse, and inquired whether the gold had been stolen from him. Kalum Beg swore that it had been. But his perjury, though it helped him to the money,

did not aid him in reclaiming his handsome shopman, for the judge said :

“ By a law, which my all-powerful master the caliph has enacted within a few days, every theft which exceeds in amount a hundred pieces of gold, and is perpetrated in the bazaar, is punished with banishment to a desolate island. This thief comes just at the right time ; he completes the number of twenty knaves of his sort, and to-morrow they will be all put on board a vessel and carried to sea.”

Said was in despair. He implored the judge to listen to his story, and to permit him to speak only a single word with the caliph. But he found no favor. Kalum Beg, who now regretted his perjury, attempted to interpose in his behalf ; but the judge answered :

“ You have your money, sirrah : go home and keep quiet, or I will fine you ten pieces of gold for contempt of court.”

Kalum was silent, and the judge making a sign, Said was dragged away.

They took him to a dark and damp prison. Nineteen unhappy men lay about the room on straw, and received him with harsh laughter, and imprecations on the judge and the caliph. Horrible as appeared his fate, frightful as was the thought of being transported to a barren island, he yet found some consolation in the reflection that he was to be released on the following morning from this loathsome prison. But he was grievously deceived in thinking that his condition would be bettered on board the ship. The twenty criminals were thrown together into the lowest hold, where it was impossible to stand upright ; and there they struggled and fought among themselves with fury for the best places.

The anchors were weighed, and Said wept many bitter tears, when the ship which was to carry him still further from his birthplace, began to move. Once a day only, a little bread and fruit and a draught of sweetened water was distributed among them, and the hold of the ship was so dark that it was necessary to bring lamps whenever the prisoners took their food. Every two or three days one of them was found dead, and nothing but Said's youth and excellent constitution enabled him to resist the unhealthiness of his watery prison.

They had been at sea fourteen days, when one day the waves began to roar more loudly, and there was an unusual hurrying and running on board the ship.

Said imagined that a storm was coming on, and found the thought inexpressibly pleasant; for he hoped thereby to die.

The ship was tossed about with increasing violence, and at length struck with a fearful crash. Shrieks and yells rose from the deck, and mingled with the howling of the tempest. These ceased at last, and at the same time one of the prisoners discovered that the water was pouring into the vessel. They beat fiercely at the hatchways above their heads, but no one answered them. The sea rushing in with increasing rapidity, they pressed with united strength against the hatches, and forced them open.

They climbed the ladder, but found no one on the deck. The crew had made their escape in the boats. Most of the prisoners now abandoned themselves to despair, for the storm was rising, and the danger growing momentarily more imminent. They sat for several hours on the deck, making their last meal on the provisions which they found on board, when the tempest suddenly

gained strength, and the ship was torn from the cliff on which she had till now stuck fast, and dashed into a thousand pieces.

Said had grasped the mast, and when the vessel went to pieces clung to it with the energy of despair. The waves tossed him hither and thither, but he managed to keep himself above the surface. He swam for half an hour at the momentary peril of his life, when the pipe attached to the golden chain again fell from his girdle, and the thought occurred to him to try once more its magic virtues. Holding fast with one hand, with the other he set it to his mouth. The instant he blew, a clear, pure note rang out, and in a moment the storm went down, and the waves subsided as if oil had been poured on them. He looked about him with a lighter heart, to see if he could spy land in some direction, when the mast under him began strangely to enlarge and move, and, not a little to his terror, he perceived that he was riding on a huge dolphin. After a few moments, however, his presence of mind returned, and he then saw that the dolphin was swiftly and evenly pursuing an onward course: and, ascribing his miraculous rescue to the silver pipe and the benevolent fairy, he shouted his heartfelt thanks into the air.

Swiftly as an arrow his marvellous steed bore him through the waves, and before evening he could distinguish land, and saw a wide river, into which the dolphin turned. While ascending the stream his speed was slackened; and, to avoid exhaustion from hunger, Said, who knew from his recollection of old fairy stories how to use his magic instrument, drew out his pipe, and, blowing a loud blast, wished himself a good supper. The fish instantly halted, and up from the water rose a table, as dry as if it had been standing a week in

the sun, and amply spread with delicious food. Said applied himself vigorously, for his provender during his imprisonment had been scanty and meagre, and, after heartily satisfying his appetite, expressed his thanks; the table then sank down, and, stimulated by a kick in the side, the dolphin immediately resumed his onward course up stream.

The sun was almost setting when in the dim distance Said caught a glimpse of a large city whose minarets seemed to bear a strong resemblance to those of Bagdad. The thought of returning to Bagdad was far from pleasant, but his confidence in the benevolent fairy was so great, that he felt convinced she would never again suffer him to fall into the hands of the infamous Kalum Beg. He saw on one side, about a mile from the city and close to the river, a magnificent country-seat, and to his great astonishment the dolphin headed in its direction.

On the roof of the villa stood several richly-dressed gentlemen, and a crowd of servants were gathered on the shore, all gazing at him and clapping their hands in wonder. The dolphin halted at a flight of marble steps leading from the water to the terraces, and vanished as soon as Said had set foot on the steps. At the same moment several servants hurried down, and, offering him dry clothes, invited him, in the name of their lord, to come up. He dressed himself rapidly, and followed the servants to the roof, where he found three gentlemen, the tallest of whom came towards him courteously.

“Who art thou, mysterious youth,” he inquired, “who tamest the fishes of the sea as the skilful rider manages his charger? Art thou a magician, or a man like us?”

“My lord,” answered Said, “if you will accord me permission, I will relate to you the misery I have been through during the last two years.” He then began and told the three men his history from the moment when he left his father’s house in Balsora to his wonderful rescue from a watery death. He was frequently interrupted by exclamations of astonishment; and, as soon as he had ended, the master of the house said:

“I believe your story, Said. But you tell us that you won a chain in the tournament, and that the caliph gave you a ring; can you show these?”

“Here in my bosom I have preserved them both,” said the youth in reply, “and would have parted with them only with my life; for I looked on it as the most glorious and splendid action of my life to have rescued the great caliph from the hands of his murderers.” At the same time he drew forth the ring and chain, and handed them to his questioner.

“By the beard of the Prophet, it is *my ring!*” exclaimed the handsome nobleman. “Grand vizier, let us embrace our preserver.”

Said thought himself dreaming when the two gentlemen embraced him; but, recovering his presence of mind, he threw himself to the ground and said, “Pardon, pardon, Commander of the Faithful, that I have spoken thus freely in your presence, for you can be none other than Haroun al Raschid, the great Caliph of Bagdad!”

“He I am,” answered Haroun, “and your friend. From this moment your misery shall cease. Follow me to Bagdad, remain near me, and be one of my most trusted friends; for truly you showed on that night of peril that Haroun was not indifferent to you; and it is

not every one of my most faithful servants that I should be willing to subject to the same test."

Said thanked the caliph and promised to remain forever in his service, if he could be permitted first to make a journey to his father, who must needs be in great anxiety regarding his fate. This condition the caliph considered reasonable; and, all mounting their horses soon after, they reached Bagdad before sunset. The caliph gave Said a suite of richly-furnished apartments in his own palace, and promised to build soon a handsome house for his exclusive use.

On the earliest information of this event, Said's former companions in arms, the caliph's brother and the grand vizier's son, hastened to pay their respects. They embraced him as their benefactor, and begged the favor of his friendship. But they were bewildered with surprise when he answered: "I have been your friend a long while;" and, drawing forth the chain which he had won as the prize of victory, reminded them of various circumstances to prove his identity. They had never seen him otherwise than with a dark brown complexion and a long beard; and it was only after he had told them the reasons of his disguise, and, calling for blunted weapons, proved by his dexterity that he was no other than Almansor, that they embraced him a second time with redoubled pleasure, and congratulated themselves on the acquisition of such a friend.

On the following day, as Said was sitting near Haroun with the grand vizier, Messour the head chamberlain entered the room and said: "Commander of the Faithful, might I, if it be your pleasure to listen, crave a favor of your majesty?"

"I will hear you," answered Haroun.

"My dear cousin, Kalum Beg, a famous merchant

of the bazaar, stands without, may it please your majesty," said the chamberlain, "and he has a singular controversy with a man from Balsora, whose son was at one time in Kalum's service. The youth subsequently stole some of his master's property, ran away to avoid punishment, and has not been seen since that time. The father seeks now to reclaim his son from my cousin, although he has him not. The latter therefore begs the favor that, by the force of your majesty's great wisdom and penetration, you will decide between this man from Balsora and himself."

"I will decide," answered the caliph. "Let your excellent cousin come to the hall of justice with his adversary in half an hour."

After Messour had expressed his thanks and taken his departure, Haroun said: "This must be your father, Said; and, since fortunately I know already the facts in the case, my judgment shall equal Solomon's for wisdom. You, Said, hide yourself behind the curtain of my throne till I call you, and you, grand vizier, have the wicked police judge instantly summoned. I shall need him in this investigation."

Both did as he commanded. Said's heart beat loudly when he saw his father, pale and feeble, enter the hall with tottering step; and the soft, confident laugh, with which Kalum Beg whispered something to his cousin the head chamberlain, made him so angry that he longed to rush out from his place of concealment, and fall upon him then and there, for he had this scoundrel alone to thank for all his suffering and misery.

The hall was thronged with men who had come to hear the caliph give judgment. The grand vizier, after the Commander of the Faithful had taken his seat on the

throne, commanded silence, and asked who appeared as a complainant before his lord the caliph.

Kalum Beg stepped forward with a brazen front, and said : " Several days ago I was standing before the door of my shop in the bazaar, when a crier, with a purse of gold in his hand, and this man following, came through the market, shouting, ' A purse of gold to him who can give information concerning Said of Balsora ! ' This Said had been in my service, and I of course called out, ' Here, this way, friend. I can earn that purse. ' Thereupon this man, who is now so embittered against me, approached, and inquired what I knew. I answered : ' Perhaps you are his father, Benezar ? ' and, on his assenting, I told him how I had found the young man in the desert, saved and taken care of him, and brought him to Bagdad. In the joy of his heart he presented me with the purse. But when this crazy fellow hears that his son had been in my employ, that he had played me a knavish trick, and had afterwards disappeared, he refuses to believe what I say, torments my life out for several days past, and demands back his money and his son, neither of which will I give him, for the money belongs to me for the information I gave him, and his rascally son I have never been able to find. "

It was now Benezar's turn. He described how virtuous his son had always been, and declared that he never could have been so wicked as to steal ; and he called upon the caliph to investigate the matter to the bottom.

" I hope, " said Haroun, " that you did your duty, and denounced the theft, Kalum Beg ? "

" Certainly, your majesty, " cried Kalum with a laugh. " I carried him immediately before the police judge — "

" Summon the police judge, " the caliph commanded.

To the astonishment of all, the judge instantly appeared, as if by magic. The caliph demanded whether he had any recollection of this affair, and he replied that he had.

"Did you examine the young man? Did he confess the theft?" asked Haroun.

"No, your majesty; he was so obdurate as to refuse to confess to any one but your majesty," answered the judge.

"I do not remember to have seen him," said the caliph.

"Of course, your majesty, why should you? I could send you a crowd of such rascals every day, all anxious to speak with your majesty."

"You know that my ear is open to every man," answered Haroun; "but probably the proofs of the theft were so clear that it was unnecessary to bring the young man before me. You had, of course, witnesses to prove that the gold stolen from you was your property, Kalum?"

"Witnesses?" answered the merchant, turning pale. "No, I had no witnesses, and you are aware, Commander of the Faithful, that one gold piece is just like another. Where could I get witnesses to show that these particular gold pieces were taken from my coffers?"

"And how did you know, then, that exactly that amount belonged to you?" asked the caliph.

"By the purse in which they were," answered Kalum.

"Have you the purse with you?" demanded Haroun.

"Here it is," said the merchant, drawing out the purse and handing it to the grand vizier to pass to the caliph.

No sooner had the vizier taken it, than he exclaimed with well feigned astonishment: "By the beard of the Prophet! Do you say this purse is yours, you dog? The purse belongs to me, and I gave it with a hundred pieces of gold to a brave young man who rescued me from a great peril."

"Can you swear to this?" inquired the caliph.

"As surely as that I shall hereafter get to paradise," answered the vizier, "for my daughter made it with her own hands."

"Indeed!" cried Haroun, "and did you judge falsely, police justice? Why did you believe that the purse belonged to this merchant?"

"He swore it," answered the judge, timidly.

"So you swore falsely?" thundered the caliph to Kalum, who stood pale and trembling before him.

"Allah! Allah!" cried he. "I have nothing to allege against the grand vizier, for he is a reliable, honest man. But, ah! the purse was mine, notwithstanding, and the good-for-nothing Said stole it from me. I would give a thousand tomans if he were now on the spot."

"What did you do with this Said?" asked the caliph. "Inform us whither we must send for him."

"I sent him to a desolate island," replied the police judge.

"O, Said! my son, my son!" cried the unfortunate father, weeping.

"Then he confessed the crime?" asked Haroun.

The judge turned pale. He rolled his eyes in every direction, and stammered at last: "If I recollect rightly—he did."

"Then you are not certain?" continued the caliph in a terrible voice. "We will learn from his own lips."

Said, come forth ; and, Kalum Beg, pay down a thousand pieces of gold instantly, for he is here on the spot."

Kalum and the police justice thought they saw a ghost, and fell upon their knees, crying, " Mercy ! mercy ! " Benezar, half fainting with joy, rushed into the embrace of his long-lost son. The caliph continued with iron severity, " Police judge, here stands Said. Did he confess his crime ? "

" No, no ! " howled the judge. " I listened only to Kalum's testimony, because I knew that he was a man of standing."

" Have I appointed you a judge over all my subjects, that you should listen only to men of standing ? " cried Haroun al Raschid, with noble indignation. " I banish you to a desolate island for ten years ; there you can reflect on justice. And you, miserable wretch, who revive the dying, not to save, but to reduce them to slavery, you shall pay, as I have already said, a thousand tomans, according to your offer if Said would appear to testify."

Kalum congratulated himself at escaping from the difficulty so cheaply, and was beginning to thank the lenient caliph. But the latter went on : " For the false oath concerning the hundred pieces of gold, you shall receive a hundred blows on the soles of your feet. For the rest, Said himself shall choose whether he will take your whole shop as his property, and you as his porter, or will be contented with ten pieces of gold for every day which he spent in your service."

" Let the scoundrel go, your majesty ! " cried the youth. " I will have nothing which belongs to him."

" No," replied Haroun, " it is my will that you be recompensed. I decide in your stead for the ten gold

pieces, and you shall reckon how many days you were in his claws. And now, away with these wretches."

They were borne off, and the caliph led Benezar and Said into another hall. There he described to the happy father his wonderful rescue through Said's courageous interference, interrupted occasionally, though not disagreeably so, by the howls of Kalum Beg, who was receiving his hundred pieces of gold on the soles of his feet in the court-yard of the palace.

The caliph invited Benezar to live with Said, in Bagdad, under his protection. He accepted the offer, returning home once more to collect together his possessions. Said lived like a prince in the palace which the grateful caliph caused to be built for him. The caliph's brother and the son of the grand vizier were his most intimate friends, and, "O, that I might be as valiant and as fortunate as Said, the son of Benezar!" grew to be a byword among the people of Bagdad.

"With such entertainment as this, sleep would never visit my eyes, if I had to stay awake half a dozen nights," said the compass-maker, when the courier had ended. "I have often had proof of this before. It was so some years ago, when I was journeyman to a bell-founder. My master was a rich man, and no niggard, and for this reason we were not a little surprised on one occasion, when we had a large job in hand, to see how, contrary to his usual habits, he seemed to have suddenly grown as stingy as a Jew. We had been casting a bell for a new church, and we journeymen and apprentices were obliged to sit by the furnace all night and watch the fire. We expected, of course, that the master would tap his big cask and give us some of his best wine. Far from it. He passed round a draught

of water every hour or so, and beguiled the time by telling us all sorts of stories picked up in his wanderings ; when he ended, the turn came to the journeymen, and so on round the circle, and not one of us felt sleepy, so interested had we become in the adventures related. Before we knew it, it was day, and we then saw the master's prudence in keeping us awake by story-telling. When the bell was finished, he was no longer sparing of his wine, but brought out in abundance what he had wisely saved the night before."

"He was a sensible man," said the student. "For keeping away sleep nothing is so efficacious as conversation, no doubt. That is the reason why I chose not to be alone to-night, for I should have assuredly fallen asleep by eleven o'clock."

"Country-people are well aware of this fact," said the courier. "When the women spin, in the long winter evenings, they never stay at home alone, for they know if they do they will drop asleep over their work, but they get together in what they call their lamp-rooms, and tell stories while working in company."

"Yes," interposed the carrier, "and their stories are enough sometimes to frighten a man's hair off his head, for they tell of fiery spectres who wander round the earth, and kobolds who make a racket in your chamber at night, and ghosts who drive men and cattle crazy."

"Then they do not appreciate the highest kind of enjoyment, in my opinion," said the student. "Nothing is so disagreeable to me as ghost-stories."

"Well, I think exactly the contrary," cried the compass-maker. "I enjoy a genuine ghost-story from the bottom of my heart. It is just like a storm outside when you sleep under the roof. You hear the rain-

drops fall tick, tack, tick, tack, on the tiles, while you are feeling snug and comfortable in your warm bed. Just so, you feel perfectly safe and easy, when you hear a good ghost-story by lamplight, among friends."

"But afterwards?" said the student. "Will not a person with a strong belief in ghosts shudder when he finds himself alone and in darkness? Will he not call up all the horrors he has been hearing? I grow angry to this day over ghost-stories, when I think of my childhood. I was an active, restless child, and more wakeful than my nurse liked. She knew no other means of quieting me than by exciting my terrors. She told me all sorts of horrible stories of witches and evil spirits who played their pranks in my father's house, and, if a cat happened to make a noise outside, she would whisper in my ear, in a tone of horror: 'Do you hear that, child? That is the dead man going up and down our steps. He carries his head under his arm; his eyes shine like lanterns; he has claws instead of fingers; and when he catches anybody in the dark, he twists his neck.'"

The men laughed at these reminiscences, and the student continued: "I was too young to understand that all this was rank falsehood. I was not afraid of our great stag-hound, who tumbled my playmates into the sand, but whenever I found myself in the dark, I used to shut my eyes with terror, lest the dead man would creep out upon me. It went so far at last that I was afraid to stir outside the house after dark without a light. How many times my father has punished me for this cowardice! For a great while I could not free myself from these childish terrors, for which my foolish nurse was wholly to blame."

"It is very wrong," said the courier, "to fill the

minds of children with such notions. I assure you, I have known brave, dauntless men, huntsmen, not afraid of the devil himself, who, when they were lying in wait at night for poachers, would suddenly lose all courage ; taking every tree for a frightful spectre, every bush for a witch, and a couple of glowworms for the eyes of some monster about to spring out on them."

"And I think entertainments of this sort injurious, not only for children, but for grown persons also," continued the student. "What sensible man will occupy himself with the doings and sayings of creatures which exist only in the minds of fools ? The greatest harm these fables do is among country people. This class believes firmly in this sort of narrative, and the belief is fostered in their spinning-rooms and taverns, where they sit in crowded groups and tell in a mysterious voice the most dreadful horrors."

"Yes, sir," answered the carrier, "you are right. Many a misfortune has happened through such stories, and my own sister miserably perished in consequence of one of them."

"What! by one of these ghost-stories?" cried his companions, surprised.

"From no other cause," said the carrier. "In the village where my father lived it is customary for the women to meet together in the long winter evenings to spin. The young farmers come in afterwards and tell stories. It happened one evening that they had been talking of apparitions ; and the young men told of an old grocer who had been dead ten years, and could find no rest in his grave. Every night he threw off the earth, and, rising from his grave, crept, coughing as he

used to do in life, to his shop, where he weighed out his sugar and coffee, muttering to himself as he did so :

‘Three-quarters in the dead of night
Will make a pound at morning light.’

“Several declared they had seen him, and the women began to grow frightened. But my sister, a girl of sixteen, wishing to be thought more courageous than the rest, said, ‘I disbelieve the whole story. A man once dead never comes back again.’ This she said, alas, without entire conviction, for she had often felt a terror at the report before now. Thereupon one of the young people said to her, ‘If you think so, of course you are not afraid of him. His grave is only two steps from poor Catharine’s, who died lately. Try it once; go to the church-yard and pluck a flower from Catharine’s grave, and, if you bring it to us, we will believe that you have no fears of the old grocer.’

“My sister, ashamed to be laughed at by the others, answered : ‘O, that is a trifle! What flower will you have?’

“‘It is the only place in the village where white roses grow; bring us a bunch of them,’ answered one of her companions.

“She rose and left the room, all the men praising her pluck, but the women shaking their heads and saying they hoped no harm would come of it. My sister went to the church-yard. The moon was shining brightly, and twelve o’clock sounded from the tower, as, with a shudder, she opened the church-yard gate.

“She stumbled over many a familiar hillock, and her heart throbbed with rising terrors the nearer she came to Catharine’s white roses and the grave of the spectral grocer.

“She reached the spot, and, trembling from head to foot, knelt and plucked the flowers. Suddenly her ears caught a sound in her neighborhood. She looked round. Two steps from where she knelt she saw the earth upheaving from a grave, and a ghastly figure slowly rise to view. It was an old, pale man, with a white nightcap on his head. My sister was horror-struck; she looked once more to convince herself that she had seen aright. But when the tenant of the grave said, in a nasal voice, ‘Good evening, damsel. Why so late?’ horror seized her. Springing up, she ran over the graves back to the house, told in a half-fainting state what she had seen, and became so weak that they were obliged to carry her to her home. It availed us little to learn on the following day that the sexton had been making a grave in that neighborhood, and had spoken to my poor sister. Before she could be told this she sank into a fever, of which she died within three days. The roses of her death-garland she had pulled with her own hands!”

The carrier ended, and his eyes filled with tears, while the others gazed on him with the deepest sympathy.

“Alas! then the poor child died in the belief of having seen a spectre!” said the goldsmith. “I am reminded by the sad incident of a story which I may as well tell you, and which resulted in a similar catastrophe.”

THE CAVERN OF STEENFOLL.

A TALE OF SCOTLAND.

ON one of the rocky islands off the coast of Scotland lived many years ago, in the utmost harmony, two fishermen. They were both unmarried, were both without relatives, and supported themselves by their common labor. In age they were nearly equal, but in person and disposition resembled each other as little as an eagle and a seal.

Donald Douglas was a short, thick-set man, with a broad face and good-humored, laughing eyes, where care and sorrow seemed to be total strangers. He was sleepy and torpid as well as fat, and on him fell the cares of the household, cooking and baking, making nets for catching fish, and a large share of the cultivation of the little field around the cottage. His companion was diametrically his opposite ; tall and spare, with the eyes of a hawk, and a high, arched nose, he was known as the most energetic and successful fisherman, the most daring climber for birds, the busiest farmer, and the shrewdest merchant in Kirkwall ; but, as his wares were good and his dealings rigidly honest, every one was ready to trade with him, and William Falke — so the country people called him — and his friend Donald Douglas, with whom the former, notwithstanding his avarice, ungrudgingly divided his hard-earned gains, made not only a comfortable livelihood, but were in a fair way to reach a decent independence. But independence merely was not the goal at which Falke's avarice aimed ; he wished to be rich, — *very* rich ; and, as he had early discovered that wealth came but slowly by the

common highway of industry, he formed the idea at last that he should obtain the object of his ambition by some unforeseen and sudden stroke of fortune ; and, when once this belief had obtained possession of his vigorous mind, he found room in it for no other idea, and began to talk of the subject to Donald Douglas as if it were a matter of absolute certainty. The latter, who took for gospel everything Falke said, told it about among his neighbors, and the rumor soon spread that William Falke had either actually sold himself for money to the Evil One, or that he had had an offer to that end from the Prince of the Lower World.

At first Falke laughed at these reports ; but gradually his mind adopted the idea that some spirit could disclose a treasure to him if he would, and he ceased to contradict his neighbors when they questioned him concerning his fatal bargain. He continued to follow his business, but with far less zeal than he had formerly shown, and often lost the time which he had been wont to devote to fishing and other useful labors, in idle search for means by which suddenly to obtain enormous riches. As ill luck would have it, moreover, as he was standing one day on the seashore, gazing with excited hopes over the restless ocean, a big wave rolled up to his feet, among a mass of loose seaweed and pebbles, a yellow bullet, — a bullet of precious gold.

William stood like one entranced ; his hopes then had not been mere idle dreams, for the sea had given him gold, pure and precious gold, perhaps the relic of some heavy ingot which the waves had worn away against the ocean bed to the size of a rifle-ball. And now his imagination conceived the idea that a richly-freighted vessel must have been wrecked years ago on this shore, and that he was the one marked out by destiny to dis-

cover its treasures. Henceforth this was his sole aim in life ; musing ever on his hopes, reserved in the presence of his closest friends, he neglected all other pursuits to spend his days and nights on this beach, where he passed the time in casting into the sea, not nets for fishes, but a peculiarly-constructed scoop for the recovery of sunken gold. But he found nothing save poverty, for his own earnings utterly ceased, and Donald's indolent labors were not sufficient to support both. In his search for greater treasures vanished not only the gold he had obtained by chance, but by degrees the whole accumulations of the two friends. But, as in earlier times Douglas had trusted to Falke for the greater part of his support, so now he submitted without a murmur to his comrade's profitless aberrations ; and it was precisely this submissive patience which incited Falke still more to continue his unceasing search for treasure. And what urged him to increased exertions was, that, as often as he lay down to rest his weary limbs, his ear caught a whisper of strange words, whose meaning at the time he thought he understood, and which, nevertheless, he could never remember on waking. To be sure, he knew not what connection this circumstance, strange as it was, had with his present efforts : but, on a disposition like William Falke's, every incident had its effect, and this mysterious whisper only helped to strengthen him in the belief that some great good fortune was in store for him, which assumed in his uncultivated mind only the shape of a huge pile of gold.

One day a tempest overtook him on the shore where he had found the golden bullet, and its severity drove him to take refuge in a neighboring cave. This cave, which the inhabitants called the Cavern of Steenfoll, consisted of a long subterranean passage, open to the sea

by two wide mouths, through which the waves rushed with a roar like that of an angry lion. It was accessible from the land only in one place, a crevice opening above, and was rarely visited by any but adventurous boys, while to its natural dangers was added the tradition of its being haunted. William descended this crevice with much difficulty, and perched himself on a rock under an overhanging cliff, where, with the roaring waves at his feet and the storm above his head, he fell into his usual train of thought about the wrecked ship. Spite of all his inquiries, he had never been able to learn, even from the old residents of the place, of any shipwreck in the neighborhood. How long he sat there, he was himself unconscious; but, waking at last from his dreamy abstraction, he discovered that the storm was over, and he was about to reascend to the upper air, when a voice issued from the deep, and the word "*Carmilhan*" fell distinctly on his ear. Terrified, he hastened to escape from the cave, and gazed down into the empty abyss. "Great God!" he cried, "that is the word which has pursued me in my dreams. For the love of heaven, what can it mean?"

"*Carmilhan*!" was sighed once more by the voice, as he took his last step out of the cavern, and he fled like a frightened doe to his hut.

But William was no coward. The thing had come upon him unexpectedly; but his thirst for gold was too strong to permit him to be deterred by an appearance of danger from following his perilous path. He persevered. Once, late in the night, while fishing for treasures by moonlight near the cavern of Steenfell, his scoop was caught by something beneath the water. He pulled with all his force, but the mass remained immovable. Meanwhile the wind increased, dark clouds

enveloped the heavens, his boat rocked violently, and threatened to overset. But Falke was not to be diverted from his purpose. He pulled and pulled, till the resistance at length ceased, and, feeling no weight, he supposed his rope had parted. But at the same instant that the clouds rolled together and concealed the moon, a round, dark mass appeared above the surface, and the eternal "Carmilhan" sounded in his ear. He extended his arm to grasp the prize, but it vanished instantly in the pitchy darkness, and the fury of the gale compelled him to seek shelter under the neighboring cliff. He fell asleep from mere exhaustion, to suffer anew in his dreams, through the power of his imagination, the misery to which his restless thirst for riches subjected him during the day.

When he awoke, the early beams of the rising sun were glancing from the now tranquil mirror of the ocean. He was on the point of starting again to resume his accustomed labors, when he noticed something approaching in the distance. He soon perceived it to be a boat, and recognized in it a human figure: and was startled to observe that it was advancing with no assistance from sail or oar, and that its prow pointed steadily to the shore, although its occupant seemed unconscious of its course.

The boat continued to advance, and at length stopped alongside of William's skiff. The voyager proved to be a little, shrivelled man, in a suit of yellow linen, and tall red night-cap, who sat, with his eyes shut, as immovable as any corpse. After shouting at and punching him to no purpose, Falke was on the point of attaching a rope to the boat and towing it away, when the little man opened his eyes, and began to

speak, in a tone which filled even the stout-hearted fisherman with horror.

"Where am I?" he asked, in Dutch, drawing a deep sigh.

Falke, who had learned a little of the language from Dutch herring fishermen, told him the name of the island, and inquired who he was, and what brought him there.

"I come to look for the Carmilhan."

"The Carmilhan! In God's name, what is the Carmilhan?" cried the excited fisherman.

"I answer not questions put to me in that form," replied the spectre, with a shudder.

"Well, well," shouted Falke, "what is the Carmilhan?"

"The Carmilhan is now nothing; but was once a fair ship, laden with more gold than vessel ever carried before."

"Where did she sink, and when?"

"A hundred years ago; where, I know not. I come to find the place, and to recover the lost treasure. If you will help me, we will share what we find."

"With all my heart. Tell me, what must I do?"

"A deed which requires courage. Just before midnight you must go to the wildest and most desolate part of this island, taking with you a cow, which you must there slay, and have with you some one to wrap you in her fresh hide. Your companion must then lay you down, and leave you; and, before an hour goes by you will know where the treasures of the Carmilhan are lying."

"In this way old Engrol perished, body and soul!" cried Falke, in terror. "You are the Evil Spirit," he

continued, rowing rapidly away. "Go back to hell! I will have no dealings with you!"

The little being gnashed his teeth, and yelled curses on the fisherman; but the latter was soon out of his hearing, and, after rounding a cliff, beyond his sight. But the discovery that the evil one was seeking to avail himself of his lust for wealth, to entice him into his snares by a golden bait, had no effect in diverting the deluded man from his purpose. On the contrary, he even hoped to take advantage of the assistance, without placing himself in the clutches, of the fiend; so, continuing to dredge for gold off the desolate coast, he neglected utterly the independence which the rich fishing-grounds in the neighboring waters offered him, and sank with his companion day by day into deeper poverty. Yet, although this state of things was due solely to Falke's infatuation, and the providing sustenance for both now fell wholly on Donald, the latter never complained. He showed him always the same devotion, the same confidence in his superior intellect, as in the times when his undertakings were successful and rational; and while this submissiveness greatly increased Falke's misery, it stimulated him all the more to search for gold, hoping thereby to indemnify his generous friend for his deprivations. All this time, the devilish whisper, "Carmilhan," continued to pursue him in his slumbers. In short, want, hope and avarice drove him at last into a sort of madness; and he resolved, finally, to carry out what the demon had suggested to him, although he knew well that, according to tradition, he was surrendering himself by so doing to the powers of darkness.

All Donald's dissuasions were thrown away. Falke grew the more determined the more the other implored

him to desist ; and the good-natured fellow consented at last to accompany him, and help him carry out his plan.

The hearts of both throbbed painfully as they fastened a rope round the horns of a fine cow, their last article of property, which they had raised from a calf, and which they had always refused to sell, from an unwillingness to see her pass into the hands of strangers. But the evil spirit, which had got the mastery over Falke, stifled all the better feelings of his heart, and Donald was unable to resist his will.

It was the month of September, and the long nights of the Scottish winter had already begun. The evening clouds drove swiftly before the fierce night-winds ; deep shadows filled the valleys, and the wet turf-bogs and the turbid channels of the streams looked black and fearful as the mouths of hell. Falke strode in front, followed by Douglas, shuddering at his own boldness, and tears filling his eyes whenever he looked at the poor animal, going so confidently to her speedy death, to be inflicted by the same hand which had fed her so many years.

They reached, at last, a narrow, marshy vale, here and there overgrown with moss and heath and sprinkled with huge boulders, and which was rarely visited by the foot of man. A wild mountain chain encircled the spot, losing itself in the distance in the gray evening mist. They approached, with hesitating steps, a huge stone lying in the middle of this desolate spot, and from which a frightened eagle rose screaming into the air. The cow lowed mournfully, as if conscious of the horror of the place, and of her own approaching fate : and Donald turned aside to wipe away his streaming tears. He looked down the gorge which they had just climbed,

and through which he could hear the distant surging of the sea ; then upwards to the mountain peaks, on which an inky cloud had settled, and from which, at intervals, descended a hollow roar. When he again looked at Falke, the latter had bound the cow to a rock, and was standing, with upraised axe, to take the poor brute's life.

It was too much for his resolution. He fell upon his knees, wringing his hands. "For God's sake, William," he exclaimed, in an agonizing tone, "spare her! O, spare yourself and me! Have mercy on your own soul! Or, if you are resolved thus to tempt your Maker, wait till to-morrow, and obtain some other than our darling cow for this wicked sacrifice."

"Donald, are you mad?" shrieked William, poising the axe above his head. "Shall I spare the cow and starve?"

"You shall not starve," answered Donald firmly. "While I have hands you shall not starve. I will work for you from morning till night. But peril not the salvation of your soul, and let the poor brute live."

"Take the axe then, and cleave my head," cried Falke in a despairing tone. "I go not from this place till I have obtained what I desire. Can you raise the treasures of the Carmilhan? Can your hands earn more than the barest necessities of life? But you can end my misery. Come, let me be the sacrifice!"

"William, I plead not for myself, but for your eternal happiness! Alas! this is the altar of the Picts, and the sacrifice you bring belongs to hell."

"I deny it," cried Falke, with a frantic laugh. "Douglas, you are mad, and make me mad! But here," he continued, throwing away the axe, and taking his knife

as if to plunge it into his heart ; “ here, keep the cow at the price of your friend’s life ! ”

Donald was at his side in a moment, and, snatching the weapon of death from his hand, seized the axe, and, swinging it round his head, brought it down with such force on the forehead of the loved animal that, without a shudder, it fell dead at its master’s feet.

A flash of lightning, accompanied by a terrific peal of thunder, followed this hasty deed ; and Falke stared at his friend with the look with which a man wonders at a child who has ventured to do what he himself lacks courage to attempt. Douglas, however, seemed neither terrified by the thunder nor disconcerted by the bewildered gaze of his companion, but bent over the cow without a word, and began to take off its hide. When Falke had recovered his composure, he helped him in the operation, but with a reluctance as visible as he had previously shown anxiety. Meanwhile the tempest had increased in fury, the thunder echoed in the mountains, and frightful flashes of lightning illuminated the scanty herbage of the defile, while the wind, which had not yet reached this altitude, filled the lower valleys with its wild howling. Both men found themselves drenched to the skin by the time they had finished stripping off the hide. They spread it out on the ground, and Donald bound Falke firmly into it. When this was done the poor man for the first time broke the prolonged silence, and, looking down compassionately on his friend, asked in a trembling voice :

“ Can I do anything more for you, William ? ”

“ Nothing more ! ” answered Falke. “ Farewell ! ”

“ Farewell ! ” replied Donald. “ God protect you, and pardon you as I do ! ”

These were the last words which Falke heard from

him, for the next moment he had disappeared in the increasing darkness. At the same time, one of the most violent tornadoes William had ever seen broke upon him. It began with a flash of lightning, which showed him not only the peaks and cliffs in his immediate neighborhood, but the valley below him, and the raging sea, and the rocky islands scattered about the bay, among which he thought he caught a glimpse of a large, dismasted ship, which vanished again instantly in the pitchy darkness. The claps of thunder were absolutely deafening. A large mass of rock from the cliffs above rolled down from the mountain, narrowly missing him. The rain fell in such torrents that, in a few minutes, it had overflowed the valley with a deep flood, which soon rose to Falke's shoulders; and, had not Donald fortunately laid him with the upper part of his body resting on a hillock, he would have been speedily drowned. The water continued to rise, and the more Falke strove to release himself from his perilous position, the closer did the moist hide embrace him in its folds. In vain he shouted for Donald, — his friend was far away. He dared not call on God in his necessity, and a shudder convulsed his frame when he attempted to supplicate the being to whose power he felt himself given over.

The water had already risen above his shoulders; already it was moistening his trembling lips. "God in heaven! I am lost!" he shrieked, as he felt the flood meet above his face. But at this moment a sound like that of a neighboring waterfall fell faintly on his ear, and his mouth was again uncovered. The torrent had forced itself a passage through its rocky barriers. The rain moderating at the same time, and the darkness of the clouds lifting a little, his despair was somewhat

mitigated, and a beam of hope shone in upon his soul. But, spite of his exhaustion from a struggle like that of death, and his intense desire to escape from his imprisonment, the object of his desperate ambition had not yet been attained, and, with the disappearance of immediate danger, covetousness returned in all its strength. Satisfied that to obtain his wishes he must submit patiently to his fate, he held his peace, and soon fell into a deep sleep from cold and exhaustion.

He had slept perhaps a couple of hours, when, a cold wind blowing across his face, and a sound like that of approaching waves, roused him from his oblivion. The sky had again grown dark. A flash, like that which had preceded the first tempest, lighted up once more the surrounding landscape, and he again thought he caught a glimpse of the foreign vessel hanging for a moment on a lofty wave, close by the cliffs of Steenfall, and then sinking suddenly into the abyss. He continued to gaze intently after the phantom, for incessant flashes now lighted up the sea, when a mountainous billow rushed up the valley, and dashed him with such force against a rock that he lost his senses. When he came to himself, the storm had passed away and the sky was clear, though the lightning still played at intervals. He was lying at the foot of the mountain range enclosing the valley, and felt himself so shattered that he could scarcely move. He heard where he lay the subdued murmur of the surf, seemingly mingled with a solemn melody like church-music. The tones were at first so faint that he thought them a delusion of his senses. But nearer and clearer they came, and it seemed to him at length he could distinguish the music of a psalm which he had heard the summer before on board a Dutch herring-boat.

At last he could make out voices, and thought he recognized the words of the song. The voices were now in the valley below, and working himself along with great difficulty to a stone, on which he laid his head, he perceived a procession of human beings moving in his direction. Their faces showed signs of grief and misery, and their garments seemed to drip with water. They were now at no great distance, and their music ceased. At their head went several musicians, followed by a number of sailors, and behind came a tall, powerful man, in an antiquated, gold-embroidered dress, a sword by his side, and in his hand a thick Spanish cane with a golden head. At his left walked a negro boy, handing his master from time to time a long pipe, from which he drew in several solemn draughts of smoke, and strode on. He drew himself up to his full height before Falke, and other less sumptuously dressed men arranged themselves on either side, all with pipes in their hands. Other persons followed these, among whom were several women, some of whom carried little children in their arms, or led them by the hand, and all in handsome but old-fashioned garments. A crowd of Dutch sailors closed the procession, each holding between his teeth a short, black pipe, which he smoked in gloomy silence.

The fisherman looked with terror on this singular assemblage, but the expectation of what was to ensue sustained his courage. They stood around him for a long time, and the smoke from their pipes rose in a cloud above their heads. The crowd continued to close up on Falke, and thicker and thicker poured the clouds from their mouths and pipes. Falke was a bold, determined man ; he had braced himself for something supernatural ; but when he saw this mysterious group press-

ing slowly upon him, as if to crush him with their weight, his courage fell, the sweat rolled from his brow, and he thought he should die of terror. But imagine his horror when, turning his eyes, he saw the yellow dwarf at his head, sitting stark and stiff, as he had looked when he first saw him, but now, as if in ridicule of the whole assemblage, with a lighted pipe between his lips. In the deadly terror which now seized him, he shouted to the principal figure :

“ In the name of him you serve, who are you ? What do you require of me ? ”

The tall figure took three pulls at his pipe, more solemnly than before, and, handing it to his servant, answered :

“ I am Alfred Franz van der Swelder, captain of the ship Carmilhan of Amsterdam, lost with all its crew on this rocky coast on its return from Batavia. These are my officers, these my passengers, and those yonder my brave sailors, who all perished with me. Why have you summoned us from our dwelling below the sea ? Why do you disturb our rest ? ”

“ I would know where lie the treasures of the Carmilhan ? ”

“ At the bottom of the sea.”

“ Where ? ”

“ In the cavern of Steenfol.”

“ How shall I obtain them ? ”

“ A goose dives in the shallows after a herring. Are the treasures of the Carmilhan worth less ? ”

“ How much of them shall I recover ? ”

“ More than you can spend.”

The yellow dwarf grinned, and the whole group burst into loud laughter.

“ Have you finished ? ” asked the captain.

"I have. Farewell!"

"Farewell, till we meet again!" answered the Dutchman, and turned to go.

The musicians placed themselves in front, and the procession moved away in the same order in which it came, while the solemn song, which they had sung while approaching, grew gradually fainter in the distance, till it lost itself in the murmur of the surf. Falke now put forth his last remaining strength, and succeeded at length in liberating one arm, with which he untied the cords, and at last extricated himself wholly from the hide. He hurried home without turning his head, and found poor Donald lying senseless on the ground. He brought him to his senses with much difficulty, and the good fellow wept aloud for joy at seeing alive the friend whom he had supposed lost forever. This gleam of happiness quickly vanished when he learned from him the desperate undertaking he was now resolved on.

"I would rather perish, body and soul, than endure longer these naked walls, this abject wretchedness. Follow me or not, — I go." With these words, Falke seized a torch, and, winding a rope round his waist, hastened away. Donald followed him as quickly as he could, and found him already standing on the precipice on which he had in former times found shelter from the storm, and about to let himself down by the rope into the black and roaring abyss. Finding that his dissuasions had no influence on the unhappy maniac, he made ready to follow him down; but Falke ordered him to remain above and hold the cord. With frightful exertion, for which only the maddest avarice could have given him strength and courage, Falke clambered into the abyss, and stood at last on a projecting rock under which

the black and foam-streaked billows rushed thundering in.

He looked anxiously around, and saw at length something shining dimly beneath the water. He laid down his torch, and, leaping in, grasped some heavy object, which he succeeded in raising. It was an iron chest filled with gold pieces. He told his companion what he had found, but turned a deaf ear to his earnest entreaties to be satisfied with his success and reascend. Falke thought that this was but the first fruits of his long and arduous toils. He again sprang in. A loud peal of scornful laughter sounded through the cavern, and William Falke was never seen again!

Donald went home alone, an altered man. The shocks which his feeble brain had received destroyed his mind. He left everything to go to ruin, and wandered about day and night, gazing vacantly around, an object of pity and sympathy to all his former friends. One of the fishermen insists that he recognized William Falke one stormy night standing on the shore among the crew of the Carmilhan. On the same night vanished also Donald Douglas.

He was sought for in every direction without success. Tradition says, however, that he has often been seen since standing with Falke among the men of the spectre-ship, which since that time has annually been visible in the cavern of Steenfol.

"Midnight is long passed," said the student, when the goldsmith had ended his story. "There can be no further danger: and for my part I feel so sleepy that I advise all to go to bed, and sleep without further alarm."

"I'll not trust the rogues before two o'clock," an-

swered the courier. "The proverb says, you know, 'From eleven till two thieves mischief do.'"

"I agree with you," observed the compass-maker. "When a man means to take you at a disadvantage, no time is so suitable as after midnight. But why cannot Mr. Student, here, go on with the story he left unfinished?"

"I have no objection," said the student. "But our friend the courier has not heard the beginning of it."

"Never mind that," said the courier; "I'll try to guess at it from the conclusion."

"Very well, then," said the student; and was about to recommence, when he was interrupted by the barking of a dog, and all held their breaths to listen. At the same moment one of the countess' servants rushed into the room, and told them hurriedly that ten or twelve armed men were approaching the tavern at the side.

The courier seized his rifle, the student his pistols, the journeymen grasped their sticks, and the carrier drew a long knife from his pocket. Thus prepared, they stood and gazed uneasily in each others' faces.

"Let us go to the head of the stairs," said the student. "Two or three of these villains shall die, at any rate, before we are overpowered." At the same time he gave the compass-maker his second pistol, and recommended him to reserve his fire till his own pistol had been discharged. They placed themselves at the stairs; the student and the courier occupied their breadth, the valiant compass-maker stood at their side, bending over the balustrade and pointing his pistol down the centre of the flight, while the carrier and the goldsmith stood behind them, ready to do their part in case of a conflict of man against man. They stood for some minutes in silent expectation, till at length a noise of opening the front door reached their ears, and they thought they could

make out the whispering of several voices. They heard soon after the footsteps of a number of men approaching, and then mounting the stairs, and at the turn three men came into view, who were certainly unprepared for the reception which awaited them, for, no sooner had they appeared round the central pillar, than the courier cried in a steady voice : " Halt ! One step further, and you are dead men ! Our pistols are loaded, friends, and our aim is good." —

The robbers hastily retreated to consult with the others below. One of them came back shortly and said, " Gentlemen, it would be folly in you to sacrifice your lives, for we are numerous enough to exterminate you. Retire, gentlemen, and none of you shall suffer the slightest injury. We will not rob you of the value of a farthing."

" What is your purpose, then ? " retorted the student. " Think you we will trust men of your stamp ? Never ! If you need anything of ours, come and take it, in God's name ; but I shall fire at the forehead of the first man who ventures to turn that corner, and I promise him he shall never have the headache again."

" Surrender the lady to us, then, voluntarily," answered the robber. " Nothing shall happen to her ; we will merely take her to a place of safety, and her people shall be allowed to ride back and notify the count that he can obtain her release for twenty thousand florins."

" Are we dogs, that you make such base proposals to us ? " cried the courier, foaming with rage, and cocking his rifle. " I shall count three, and shoot you at the third, unless you instantly retire. One, two — "

" Halt ! " shouted the robber in a voice of thunder. " Is it your custom to fire at an unarmed man who is talking with you peacefully ? Foolish men ! You can

shoot me dead if you please ; but here stand twenty of my comrades ready to revenge my death. How does it benefit your countess if you are slain ? Believe what I say. If she surrenders without resistance she shall be treated with all possible respect ; but, if you do not uncock your weapons before *I* count three, it will fare hardly with you. One, two, three ! ”

“ These hounds are not to be trifled with,” whispered the courier, obeying the robber’s command. “ I care little for my own life, but if I shoot one of these wretches they might ill-use the countess my mistress. I will consult with her ladyship. Give us,” he added in a louder voice, “ a half-hour’s truce to prepare the countess for this. It might kill her were she to learn it suddenly.”

“ Granted,” answered the robber, at the same time posting six of his men to guard the stairs.

The unlucky travellers, in a state of great excitement and agitation, followed the courier into the countess’ chamber. It lay so near the stairs, and the discussion had been so loud, that she had heard every word. She was pale, and trembled violently, but seemed resolved notwithstanding to submit without resistance to her fate.

“ Why should I venture needlessly the lives of so many brave men ? ” said she. “ Why call, for a useless resistance, on men who do not even know me ? No ; there is no other course left but to submit to these villains.”

Every one was affected by the courage and misfortunes of the heroic lady ; and the courier vowed, with many tears, that he could never survive the disgrace. The student regretted aloud his six feet of stature. “ If I were only half a head shorter,” said he, “ and had no beard, I should know exactly what to do. I should dress

myself in the countess' clothes, and these wretches would discover their mistake too late to prevent her escape."

The lady's misfortunes had made a deep impression on Felix. He felt towards her as he would have felt towards his own mother had he found her in this fearful position, and was willing and happy to sacrifice his life for hers. Hence, when the student made this last remark, a sudden thought flashed through his mind. He forgot every consideration of danger, and thought only of saving the lady from her perilous position. "If this is all," said he, stepping forward with a blush, "if it requires merely a beardless chin, a small body, and a stout heart, to rescue this honorable lady, perhaps she will condescend to accept my humble services. Madam, in God's name, I entreat you to put on my coat, place my hat on your beautiful locks, take my bundle on your back, and assume the character of Felix the goldsmith."

The youth's courage filled every one with surprise, and the courier embraced him in the deepest gratitude. "My dear lad," he exclaimed, "and will you do this? Are you willing to assume her dress and save her from these villains? God has sent you to our aid. But you shall not go alone. I will surrender myself with you; and while I live they shall not harm a hair of your head."

"I too will go with you," cried the student.

It consumed much time to persuade the countess to consent to this proposal. She could not bear to think that a perfect stranger should sacrifice his liberty, and perhaps his life, for her sake; and she pictured to herself the fearful revenge of the robbers on the young man, in case of their subsequent discovery of the deceit. But partly the young lad's entreaties, and partly the

others' representations of the influences she could bring to bear to effect the release of her preserver, conquered her unwillingness at last. The courier and the other travellers accompanied Felix into the student's chamber, where he speedily donned some of the clothes of the countess. The courier provided him with a few of the waiting-woman's false curls, and a lady's bonnet, and all present assured him that detection was impossible. The compass-maker vowed that, were he to meet him thus disguised in the street, he should take off his hat and make him a polite bow, never dreaming that he was paying his respects to his stout-hearted fellow-traveller.

The countess meanwhile, with the aid of her waiting-woman, had supplied herself with a disguise from the goldsmith's knapsack. The hat, pressed low on her forehead, the walking-staff in her hand, and the bundle, somewhat lightened of its former burthen, on her back, completely altered her appearance; and at any other time the allies would have laughed heartily at this amusing masquerade. The newly-made journeyman thanked Felix with tears of gratitude, and promised him the most speedy assistance.

"I have but one request to make," said Felix in answer. "In this knapsack you will find a little box. Guard it with care, for should it be lost I should be miserable forever. I am taking it to my godmother, and —"

"Gottfried, the courier, knows my castle," interrupted the countess. "It shall be restored to you uninjured. You will come for it I trust in person, noble youth, to receive the thanks of my husband and myself."

Before Felix could answer, the harsh voices of the

robbers sounded up the stairs, crying that the respite had passed, and everything was ready for the countess' departure. The courier went down and told them his intention of accompanying the lady, stating that he preferred to go with them wherever they carried her, rather than appear before the count without his mistress. The student also expressed a similar resolve. The robbers consulted together a moment over this proposal, and then assented, on the condition that the courier laid aside his arms. At the same time, they ordered the other travellers to remain quietly behind when the countess should be carried away.

Felix lowered the veil attached to his bonnet, and seating himself in a corner, with his head supported in his hand, waited in an attitude of deep grief the arrival of the robbers. The rest of the travellers had withdrawn into the next chamber, but were still able to overlook what took place. The courier sat apparently overwhelmed with sorrow, but watching attentively everything which occurred in the opposite corner of the room. After sitting in this way a few minutes the door opened, and a handsome, richly-dressed man entered the chamber. He wore a sort of military uniform with an order on his breast, carried a sabre at his side, and held in his hand a hat decorated with beautiful feathers. Two of his men closed the door immediately after his entrance.

He approached Felix with a profound bow, appearing to be somewhat embarrassed in the presence of a lady of such high rank, and tried several times before he succeeded in expressing himself to his mind :

"Most honorable madam," said he, "circumstances sometimes happen in which one is obliged to practise a little patience. Such is your situation now. Do not

fear that I shall lose sight for a single moment of the respect due to a lady of your exalted rank. You will be provided with every comfort, and will have no cause for complaint, except perhaps for the alarm we have occasioned you this evening."

He stopped as if awaiting an answer, but, receiving none, went on :

" You see in me, madam, no common thief. I am an unfortunate man, compelled by adverse circumstances to adopt this life. We desire to leave this locality forever, but we need funds for our journey. It would be an easy matter for us to attack merchants or mail-coaches, but by so doing we should perhaps plunge many persons into poverty at once. The count your husband received, six weeks since, a legacy of five hundred thousand florins. We ask only twenty thousand florins from all this abundance, — surely a just and moderate demand. You will therefore do us the honor to write an open letter to your husband, in which you will inform him that we hold you prisoner, and that he must pay your ransom as soon as possible. If he refuses — You understand me, madam ; we shall be compelled to resort in that case to harsher measures. The ransom will not be received unless brought here by a single messenger under the seal of profound secrecy."

This scene was watched with the most strained attention by all the guests of the tavern, and especially by the countess. She feared every moment to see the youth betray himself who had sacrificed himself for her sake. She was resolved to spend her whole fortune, if necessary, in procuring his release ; but with equal firmness was her mind made up to endure any sacrifice, in case of his detection, rather than stir a step in company with the robbers. She had found a knife in the

goldsmith's pocket. This she held clasped convulsively in her rigid hand, prepared to kill herself rather than submit to such a fate. Felix's mind was in a state of no less anxiety. To be sure he was strengthened and consoled by the thought that it was a manly and honorable deed to aid thus an oppressed and helpless woman ; but he was constantly in fear lest he should disclose the secret by some awkward movement or by the tone of his voice. His uneasiness increased when the robber spoke of a letter he must write.

How should he write ? What title should he give the count ? What form to the letter, so as not to betray himself ?

His excitement reached its climax when the leader of the band laid before him paper and pens, and requested him to lift his veil and write to the count.

Felix was unconscious of the becomingness of his disguise. Had he known how well he looked, he would have felt no fears of a discovery : for when, driven by necessity, he at length threw back his veil, the gentleman in uniform appeared much struck by the lady's beauty and her manly and courageous expression, and looked upon her with increased respect. The quick eyes of the goldsmith did not fail to notice this : and, satisfied that for the present no danger of detection need be feared, he took the pen and wrote a letter to his supposed husband, following a form which he had long ago seen in some old book. It ran thus :

“ MY LORD AND HUSBAND : I, your unhappy wife, have been suddenly arrested in my journey, in the middle of the night, by people to whom it is impossible to attribute good motives. They mean to detain me in their keeping, my lord count, till you have advanced the sum of twenty thousand florins for my ransom.

“The condition is annexed that you make no appeal to the authorities to interfere in this matter, nor request of them assistance, and that you send the money to the roadside inn in Spessart by a single messenger; otherwise I am threatened with a longer and more severe imprisonment.

“She who invokes by these presents your immediate assistance, is Your unfortunate

“WIFE.”

He handed this curious letter to the robber, who read it through and expressed his approval.

“It rests now on your own decision,” said he, “whether you will be accompanied by your waiting-maid or your courier. One of them I must send to your husband with this letter.”

“My courier and this gentleman will accompany me,” answered Felix.

“Good,” replied the robber, going to the door and calling for the waiting-woman. “Instruct this woman in what she has to do, if you please, madam.”

The woman made her appearance with fear and trembling. Even Felix turned pale as he thought how easily he might even now bring on a discovery. But a courage, incomprehensible even to himself, and which gave him energy in this hour of peril, supplied him with words:

“I have no other directions to give you,” said he, “except to urge the count to release me as soon as possible from this painful situation.”

“And also,” added the robber, “inform the count in the most emphatic language that he must keep profoundly silent on this matter, nor make any attempt of a forcible nature against us, till his wife is again safe in his hands. My spies would speedily notify me of any

such project, and, should he do so, I should stick at nothing to frustrate his purpose."

The trembling waiting-woman promised everything. She was now ordered to pack a few articles of dress and clean linen in a bundle, for the countess' use, as the robbers were not disposed to be incommoded by much luggage; and when this had been done the leader of the gang, with a profound bow, requested the lady to follow him. Felix rose, the courier and student joined him, and all three went down stairs in company with the robber-captain.

A number of horses were standing before the tavern. One of these was assigned to the courier, another, a small, handsome animal provided with a side-saddle, stood ready for the countess, and a third was given to the student. The captain lifted the goldsmith into the saddle, and, fastening him firmly on, mounted his horse. He took his own place at the lady's right hand, and on her left rode another of the band. The student and the courier were guarded in the same way. The rest of the band having mounted, the leader gave the signal for departure, and the whole gang soon disappeared in the forest.

The party assembled in the upper chamber slowly recovered their tranquillity after this scene. As is usual in cases of great misfortune or sudden danger, their spirits would probably have been all the gayer from the reaction, had they not been filled with concern for the fate of their three friends who had so lately been carried into captivity before their eyes. They were never tired of expressing their admiration of the young goldsmith, and the countess shed tears of emotion when she thought of the vast debt of gratitude she owed a youth to whom she had never done a kindness, and

whom she scarcely knew. It was a consolation to all to think that the courier and the student had gone with him; and they cherished the hope that these experienced travellers would be able to find some means for their escape. They consulted together what course each should adopt. The countess, being bound by no oath to keep faith with the robbers, resolved to return immediately to her husband, and make every exertion to discover the retreat of the prisoners, and set them free. The carrier promised to ride to Aschaffenburg, and call out the officers of justice in pursuit of the villains. The compass-maker determined to continue his journey.

The travellers were not again disturbed during the night. The stillness of death reigned throughout the tavern, so lately the scene of such fearful and startling events. But the next morning, when the countess' servants went in search of the landlord to make preparations for their departure, they came back in great haste and announced that they had found the landlady and her household lying bound in the kitchen and imploring earnestly to be released.

The travellers were greatly surprised at this information.

"What!" cried the compass-maker, "can it be that these people are innocent? Can it be that we have done them injustice, and they are not in alliance with the robbers?"

"I will consent to be hanged in their stead," answered the carrier, "if we have done them injustice. All this is a plot to avoid being convicted. Have you forgotten the suspicious look of the place? Have you forgotten, when I wished to go out, how that dog refused to let me pass, and how sullenly the landlady and the hostler demanded what I wanted? Still, these

things were the cause of the countess' present good-fortune. If things had looked less suspicious in the tavern, if the landlady's conduct had not been so singular, we should not have remained awake to stand by one another. The robbers would have had us at their mercy, and this fortunate exchange would never have been made."

They all coincided in the carrier's opinion, and made up their minds to accuse the landlady and her servants to the proper authorities. But more effectually to carry their project into execution, they thought it best to excite no suspicions of their intention. The carrier and the servants descended therefore to the kitchen, released the wretches from their confinement, and showed them all the sympathy and attention they had it in their power to feign. To console her guests as much as she could, the landlady made out a very moderate bill to each, and invited them politely to come again.

The carrier paid his reckoning, and, taking leave of his companions, continued his journey. The two journeymen also took their departure from the inn. Light as the goldsmith's bundle was, it fatigued the delicate lady not a little. But still heavier was her heart, when the landlady, standing at the door, held out her treacherous hand to bid good-by. "Why, what a young lad you are, truly!" said she at sight of the delicate woman. "So young, and wandering already! You must be a naughty boy, surely, whom your master has expelled from his shop. Well, it's none of my business. Come and see me when you come back. Pleasant journey!"

The countess could not answer from fear and agitation, dreading to betray herself by the softness of her voice. The compass-maker, noticing this, took the arm

of his comrade, and, singing a merry song, strode into the forest.

“In safety at last!” exclaimed the countess, after walking a hundred yards. “I was in constant terror lest that woman should detect me, and order her men to seize me. O, how shall I thank you all! You, too, must come to my castle; you must rejoin your comrade there.”

The compass-maker assented, and while they were speaking, the countess’ carriage overtook them. The door was instantly thrown open, the lady took her seat inside, and, having taken leave once more of the young journeyman, the carriage drove off.

About this same time the robbers reached with their prisoners the camping-ground of the troop. They had ridden at a rapid trot through an unfrequented forest road, exchanging no words with their captives, and only whispering occasionally to each other when the road changed its direction. They halted at length before a deep defile. The robbers dismounted, and their leader helped the goldsmith to alight, excusing himself at the same time for his hard and rapid ride, and asking whether her ladyship felt much fatigued.

Felix answered, in as soft a voice as he could assume, that he felt much in need of rest, and the captain offered his arm to escort him into the glen. They went down a steep declivity, where the footpath was so narrow and precipitous that the captain was often compelled to support his prisoner, to preserve her from falling. At last they reached the bottom. Felix saw before him, by the dim light of the approaching morning, a narrow defile less than a hundred yards wide, and completely concealed by overhanging cliffs. Six or eight huts had been erected here, built of rough

logs and boards. Several dirty women were staring curiously out of these hovels, and a pack of twelve huge dogs and their countless progeny, ran barking and yelping towards the new arrivals. The captain led the supposed countess into the best of these huts, telling her that it should be devoted exclusively to her use ; and also assented to her request that the courier and the student might be allowed access to her.

The hut was spread with deer-skins and mats, serving at once for floor and seat. A few wooden jugs and dishes, an old fowling-piece, and in the furthest corner a couch made of a couple of boards and covered with woollen rags, were the only furniture of this luxurious palace. Left alone in this miserable hovel, the three captives for the first time had now a chance to reflect on their singular position. Felix, though he felt no regrets for the generous action he had performed, had some apprehensions notwithstanding for his future, in the event of a discovery, and had begun to give audible utterance to his fears, when the courier hastily approached him, and whispered in his ear : “ Be silent, for God’s sake, my dear lad ! Do you think we are yet out of hearing ? ” — “ If you speak a single word, the tone of your voice may excite instant suspicion,” added the student. Nothing was left to Felix, but to weep in silence.

“ Believe me, courier,” said he, “ I am not crying from fear of these robbers, or aversion to this wretched hut : my sorrow has a totally different cause. I weep to think how easily the countess may forget what I told her, and people will take me for a thief, and I shall be miserable for life.”

“ Why, what is it which so distresses you ? ” asked

the courier, surprised at the lad's demeanor, so different from his recent courage and firmness.

“Hear my story, and you will justify me,” answered Felix. “My father was a skilful goldsmith of Nuremberg. My mother, before her marriage, had been in the service of a lady of rank, and, when she married my father, was generously endowed by the countess her mistress. This kindness was not forgotten by my parents, and when I came into the world the same good lady became my god-mother, and gave me a handsome sum of money. Both my parents dying soon after, my god-mother took pity on my unfortunate condition and sent me to school; and, as soon as I was old enough, wrote to inquire if I had any inclination for my father's trade. I joyfully assented, and at once obtained a place in the shop of a master-goldsmith of Wurzburg. I showed a taste for the business, and made such progress that I was soon pronounced fit to commence my travels. I wrote to inform my god-mother of this, and she immediately answered that she would supply the money for my expenses. She also sent me some jewels, which I was to furnish with a handsome setting, and bring them to her myself, as evidences of my skill. I had never yet seen her, and you may imagine how deeply I felt her kindness. I worked at the trinkets day and night, and succeeded in making them so elegant that even my master was filled with admiration. When finished, I packed them carefully away in the bottom of my knapsack, and, taking leave of my master, set out for my god-mother's castle. Then came,” continued the lad, bursting into tears, “these infamous robbers, and overthrew all my hopes. For if the countess were to lose these jewels, or should she forget what I said to her and throw away

my worthless knapsack, how shall I ever have the face to enter the presence of my kind benefactress? How shall I ever exonerate myself? How replace the stones? I shall seem to her an ungrateful wretch, shamefully throwing away her promised benefits. And after all, no one will believe me when I tell of this strange accident?"

"Have no fears of that," answered the courier. "I feel sure that your jewels are perfectly safe in the countess' hands; and, if not, she will undoubtedly make their loss good to her preserver, and add her testimony as to the truth of these events. We will leave you now for a few hours, as we stand much in need of sleep, and after the exertions of this night you must yourself want rest. To-morrow we will try to forget our misfortunes in conversation, or, what is better still, devise some means of escape."

They bade him good-night, and Felix made his best endeavors to follow the courier's advice.

When the courier came back with the student, several hours later, he found his young friend in better spirits than on the previous night. He told Felix that the leader of the band had directed him to take the greatest care of the lady, and that in a few minutes one of the women whom they had seen among the huts would bring her some coffee, and offer her services to wait upon her. They resolved, for the sake of privacy, not to accept these hospitalities: and when the old, hideous gipsy came with the breakfast, and asked, with a friendly leer, if she could be of any service, on her delaying to depart, the courier took her by the arm and pushed her out of the cabin. The student then described the result of their observations in the robbers' camp. "The hovel you occupy, lovely count-



THE COLD HEART. Part 2.

ess," said he, "appears to have been originally intended for the captain. It is not so roomy, but is much handsomer than the others. There are six others, in which the women and children live. One of the robbers stands guard not far from this hut, another below here on the road up the hill, and a third is on the lookout at the entrance of the defile. They are relieved every two hours. In addition, each man has a couple of large dogs lying near him, and they are all so watchful, that one cannot set his foot outside the huts without being immediately challenged. I have abandoned all hopes of effecting our escape."

"Pray do not cast down my revived courage," answered Felix, "nor give up all hope. If you fear our being overheard, let us talk of something else, and not make ourselves unhappy before our time. Mr. Student, you began a good story at the tavern; why not finish it now? We have plenty of spare time."

"I scarcely remember where I left off," answered the young man.

"You were telling the story of *The Cold Heart*, and stopped where the landlord and the other gambler had thrown Peter out of the front door."

"True, I recollect now," answered he. "If you are disposed for more, I will go on."

THE COLD HEART.

PART SECOND.

THE following Monday, when Peter went to his glass-house, he found there not only his workmen, but several unwelcome strangers, namely, the bailiff and three con-

stables. The bailiff bade Peter good-morning, and, having inquired how he slept the night before, drew from his pocket a long document containing a list of his creditors.

"Can you pay, or not?" demanded he with a stern look. "And cut it short, too, for I've not much time to throw away, and I've been here three good hours already."

The despondent Peter confessed that his means were exhausted, and surrendered all his property, house, yard, sheds, stalls, wagons, and horses, to be appraised by the bailiff; and while the latter was going about with the constables, examining and appraising, the thought crossed his mind that the pine grove was not far off, and, as the dwarf had done him no good, he had better pay a visit to the giant. He ran to the pine grove as fast as if the constables were at his heels: and, though it seemed to him, as he passed the place where he had first spoken to the glass manikin, that an invisible hand held him back, he tore himself loose, and ran on to the ditch which he had noticed in former times: and scarcely had he shouted breathlessly, "Hollander Michael! Hollander Michael!" when the gigantic raftsman stood before him, staff in hand.

"So you have come already?" said he, laughing. "They have been skinning you, no doubt, and want to sell you to your creditors. Well, well, be easy: your whole trouble comes, as I told you it would, from that contemptible glass manikin, the hypocrite! If a man means to benefit another, he should do it handsomely, and not like that stingy curnudgeon. But come," continued he, turning into the wood, "follow me to my house, and we'll see then whether we can come to terms."

“Come to terms!” thought Peter. “What can he want of me that I can come to terms about? What can I do for him? What does he mean, I wonder?”

They first ascended a steep foot-path, and came suddenly to the edge of a deep, retired defile. Hollander Michael sprang down the cliff with a leap, as if it were an easy flight of stairs; and Peter nearly fainted from terror when his guide, as soon as he reached the ground, grew in stature to the size of a church-steeple, and, extending an arm towards the charcoal-burner as long as a weaver’s beam, with a hand at the end of it as wide as a tavern table, shouted in a voice like a deep funeral bell: “Get into my hand and hold fast by my fingers, and you will not fall.” With fear and trembling Peter did as he was commanded, and, seating himself in the giant’s hand, clasped his arms firmly round the thumb.

Their way descended far and deep into the bowels of the earth, but, to Peter’s astonishment, seemed to grow no darker; on the contrary, the light of day grew so much brighter in the valley that he was compelled at last to shut his eyes. Hollander Michael, as his walk continued, had gradually diminished in size, and, when he at length halted before a cottage of the kind occupied by the richer inhabitants of the Black Forest, had resumed his former more moderate dimensions. The hut into which Peter was led differed in nothing from the huts of other people except in its utter solitude. The wooden house-clock, the huge fireplace, the broad benches, and the articles on the shelves, were precisely the same as everywhere else. Michael pointed him to a seat behind a large table, and, leaving the room, soon returned with a pitcher of wine and glasses. Pouring out a full tumbler for each, Michael began the conver-

sation, and told of the pleasures of the world, of foreign countries, of beautiful cities and rivers, till Peter began to feel a strong desire to visit these places, and said as much to his host.

“ If your whole body were running over with courage for bold undertakings, Peter, a couple of throbs of your foolish, useless heart would make you tremble. Why should a sensible fellow like you trouble himself about dishonor or misfortune? Did you feel it in your *head* when they called you lately scoundrel and rogue? Did it make your *stomach* ache when the bailiff came to pitch you out of your glass-house? Tell me, Peter, my boy, what part of you felt these annoyances?”

“ My heart,” said Peter, pressing his hand to his throbbing breast.

“ You have thrown away — no offence, Peter — a great many hundred florins on dirty beggars and such vermin, and what good has it done you? They blessed you, to be sure, and wished you health; but did you ever find yourself better for that? For half the money you have wasted on beggars you might have kept a physician in your pay. As if a blessing were of any use when a man is thrust out of doors! Bah! And what was it, Peter, drove you to feel in your pockets whenever a beggar pulled off his greasy hat to you? Your heart, Peter, always your heart! Not your eyes, nor your tongue, nor your arms, nor your legs, but your heart! You took everything too much to *heart*, as the saying is.”

“ But how can a man help it, sir? I give myself all the trouble in the world to keep my heart down, but it beats and pains me all the same.”

“ By yourself, of course,” said his host, laughing, “you can do nothing to prevent it. But give me the

troublesome thing, and you will see at once how comfortable you will be."

"Give you my heart!" cried Peter in terror. "I should die on the spot."

"Of course you would, if one of your rascally surgeons were to take it out of your body; you would die, no doubt. But it's a very different affair with me. Come and see for yourself."

Rising from his seat he opened a door and led Peter into another room. Peter's heart contracted painfully as he crossed the threshold, for the sight which met his eye was strange and startling. Glass vessels filled with a transparent liquid, and each containing a human heart, were ranged on wooden shelves round the room, and on each vessel was pasted a ticket with a name written on it, which Peter read with great surprise. Here was the heart of the bailiff of F., of Fat Ezekiel, of King Dance, of the head forester; there six hearts of usurers, eight of recruiting-officers, three of money-brokers. In short, it was a museum of the most respectable hearts within a radius of twenty leagues.

"Look," said Hollander Michael; "all these have thrown aside the cares and anxieties of life. None of these hearts ever beat with sorrow and suffering, and their former owners never cease to congratulate themselves that they have expelled the uneasy guest from their houses."

"But what do they carry in their breasts in their place?" inquired Peter, giddy at the dreadful sight.

"This," replied the giant, taking from his pocket a heart of marble.

"Indeed!" answered Peter, unable to repress a shudder. "A marble heart! But, Hollander Michael, it must feel very cold in a man's bosom."

"Of course," said the spectre ; "very agreeably so, however. Where is the advantage of a warm heart ? The warmth is no benefit in winter, for a glass of brandy and a good fire are a great deal better ; and in summer, when everything is so sultry and hot, you have no idea how cooling such a heart as this is ! Besides, as I said before, you will never feel pain nor fear ; and silly compassion and such ridiculous emotions will never annoy you again."

"And this is all you can give me ?" asked Peter, discontentedly. "I was expecting money, and you offer me only a marble heart !"

"Nay, a hundred thousand florins I thought would be enough for you at first. If you manage it well, you will soon get to be a millionaire."

"A hundred thousand !" cried the poor charcoal-burner joyfully. "Aha ! my heart beats so violently I see we shall soon understand one another. Very well, Michael, give me the stone and the money, and you may have all the uneasiness for yourself."

"I thought you were a sensible lad," said the Hollander, laughing kindly. "Come, let 's take a drink or two, and I 'll count out the money."

They sat down to their wine again, and continued to drink till Peter sank into a deep sleep.

He was awakened at last by the merry sounds of a post-horn, and to his surprise found himself sitting in a handsome coach, and travelling on a broad and level road ; and, bending out of the window, he saw the Black Forest lying behind him in the blue horizon. At first he could not believe that it was he sitting in this fine carriage. His clothes were certainly not those which he had worn yesterday ; but his memory of what had

taken place was so vivid that he abandoned his reflections and exclaimed : "I am Peter the charcoal-burner, and no one else ; that 's certain."

He was much surprised to find that he felt no emotions of regret at leaving for the first time his birthplace in the quiet forest where he had passed so many years of his life. Even when he thought of his mother, now sitting helpless and miserable in her hut, he was wholly unable to squeeze out a tear, or even heave a sigh. Everything was a matter of indifference to him. "Ah, to be sure," said he, "tears and sighs, home-sickness and sorrow, all come from the heart, and, thanks to Hollander Michael, mine is stony and cold ! "

He laid his hand on his bosom, and his heart was silent and motionless.

"If he has kept his word with the hundred thousand as well as he has with the heart, I have no complaints to make," said he, hunting about in the carriage. He found articles of dress of all kinds in abundance, but no money. At last he hit upon a pocket in which he found many thousand dollars in gold, and drafts upon bankers in every large city on the continent. "I 've found all I wanted," he thought ; and, throwing himself comfortably in the corner of the coach, resigned himself to meditation on his European tour.

He travelled about the world two years, looking at the houses from his carriage-windows, or the hotel-signs when he came to a halt, and inspecting the wonders of the various cities through which he passed. But nothing gave him pleasure. Pictures, palaces, music, dancing, all fatigued him. His stony heart sympathized with nothing, and his eyes and ears were dead to all that was beautiful. Nothing remained but the pleasures of eating, drinking, and sleep ; and thus he lived,

while travelling without an object through the world, eating to give himself amusement, and sleeping to cheat himself of life. Now and then he seemed to remember that he had led a happier life, when he was a poor laborer and obliged to toil to earn his daily bread. In those days every lovely landscape, every bit of music or dancing, had given him pleasure, and he would please himself for hours in thinking of the simple meal which his mother was to bring him at the kiln. Recalling to his memory these pleasant times, it struck him as strange that though in those days the smallest matter threw him into fits of laughter, he now found it difficult to summon up a smile. When others laughed, he feigned to join with them, but his heart felt no merriment. He found himself untroubled by anxiety, but contented felt that he was not. Not home-sickness nor sorrow, but *ennui*, drove him at last to turn his course towards home.

As he crossed the country from Strasburg, and saw the dark forest of his childhood; as he caught sight for the first time after so long an interval of the manly forms and jovial faces of its inhabitants; as his ear heard the strong, deep, melodious music of his home, — he felt for his heart, wondering why he did not rejoice or weep. But his heart was of marble, and he felt the folly of his hopes. Stones are dead, and do not laugh or cry.

His first visit was to Hollander Michael, who received him with his former friendliness.

“Michael,” said Peter to the giant, “I have travelled the world over, and seen all there is to be seen, but everything has been vanity, and I have suffered intolerable weariness. The thing of stone I carry in my breast excluded me from many pleasures. I am never angry,

never sad, and never pleased; and I am as though I were but half alive. Can you not infuse a little life into my stony heart? Or rather, Michael, give me back my own. I had been used to it for five-and-twenty years, and, if it did sometimes play me a treacherous trick, after all it was joyous and alive."

The spectre laughed a bitter, cruel laugh.

"When you are dead, Peter," he answered, "you shall have it without fail. You shall then receive again your soft, throbbing heart, and be capable of feeling the ensuing joy — or misery. It can never again be yours on earth! But, Peter, you say you have travelled, and yet, live as you pleased, have never tasted pleasure. Establish yourself here in this forest, build you a house, marry, and invest your wealth in trade. You only need occupation. You felt *ennui* merely from idleness, and now ascribe all your unhappiness to this harmless heart."

Peter saw that Michael was right, as far as concerned idleness, and resolved to devote himself day and night to the accumulation of money. Michael gave him another hundred thousand florins, and once more dismissed him, persuaded that the giant was his devoted friend.

The rumor soon spread through the forest that Charcoal Peter, or Gambling Peter, had come home richer than before; and the result was the same as it has ever been since the beginning of the world. As long as he was in poverty they pitched him out of the house into the sun; now, when he made his first appearance at the tavern on a Sunday afternoon, people shook his hand, admired his horse, inquired about his travels, and when he sat down, as he did at once, to play for hard dollars with Fat Ezekiel, the respect he inspired was as high as ever. His business now was no longer glass-making,

but dealing in timber, though this was merely a cloak for other avocations. His principal business was lending money. Half the forest came gradually in his debt, for he lent money only at ten per cent. interest, or sold corn at thrice its value to the poor. He stood now hand-in-glove with the bailiff, and if a debtor failed to pay Mr. Peter Munk on the exact day, that official would instantly ride over with his myrmidons, distrain house and land, sell it forthwith, and drive father, mother and child into the forest. At first this severity occasioned Peter some trouble, for the ejected tenants besieged his house in crowds, the men begging for forbearance, the women seeking to soften his stony heart, and the little children crying for a piece of bread. But this cat's-music, as he called it, ceased entirely as soon as he procured a couple of trained bull-dogs; for no sooner did he whistle for his hounds than the beggars fled shrieking into the wood. His chief inconvenience was occasioned by "*the old woman.*" This person was no other than Mrs. Munk, Peter's mother, who had been reduced by the sale of her house and land to the utmost poverty and wretchedness, and for whom her son, with all his wealth, had not seen fit to make inquiry.

The good old lady, weak, feeble and shattered, came sometimes to Peter's house. She no longer ventured to go in, for he had once driven her out with great violence; but it occasioned her much unhappiness to be compelled to depend on the kindness of other men, when her own son had it in his power to make her old age comfortable. But the icy heart was never softened at the sight of the pale, familiar face, the imploring glance, and the trembling, outstretched hand. When she knocked at his door of a Sunday evening, he would draw a kreutzer from his pocket with a growl, wrap it

in paper, and send it out to her by a servant. He heard her trembling voice thanking him and wishing him prosperity ; he heard her feeble cough as she crept from his door ; but he thought no more of the matter, except to regret that he had again thrown away a kreutzer for nothing.

At last Peter began to think of getting married. He knew that every father in the Black Forest would gladly have him for a son-in-law, but he was fastidious in his choice, for he wished in this, as in everything else, to be praised for his sagacity and judgment. He rode, therefore, from one end of the forest to the other, making careful search for a suitable helpmeet ; but none of the beauties of the Black Forest seemed to him handsome enough. At last, after hunting in vain through all the dance-taverns for a beauty to his mind, he heard that the handsomest and most virtuous girl in the whole region about was the daughter of a certain poor wood-cutter. She lived quietly and apart, managing industriously her father's house, and never appearing at dancing-rooms or Whitsuntide festivities. When Peter heard of this flower of the forest he determined to win her, and rode over to the cottage.

The father of the beautiful Elizabeth received the distinguished stranger with much surprise, which increased when he learned that it was the rich Mr. Munk, and that he wished to become his son-in-law. His hesitation was brief, for he thought to himself that all his poverty and care would now be at an end, and he assented without asking his daughter ; and the good child was so obedient that she became Madam Munk without resistance.

But things were far otherwise with the poor creature than she had pictured to herself before her marriage.

She had believed she understood the management of a household, but she found too late that she could never do anything to her husband's satisfaction. She felt compassion for the poor, and, as her husband was rich, thought there could be no sin in giving a poor beggar-woman an occasional penny, or an old mendicant a glass of schnapps; but, seeing her doing this one day, Peter said to her in an angry voice:

“Why do you waste my property on beggars and thieves? Did you bring so much into my house that you can afford to throw it away like dirt? Your father's beggary never warmed me a supper yet, and you throw my money about like a queen! Do so again, madam, and you shall feel the weight of my hand!”

The beautiful Elizabeth wept bitterly in her chamber over her husband's cruelty, and often longed to be at home in her father's miserable hut, rather than live with the rich, stingy, hard-hearted Peter. Alas! had she known that his heart was of marble, and that he could never love any human being, she would have ceased to wonder. Henceforth, whenever she sat at the door, and a passing beggar pulled off his hat and craved a little aid, she would shut her eyes to prevent her seeing the sufferer, and clench her hand for fear of thrusting it into her pocket and taking out a piece of money. The consequence of this naturally was, that Elizabeth grew to be the talk of the whole forest, and people declared that she was even stingier than Peter himself. One day she was sitting before the door spinning, and humming a little song, for she felt in good spirits, as the weather was fine and Peter had ridden out to his fields, when a little, old man came down the road, carrying on his shoulders a heavy sack, and coughing so pitifully that she could hear him a long way off. Elizabeth

looked at him compassionately, and thought in her tender heart how wrong it was that so old and small a man should be compelled to carry so heavy a load.

Meanwhile the little man coughed and staggered along, and, when opposite Elizabeth, almost broke down under his burthen.

“Alas ! madam, have the goodness to give me a draught of cold water,” said he ; “I can go no further, and am almost fainting.”

“But you should not carry such heavy loads in your old age, poor man,” said Elizabeth.

“Yes ; but I am obliged to do these jobs from poverty,” replied he. “Ah, so rich a lady as you are has no idea how heavily poverty presses, and how refreshing is a draught of cool water in such sultry heat as this !”

Elizabeth ran into the house, and, taking a pitcher from the shelf, filled it with water ; but, standing a few paces distant, and seeing how sadly the little man sat on his sack, her heart overflowed with compassion, and, remembering that her husband was from home, she set down the pitcher of water, and, filling a cup with wine, cut a large slice of rye bread, and brought both to the old mendicant.

“A glass of wine will do you more good than water, as you are so old,” said she ; “drink it slowly, and eat this bread with it.”

The little fellow looked at her with surprise, and, with big tears standing in his eyes, drank the wine and said :

“I have lived many years, but I have seen few people so compassionate, and who know so well how to use their wealth, as you, Madam Elizabeth. You will be happy hereafter, for so good a heart does not go unrewarded.”

"No ; and she shall receive her reward on the spot," cried an angry voice, and Peter stood before her, his face crimson with rage.

"So you give my best wine to beggars, do you ? and my own cup you lend to such rascals as this ! I'll pay you !"

She fell at his feet, entreating him for mercy ; but his stony heart knew no compassion. He reversed the whip which he held in his hand, and struck her so heavily on her beautiful brow, with its ebony handle, that she sank lifeless into the old man's arms. Seeing this, a sort of selfish regret seized him for a moment, and he bent down to see if she still retained a spark of life, when the old man said, in a well-known voice :

"Give yourself no trouble, Peter. She was the fairest flower in the Black Forest, but you have crushed her under foot, and she will never bloom again."

Peter's cheeks blanched in a moment. "So it is you, Mr. Treasurer ? Well, what is done is done, and it was sure to come at last. I hope, sir, you will not denounce me to the officers as a murderer."

"Villain !" answered the glass manikin. "What pleasure should I have in bringing your perishable body to the gallows ? No human judge have you to fear, but another and more dreadful arbiter, for you have lost your soul to the Prince of Evil."

"And if I have lost my soul," yelled Peter, "you and your treacherous gifts are the only ones to blame. You, malicious demon, have led me into ruin ; you have driven me to seek assistance from another, and on your shoulders lies the whole responsibility." Scarcely had he said this, when the glass manikin began to dilate and expand ; his eyes became as large as soup-plates, and his mouth like a lighted furnace, with flames issu-

ing from it. Peter threw himself on his knees, and his marble heart could not prevent his limbs from trembling like aspen-leaves. The wood-demon seized him by the neck with vulture claws, and, twisting him as a whirlwind twists a leaf, threw him on the ground with such force that his ribs cracked. "Worm!" cried the spectre in a voice of thunder, "I could crush you if I chose, for you have blasphemed against this forest's lord; but for this murdered woman's sake, who gave me to eat and drink, I grant you a respite of a week. Mend your ways in this time, or I will rend you in pieces, and send your soul to punishment in its sins!"

Late in the evening some strangers passing by found rich Peter Munk lying senseless in the road. They turned him over to discover if he still breathed, and for some time could not find a spark of life. Finally, one of the men went into the house, and, bringing out water, sprinkled it in his face. Peter drew a deep breath, groaned heavily, and, opening his eyes, gazed about bewildered for some time, and then asked for Elizabeth; but no one had seen her. Thanking the strangers for their assistance, he crept into the house, and sought in every direction for his wife; but, finding her nowhere, the idea gradually became conviction in his mind that what he had hoped was but a frightful dream was dread and terrible reality. In his loneliness, strange reflections occupied his thoughts. Fear he could not feel, for his heart was stone; but, thinking on his wife's death, his mind reverted to his own decease, and how heavily laden he must leave this world,—laden with the tears of the poor, with their thousand curses which had never changed his will, with the misery of the sufferers on whom he had set his dogs, with the silent despair of his own mother, with

the blood of the saintly Elizabeth ; and if he could not justify himself to the old man, her father, were he to come and ask him, " Where is my daughter and your wife ? " how could he stand before the face of One, to whom belonged all woods, all seas, all mountains, and all human souls ?

His dreams at night were restless, and incessantly a sweet voice awoke him, calling, " Peter, seek a warmer heart ! "—a voice he knew to be Elizabeth's. The next day he repaired to the tavern to dissipate his melancholy thoughts, and there found, as usual, Fat Ezekiel. He sat down by his side, and the two friends talked of various subjects, — of the fine weather, the war, the heavy taxes, and what not, and at length of sudden death. Peter asked Ezekiel what he thought of death, and if he had ever reflected on his life hereafter. Ezekiel answered, that the body was buried under ground, and the soul departed at once to heaven or to hell.

" And is the heart buried also ? " inquired Peter earnestly.

" Of course, the heart also."

" But if one has no heart ? " continued Peter.

Ezekiel looked at him with terror in his face.

" What do you mean ? Are you mocking me ? Think you I have no heart ? "

" O, heart enough, and as hard as a stone ! " replied Peter.

Ezekiel looked astounded, and, gazing nervously round to see that no one overheard, whispered :

" How do you know that ? Or perhaps yours too has ceased to feel ? "

" Mine too has ceased to feel, at least in my own bosom," answered Peter. " But tell me, since you

now know all, how will it fare with our hearts *hereafter?* ”

“ Why should that trouble you, neighbor? ” said Ezekiel, laughing. “ You are well enough off during your lifetime, at any rate. It is the greatest comfort of our cold hearts that such notions give us no uneasiness. ”

“ True enough, but we think of them, nevertheless ; and, though I cannot now feel fear, yet I remember distinctly how terribly afraid of hell I felt when I was a little, innocent child. ”

“ Well — we shan’t go there just yet, I hope, ” said Ezekiel. “ I once asked a schoolmaster about it, and he told me that after death hearts were always weighed, to judge how grievously they had sinned. The light ones rise, the heavy sink ; and I ’m thinking ours, Peter, will show a decent weight. ”

“ They will indeed, ” answered Peter ; “ and it often makes me uneasy to find how unmoved and indifferent my heart remains when I think of these matters. ”

The next night he heard five or six times the same familiar voice whisper in his ear : “ Peter, seek a warmer heart ! ” He felt no remorse for her death, but when he told his servants that their mistress had gone on a journey, he thought to himself : “ What journey can she be travelling now ? ” Six days he spent in this way, and night after night he heard the voice, and day after day recalled the spectre and his frightful menace. On the seventh morning he sprang from his bed, exclaiming : “ Yes, I *will* try to obtain a warmer heart, for this insensible stone within makes my life only a burthen and fatigue. ” He put his Sunday suit hastily on, and, mounting his horse, rode to the pine grove.

He dismounted at a place where the trees grew close and thick, and, fastening his horse to a branch, ran with hasty steps to the big pine, and recited his verse :

“Treasurer in the forest green,
Who so many hundred years hast seen,
Thine is the land where the pine-trees stand,
And Sabbath-born children bless thy hand.”

The glass manikin instantly appeared, but a stern and angry expression had displaced his former kindly glance. He wore a doublet of black glass, with a long crape fluttering from his hat, and Peter well knew for whom he mourned.

“What would you have of me?” he asked in a gloomy voice.

“I have one wish left, Sir Treasurer,” answered Peter, with downcast eyes.

“Can hearts of marble wish?” said the dwarf. “You have now all your wicked mind can desire, and shall have no more.”

“But you promised me three wishes, and one is still unused,” urged Munk.

“If it is foolish, I can refuse it,” said the spectre; “speak; what is it you would ask?”

“Take from my breast this block of stone, and give me back my living heart,” said Peter.

“Was it I who made the exchange?” said the manikin. “Am I Hollander Michael, to give away riches and marble hearts? You must seek your heart from him.”

“Alas, he never gives back!” sobbed Peter.

“Bad as you are, I feel for your unhappiness,” said the glass manikin after a moment's thought. “As your wish is not foolish, I will not refuse my aid. Listen.

You can never recover your heart by force, but you can by guile, and perhaps without much difficulty, for Michael has ever been stupid Michael, although he thinks himself extremely shrewd. Go to him, and do as I direct."

Then, telling him what course to follow to attain his object, he gave him a small cross of finest glass, and said :

"As long as you live he can do you no injury ; and he will let you pass unopposed, if you hold this out towards him, and pray to God. When you have obtained what you go for, come back at once to this place."

Peter took the crucifix, and, imprinting every word on his memory, went on to Hollander Michael's abode. He called his name three times, and the giant stood before him. "So you have killed your wife ?" he said, with a horrid laugh. "You were perfectly right to do so, for she squandered your property on beggars. But you must leave the country for a while, for it will lead to trouble when people find she does not come back. You want money I suppose, and have come to get it ?"

"You have guessed it," said Peter, "and a good deal this time, for it's a long road to America."

Michael led him to his cottage ; and opening a coffer, in which lay heaps of gold, took out many rolls of the precious metal. While he was counting it down on the table, Peter said :

"You are a tricky fellow, Michael, with your lies about my carrying a stone in my breast and yourself having my real heart."

"And is it not so ?" said Michael, amazed. "Do you feel your heart still ? Is it not cold, like ice ? Do you feel fear, or sorrow ? Do you ever repent a sin ?"

"You have merely deadened my heart a little, but I

have it in my bosom yet, and so has Ezekiel, who told me you had cheated us. You have no power to take a man's heart so neatly and safely out of his body. You would have to use magic to do such a thing."

"But I assure you," cried Michael, offended, "that Ezekiel, and all the rich people about here who have had dealings with me, have just such marble hearts as yours, and their true hearts are all stowed away here in my chamber."

"Pooh, Michael, how easily the lies run off your tongue!" laughed Peter. "Tell that story to the marines! Do you suppose I have n't seen tricks of this sort by the dozen during my travels? These hearts in your chamber are all made of wax. You are a rich dog, I admit, but you are no wizard."

The giant tore open the chamber door, foaming with anger.

"Come in and read these tickets, and that one yonder. See! that is '*Peter Munk's heart!*' Do you see how it beats? Can wax do that, think you?"

"Pooh, pooh; nothing but wax," answered Peter. "That does n't beat like a real heart, and I have my own still here in my breast. You are no wizard, that's certain."

"I will prove it to you!" cried the giant in a rage. "You shall feel for yourself that it is your own heart."

With that, he tore open Peter's doublet, and, taking the stone from his breast, held it up before his eyes. Then he took down the true heart, and, breathing upon it, set it carefully in Peter's side,—and instantly the young man felt it beating under his ribs, and found himself capable of enjoying the sensation.

"How does it feel now?" inquired Michael with a laugh.

"Upon my honor, Michael, you were right," answered Peter, privately drawing the crucifix from his pocket. "I never believed it was possible!"

"Very likely. You see now I do know a trifle of magic, I suppose. But come, let me put the stone back in its place."

"Softly, Mr. Michael," cried Peter, taking a step backwards, and holding out the crucifix. "Men catch mice with bacon, and this time you are the cheated one." And he began to say a prayer, as the glass manikin had directed him.

Hollander Michael grew smaller and smaller, and fell to the ground writhing like a snake, groaning and moaning, and all the hearts on the shelves began to throb and beat till it sounded like the shop of a clock-maker. Peter feared, however, that his courage would not hold out, and dreaded the power of the demon; and, running out of the room and out of the house, he clambered down the cliff pursued by dreadful terror; for he heard Michael gather himself up, and stamp and rage and hurl frightful curses after his flying victim. Having crossed the boundary, he ran swiftly to the pine grove. A fearful tempest was raging round him, and the lightning shattered the trees on every side, but he reached the glass manikin's abode without injury.

His heart was beating joyously, but only because it beat at all, for he now looked back upon his past life with the same horror with which he had gazed on the tempest splintering the noble trees. He thought of his wife Elizabeth, that beautiful, saintly woman, whom he had murdered through avarice, and he looked upon himself as an outcast from mankind. He reached the dwelling of the glass manikin, weeping convulsively.

The treasurer was sitting under a pine tree, smoking

a little pipe, and his expression was softer than before. "Why do you weep, charcoal-burner?" he asked. "Have you failed to obtain your heart? Lies the marble still in your bosom?"

"Alas! sir," sighed Peter, "as long as I carried a marble heart I never wept, and my eyes were as dry as the ground in July. But my old heart is almost breaking at the remembrance of my crimes. I have driven my debtors to despair, I have set my dogs on the poor and sick, and you have not forgotten how my whip fell on that beautiful forehead!"

"Peter, you have been a great sinner!" said the dwarf. "Money and idleness have been your ruin, till your heart changed to stone, and you could feel no longer joy or sorrow, remorse or compassion. But repentance atones for sin; and, were I sure that you felt remorse for your past life, it is still in my power to do you a great good."

"I wish nothing more," answered Peter, and his head sank sadly on his breast. "Hope has fled. I can never be happy again. What can I do, alone in the world? My mother will never pardon the wrongs I have done to her; and perhaps, monster that I am, I have already brought her with sorrow to the grave! And Elizabeth! my dear wife! — Alas, Treasurer, rather strike me dead on the spot and bring my wretched life to an instant close!"

"Well," answered the dwarf, "if you are resolved upon it, let it be so. I have my axe ready in my hand." He took his pipe quietly from his mouth, extinguished it, and thrust it into his pocket. Then, rising slowly from his seat, he disappeared behind the trees. Peter sat weeping on the grass; his life was worthless in his sight, and he waited patiently for his death-blow. In a

few moments he heard soft footsteps behind him, and thought to himself, "He is coming now."

"Look behind you, Peter Munk!" cried the dwarf. He wiped the tears from his eyes and turned his head. There stood his mother and Elizabeth, looking at him tenderly. He sprang up in a frenzy of delight.

"You are not dead, then, Elizabeth! And you here, too, mother! Have you forgiven me?"

"They are willing to forgive you," answered the glass manikin, "because you feel sincere remorse. Return now to your father's cottage, and become a charcoal-burner as before. If you are honest and manly you will honor your occupation, and your neighbors will respect and love you more than if you possessed ten tons of gold." With this admonition the glass manikin bade them farewell. The three blessed and praised him, and slowly returned home.

The handsome house of rich Peter Munk was standing no longer; the lightning had struck it and destroyed it with all his treasures. But his father's hut stood at no great distance, and thither they turned their steps, unconcerned at the great losses they had so recently sustained.

But great was their amazement when they reached the hut. It had been changed into a handsome farmer's cottage, and all its interior arrangements, though simple, were tasteful and good.

"The good glass manikin has done this!" cried Peter.

"How charming!" said Elizabeth. "This is much more like home than that great house of ours with its crowd of servants."

Henceforth Peter Munk was a busy and active man. Contented with what he had, he applied himself industriously to his business; and thus it came about that he

grew prosperous through his own exertions and activity, and was respected and admired throughout the forest. He ceased to quarrel with the beautiful Elizabeth, treated his mother with affection and reverence, and gave freely to the needy who knocked at his door. After the lapse of a year and a day Elizabeth gave birth to a handsome boy, and Peter went to the pine grove and recited the verses. But no glass manikin answered to his summons. "My Lord Treasurer," he shouted, "listen to me a moment. I only wish to ask you to be god-father to my little son." No answer came back, but a puff of wind sighed through the pine-trees, and cast a few pine-cones down into the grass. "I will take these cones as a keepsake, since you refuse to answer to my call," cried Peter, and, putting them in his pocket, went back to his cottage. But when he drew off his Sunday doublet, and his mother turned out the pockets to put the coat safely away in the press, four large rolls of money fell out, and, on opening them, their eyes were dazzled by the shine of countless, good, new, handsome ducats, with not a false one among them. And this was the present of the manikin to his little god-child.

Henceforth they lived calmly and at peace: and Peter frequently said in after years, when his head was white and his limbs feeble: "It is far better to be contented with little, than to possess money and goods and a *cold heart*."

Five days passed away, during which Felix, the courier, and the student, remained the prisoners of the robber-band. They were well treated by the captain and his subordinates, but still they longed for their release from captivity, as every day increased their

chances of detection. On the evening of the fifth day the courier informed his companions that he was determined to force his way out of the camp that very night, even if it cost him his life. He encouraged his comrades to the same resolve, and showed them how their flight could be accomplished.

"I take upon myself to dispose of the sentry nearest us. It is a case of necessity, and necessity knows no law. He must die."

"Die!" exclaimed Felix, horrified. "Will you kill him?"

"I am resolved upon it," answered the courier, "for thereby I save two lives. I have lately noticed the robbers whispering menacingly together, and, tracking them into the forest, have overheard the old women in their angry discussions betray the wicked purposes of the gang. They abused us bitterly, and I was able to make out that, in case the robbers were attacked, they would show no mercy to us prisoners."

"God in heaven!" cried the lad in an agony of alarm, burying his face in his hands.

"They have not yet put the knife to our throats," continued the courier, "and we can yet be beforehand with them. When it grows dark I will creep along to the nearest sentry; he will challenge me; I will whisper to him that the countess has been suddenly taken very ill; and, while he hesitates, I will strike him dead. I will then return and take you along with me; and we shall have as little trouble with the second sentinel as the first: as for the third, it will be child's play."

As he spoke these words the courier's face wore so dangerous an expression that Felix felt greatly terrified. He was on the point of entreating him to renounce his bloody purpose, when the door of the hut gently opened,

and a man made his appearance. It was the captain. He closed it carefully behind him, and, making a sign to the two prisoners to be silent, seated himself near Felix and said :

“ My lady countess, you are in a dangerous situation. Your husband has not obeyed your request. He has not only neglected to send the ransom, but he has also called the authorities to his assistance, and an armed force is now working its way through the forest on every side, to capture me and my people. I warned your husband that I should put you to death in case he made any attempt to arrest us ; but it seems he sets little value on your life, or he has no belief in my resolution. Your life is in our hands, and is forfeited according to our laws. What objections have you to oppose to this proceeding ? ”

The captives were silent from terror and dismay, and Felix was well aware that the confession of his deception would only enhance the peril of his situation.

“ I find myself unable,” continued the robber, “ to assail the life of a lady who has gained, as you have done, my profound respect. I will make you, therefore, a proposition for your rescue, the sole means of escape which remains to you : *I will fly with you !* ”

The prisoners looked at him in bewilderment. He continued : “ The majority of my band have formed the resolution to fly into Italy and take service with a celebrated band of brigands in that country. Pride will not permit me to obey the orders of another, and I cannot therefore join them in their determination. If you will give me your sacred word, my lady, to intercede for me, and to influence your powerful relatives in my behalf, it is not yet too late for me to set you at liberty.”

Embarrassment checked Felix's utterance. His honest heart was reluctant wilfully to expose a man, anxious to save his life, to a danger from which he could not afterwards protect him. The captain went on :

"Soldiers are now everywhere in demand. I will be content with the humblest rank of service. I know that your influence is great, but I ask nothing more than your promise to give me your assistance in the attainment of my wishes."

"Well," answered Felix, casting down his eyes, "I promise to do all in my power to be of service to you. It is a consolation to me, whatever the result, that you voluntarily retire from this life of robbery."

The captain kissed the gracious lady's hand with much emotion, and, whispering to her to hold herself in readiness two hours after nightfall, left the hovel as silently as he had entered. The prisoners breathed more freely after his departure.

"Truly," exclaimed the courier, "Heaven has influenced his heart! How wonderful will be our escape! My imagination never could have dreamed that an event like this could have happened in the world, or that we should ever meet with so wonderful an adventure!"

"Most wonderful, indeed!" answered Felix. "But is it not a sin to deceive this man? Of what use can my protection be to him? Am I not leading him blindfold to the gallows if I keep from him who I really am?"

"Nonsense, my dear boy; pray banish all such scruples," answered the student. "After playing your part with such consummate skill, too! No, your conscience need not suffer for this fraud; it is a case of pure self-defence. He committed a crime in daring by shameful violence to capture a noble lady from the high-road,

and, had it not been for your assistance, who can tell what would have been the countess' fate? No, you have done no wrong; besides, I think he will meet with lenient treatment from the authorities, if he, the very head of this gang of villains, surrenders himself to justice."

This last argument calmed the conscience of the young goldsmith. They passed the succeeding hours full of hope, and yet filled, too, with a gloomy apprehension for the success of their plan. It was dark when the captain again appeared for a moment at the door of the hut, and said, laying down a bundle of clothes:

"Madam, it will be necessary for you to put on these men's clothes to facilitate our flight. Prepare yourself to set out in an hour."

He then left the captives, and the courier had some trouble to suppress a hearty laugh.

"This will be your second disguise," he cried, "and I will take my oath it will please you better than the first!"

They opened the bundle, and found in it a handsome hunting-coat, which became Felix extremely. When he had finished dressing, the courier was about to throw the countess' clothes in a corner of the cabin: but Felix prohibited it, and, laying them together in a little bundle, said he should request the countess to make him a present of them, that they might serve during his whole life as a memorial of these eventful days.

The captain came at last. He was completely armed, and brought the courier his rifle and a powder-horn. To the student he gave a musket, and to Felix a hunting-sword, with the request to hand it to him in case of need. It was fortunate for the three prisoners that the night was dark, for the look of exultation with which

Felix received this weapon might have betrayed to the robber his true character. As they issued softly from the hut the courier noticed that the usual sentries had not been posted round the houses. It was thus possible for them to creep unnoticed from the camp ; but the captain avoided the usual path which led from the defile into the level forest, and advanced towards a cliff which lay before them, perpendicular and apparently insurmountable. On reaching this place, the robber pointed to a rope-ladder suspended from the cliff. Throwing his gun on his back he began the ascent, and, calling on the countess to follow, gave her his hand to help her up, while the courier and the student came last. Beyond this cliff a foot-path showed itself, which the four fugitives hastily struck into, and hurried forward.

"This foot-path," said the captain, "opens into the road to Aschaffenburg. We will go there, for I have certain information that the count your husband is at present in that neighborhood."

They pressed on in silence, the robber in front, the three others close behind. After advancing three leagues they halted, and the captain urged Felix to sit down on the fallen trunk of a tree, and recover from his fatigue. Here he drew some bread and a flask of old wine from his pocket, and offered them to the weary travellers.

"I think," said he, "that in less than an hour we shall arrive at the cordon which the soldiery have drawn through this forest. In case we do so, I beg you to speak to the commander of the detachment, and request for me good treatment."

Felix nodded assent, though he anticipated small results from his intercession. They rested here for half an hour, and started again. They had gone on for per-

haps an hour, and were nearing the high-road, while daylight was rapidly coming on, and the gloom of the forest giving place to the morning sun, when their progress was suddenly arrested by a cry of "Halt!"

They obeyed, and five soldiers advanced and informed them they must go before the commanding-officer and account for themselves.

After advancing about fifty paces, they saw weapons glistening in the thicket on every side, evidence that a large force had taken possession of the forest. The major was sitting under an oak, surrounded by a group of officers and friends. The prisoners were set before him, and he was on the point of interrogating them as to the object of their journey, when one of the men of the surrounding group sprang hastily up, exclaiming :

"My God! What do I see? This is Gottfried, our courier!"

"Very true, Mr. Bailiff," answered the courier in a delighted voice. "Here I am, and rescued in a marvellous manner from the hands of that gang of robbers."

The officers looked surprised to see him in this situation. The courier requested the major and the bailiff to step aside, and told them briefly how they had been rescued, and who the third person was who accompanied the goldsmith and himself.

Delighted with this information, the major speedily made arrangements for effectually guarding and transporting the important prisoner; and then, leading the goldsmith to the group of officers, presented him to them as the heroic youth who had saved the countess from capture by his courage and presence of mind. All shook Felix warmly by the hand, praised him with enthusiasm, and were never weary of hearing him and

the courier describe their adventures among the robbers.

By this time it was broad day. The major resolved to accompany the liberated captives in person into the city, and went with them and the countess' bailiff to the nearest village, where his carriage had been left, and in which he insisted that Felix should also take his seat. The courier, the student, the bailiff, and many other persons, rode in front and behind, and they entered the city in triumph. The rumor of the strange events at the tavern, and of the voluntary self-sacrifice of the young goldsmith, had run through the country like wildfire, and the story of his escape was now flying from mouth to mouth with equal speed. Hence it was not to be wondered at that when they entered the city the streets were thronged with excited crowds, anxious to catch a glimpse of the youthful hero. A tumultuous rush took place when the carriage drove slowly through the gates. "That is he!" cried the populace. "See him there in the carriage next the officer! Long live the brave goldsmith!" And a myriad-voiced "Hurrah!" filled the air.

Felix was embarrassed and affected by the shouts of the crowd. But a still more moving sight met his eyes at the city hall. A man of middle age, magnificently dressed, received him at the steps and embraced him with tears in his eyes.

"How shall I ever recompense you, my son?" he cried. "You have preserved for me a treasure of inestimable value! You have saved for me a wife, — a mother for my children. Her fragile life could never have survived the terrors of such an imprisonment."

It was the countess' husband who was pouring out these thanks. Resolutely as Felix refused to accept a

reward for his magnanimity, the count seemed no less resolute in insisting that he should do so. The boy suddenly remembered the probable fate of the robber-chieftain; he told how he had saved their lives, and that this rescue had been intended for the countess. The count, moved not so much by the conduct of the robber as by this fresh proof of disinterestedness exhibited by Felix, promised to use his best endeavors to save the criminal from his deserved punishment.

On the same day the count, accompanied by his bold courier, carried the goldsmith to his castle, where the countess, filled with anxiety for the fate of her youthful champion, was waiting impatiently for news of what had taken place. Who can picture her joy when her husband entered the room with her preserver at his side? She could not question, she could not thank him sufficiently. She caused her children to be brought to her, and showed to them the noble-hearted youth to whom their mother owed so large a debt of gratitude; and the warm affection with which they seized his hands, the childlike tenderness of their earnest thanks, and their declarations that, next to their father and mother, they loved him better than all the world beside, were an ample recompense for his many sufferings and sleepless nights in the robber's hut.

When the first joyful moments of the happy meeting had passed by, the countess gave a signal to a servant, who soon returned, bringing the clothes and the well-known knapsack which Felix had entrusted to the countess.

"Everything is here," said she, with a kind laugh, "which you gave me in that moment of peril. Here are the spells you threw over me to blind the eyes of my pursuers. They are again at your disposal; but

I beg you to leave these clothes with me, to be kept as memorials of your devotion, and accept, in exchange, the sum which the robbers fixed upon as my ransom."

Felix was frightened at the magnitude of the gift. His lofty spirit was reluctant to receive a reward for what he had done from an exalted sense of duty

"Noble lady," said he, with emotion, "I cannot suffer this. The clothes shall be yours, as you command, but the sum you offer I cannot take. Yet, knowing your desire to show me some substantial gratitude, in place of other reward retain me in your friendly remembrance; and, should I ever chance to need your aid, believe me I will not hesitate to come to you."

They tried long to induce the youth to change his resolution, but to no purpose. The countess and her husband submitted at last, and the servant was about to carry away the clothes and knapsack, when Felix remembered the jewels, which he had wholly forgotten till now in the emotions excited by so many joyful events.

"Stop!" cried he. "One thing, noble lady, you must permit me to take from my knapsack; the rest shall be exclusively your own."

"Do as pleases you best," said she; "though I would gladly keep all as memorials of your bravery. Will it be rude in me to inquire what it is lies so near your heart that you cannot leave it with me?"

While the countess was speaking, the young man had opened the knapsack and taken from it a small red morocco case.

"Whatever is my own I gladly give you," he answered, laughing; "but this box belongs to my dear god-mother. I made the jewels with my own hands, and must deliver them to hers. It is a set of ornaments,

noble lady," he continued, opening the case and handing it to the countess, "the work of my own industry."

She took the case; but no sooner had she thrown her eyes upon its contents than she started back in amazement.

"What! These jewels!" she exclaimed. "And you have made them for your god-mother, you say?"

"Yes," answered Felix; "my god-mother sent me the stones, for a setting to be made for them, and I am on the way to restore them to her."

The countess studied his features, deeply moved, and the tears gathered in her eyes. "Then you are Felix Perner of Nuremburg?" she exclaimed.

"Certainly! But how did you learn my name?" asked the youth, gazing at her bewildered.

"O, wonderful decree of Heaven!" she cried, addressing her husband. "This is Felix, our god-son, the son of our faithful Sabina! Felix, I am she you are in search of!"

"What! are you then the Countess Sandau, my mother's benefactress? And is this the castle Maienburg? How shall I thank kind Providence for bringing us so wonderfully in contact! How shall I rejoice that I have been able to testify, however inadequately, the gratitude I feel for you?"

"You have done far more for me," she answered, "than I could ever do for you. As long as I live I will seek to show how large is the obligation we all owe you. My husband shall be your father, my children your sisters, and I myself will be your devoted mother. And these ornaments, which you gave me in my hour of greatest peril, shall be my most precious treasures, for they will never cease to remind me of you and your noble courage."

The countess kept her word. She equipped the happy Felix richly for his travels. When he came home, a skilful workman in his trade, she bought him a house in Nuremburg, which she stocked and furnished handsomely; and among the most valued decorations of his dwelling were two pictures, one representing the scene at the roadside tavern, and the other Felix's life among the robbers.

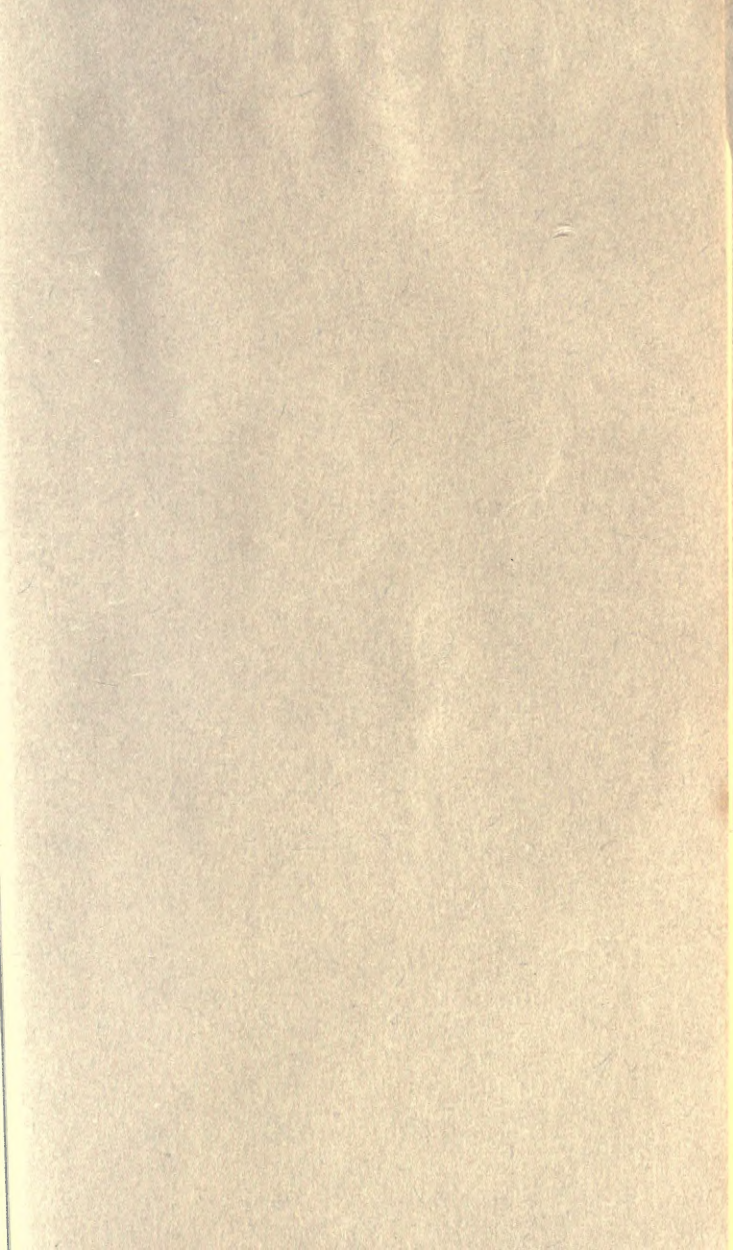
Here Felix lived, a skilful goldsmith, and the fame of his talents, added to the report of his wonderful heroism, obtained him customers from every land. Many strangers, passing through the fair city of Nuremburg, caused themselves to be taken to the workshop of the famous Master Felix, not only to see and admire him, but to order handsome trinkets of his manufacture. His favorite visitors, however, were the courier, the compass-maker, the student, and the carrier. As often as the latter travelled his accustomed route, he made a call on Felix; the courier brought him almost every year presents from the countess; and the compass-maker, after long wandering through foreign countries, established himself at last with Felix.

One day they received a visit from the student. He had become meanwhile a man of great distinction in the state, but was none the less ready and delighted to pass a jovial evening with Master Felix and the compass-maker. They revived in their conversation all the incidents of the treacherous tavern of Spessart; and the whilom student stated that he had since seen the robber-chieftain in Italy; that his character had wholly altered, and he was serving as a brave soldier in the army of the King of Naples.

This information gave Felix much pleasure. Though without this man he might never have encountered the

dangers which befell him; yet, but for him, also, he would never have been rescued from the hands of the robbers. And thus it came to pass that the stout goldsmith's reminiscences were never other than peaceful and pleasant when he chanced to call to mind the "*Tavern in Spessart.*"

FINIS.



THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below

JUN 10 1942

JAN 18 1943

OCT 10 1944

JAN 12 1945

JUL 23 1946

JUN 4 1947

APR 7 1948

JUN 16 1949

NOV 8 1951

DEC 2 1951

MAR 25 1952

NOV 5 1952

OCT 17 RECD

NOV 9 1954

MAR 23 1956

NOV 1 1956

NOV 2 1957

FEB 3 1960

JAN 25 1962

AUG 9 1962

LD
URL

NOV

8 '76

OCT 30 1976

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 001 181 068 6

